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SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART OF CALIFORNIA.

"When everybody is original, then life will be worth living for. A few people half dare express themselves, and how interesting they are!"

IN our midst stalks the conventional critic, an autocrat who claims our homage. His mien is not prepossessing; his manners far from affable. We do not like him, nor does he like us; but having conceded to him the right of sovereignty, we submit to his tyrannical sway with servile obedience; courting his smile, dreading his frown with trembling solicitude. He lays down rules for action, for speech, actually for thought; and the majority of us make it the business of our lives to follow these rules implicitly, measuring success or failure by the limitations thus accorded us. It may be averred that a standard of excellence is necessary. Very true. But why not fix that standard each for himself?—for what is excellence, after all, but the highest development of art yet attained by man? How does one know that he may not excel his master, were he not satisfied merely to attain to his height? Occasionally a lucky misstep carries him beyond the bounds—he finds himself outside of the circumscribed limit—when nine times out of ten he deploras the accident, retraces his steps, if not irretraceable, curses his ill luck,

if it be, fashions his work according to the accepted model, and is wholly satisfied—nay, more: elated—if his copy cannot be distinguished from the original. But after all, it is to the unlucky tenth man, whose work is condemned by Mr. Critic and by himself, that the world finds itself indebted for a rich endowment—an original design. But how burst these bonds which have held the world in thrall from time immemorial? How attain originality? Can it, in fact, be attained or acquired? Is it not a thing of spontaneous growth, springing full armed from the brain of genius?

Many thousand of years ago it was said, by one wiser in his generation than are we in ours, "There is nothing new under the sun"; but one of our greatest modern philosophers speaks of thoughts original in the sense of being unborrowed, an originality only to be attained through rigid discipline and intense application. Here our imitative faculties may serve us in good stead, by increasing our powers of observation, and through them of creation—or probably invention would be the better word, signifying, as it does, the adaptation of forces already known.

It is to cultivate these powers, to develop

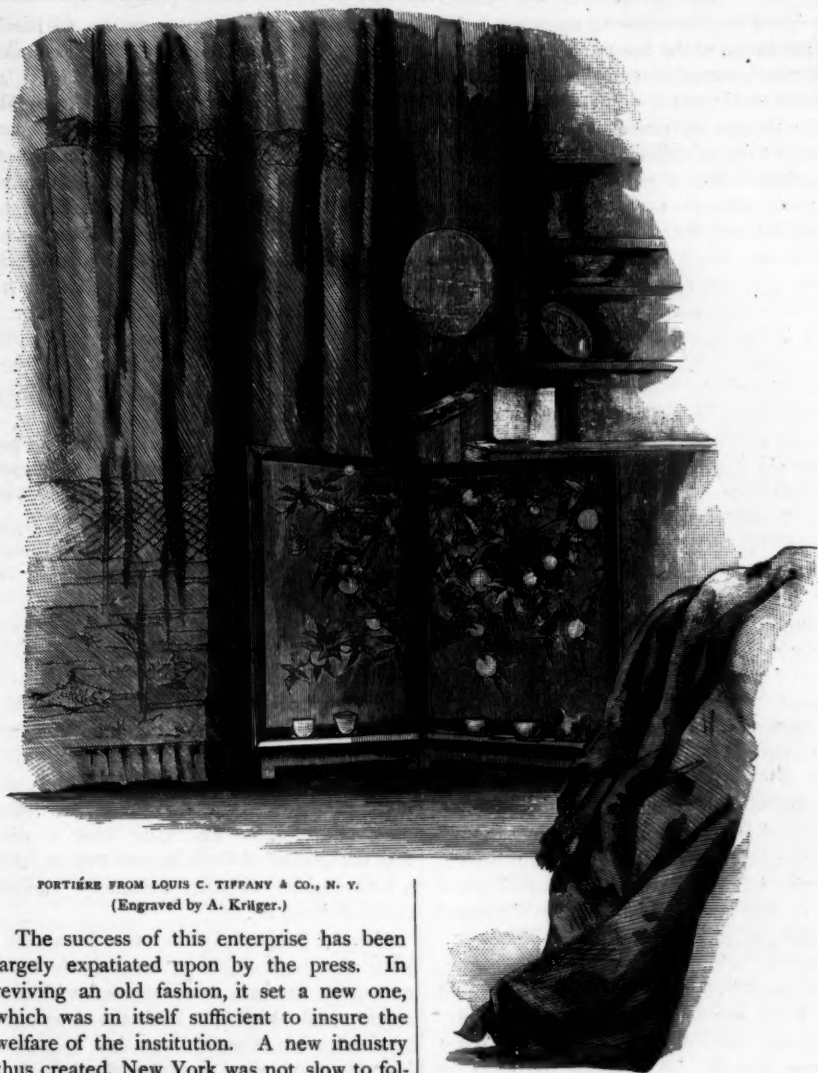
inherent talent, which else might lie forever dormant, that the women of California may learn to think and act for themselves, thereby rendering them in a certain degree independent of extraneous circumstances, that the Society of Decorative Art was here established.

In the year 1872 the body of a young governess was found floating down the Thames. The case was a sad one: the old story—

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!"—

old, yet ever new, repeating itself day by day: a young girl driven to self-destruction in view of the endless struggle, not for independence, not for fame, but for a bare livelihood. Scarce out of her teens, yet weary unto death! The vague terrors of the unknown world into which she plunged headlong were less to be dreaded than the assured miseries of this world, of which she, alas! knew too much. Her moral and physical strength proved inadequate to the task which she had undertaken, not from choice, not from any special aptitude, but because it was the only career open to her, the sole avenue of escape from starvation. To this lamentable, though by no means isolated, case, the South Kensington School owes its origin. The sympathies of a noble-hearted woman, Lady Mary Alford, became enlisted in behalf of the class to which this unfortunate girl belonged—a class who are above charity, but not above the suffering needs of humanity—ladies in the more limited sense of the word, born to all the luxuries and refinements of life, who, by a sudden revolution of fortune's wheel, find themselves thrown upon their own resources for daily sustenance. And what are these resources? In the majority of cases, a delicate constitution, ill fitted to breast the cold winds of heaven; a superficial knowledge of the fine arts, in which, with rare exceptions, women are but amateurs, being taught them as an accomplishment rather than as a means of support; and a shrinking, sensitive nature, to overcome which is not the

least of the miseries to which she is subjected when forced into immediate contact with the rough world. This is not sentimentalism, but an actual representation of one phase of society but little considered until within the past quarter of a century, up to which time custom forbade a lady the privilege, accorded the lowest of her sex, of earning her own living. Of every age, in every clime, there have been women who have won for themselves by the power of genius this right to live, though they have won it too often in the teeth of bitter opposition. But originality can only be forgiven or tolerated in a genius; and unfortunately, the less talented ones of earth must also live. Our nineteenth century has developed much practical common sense. Among other things, it has demonstrated the dignity of labor. It has proven indisputably that a gentleman may be found out of the ranks of professional men, and that a woman need forfeit neither gentleness nor womanliness when necessity urges her from beneath the shelter of her own roof-tree into the world's great mart: not only among the buyers and sellers, but herself one of them. With the establishment of the Royal School of Art Needle-work, in 1872, in South Kensington, a new channel of industry was opened, which, though probably not more remunerative, was at least better adapted to those whose more delicate organizations rendered them absolutely incapable of performing the rough work of an ordinary laborer, which was about the sole resource of the many who failed to reach the goal for which every impecunious woman strives; viz., the school-room. Here be it remarked, *en passant*, that the public generally is under a mistaken impression as regards the remuneration attached to fancy work. The price of such labor is not high, averaging here in San Francisco from one dollar to one dollar and a half per day—hardly enough to support existence upon, but more than is paid to shop girls, or to those who do plain sewing; and the work is in no wise distasteful: on the contrary, it is fascinating and interesting.



PORTIÈRE FROM LOUIS C. TIFFANY & CO., N. Y.
(Engraved by A. Krilger.)

The success of this enterprise has been largely expatiated upon by the press. In reviving an old fashion, it set a new one, which was in itself sufficient to insure the welfare of the institution. A new industry thus created, New York was not slow to follow in the footsteps of the mother country; and although the Society of Decorative Art was founded in that State as late as 1876, it has already put forth a dozen or more branches, one of which—thanks to certain charitably disposed ladies—has been grafted in our midst, here in San Francisco, where it is sorely needed: for while ours is the Golden State—truly a land of plenty—it is at the

same time a land of sudden and terrible reverses.

The Society of Decorative Art does not undertake to revolutionize society—to reform abuses, to emancipate woman, or even to assert her disputed rights. It does not open to her the polls nor the world of science; but it hopes to enable her to fill one of the niches for which nature unquestionably

designed her, in bestowing upon her a keen appreciation of the beautiful, combined with delicate perception and graceful dexterity. Her æsthetic tastes are not to be despised, even though extremists have made the science a thing of ridicule, converting the term "æsthetic" into a synonym for whatsoever is most grotesque and absurd. On the contrary, through the proper cultivation of these tastes the world will find itself richer by many gifts, the existence of which it at present little suspects.

It is not in the least likely that all that can be known of decorative art has already been discovered. The prophecies pointing to the destruction of the world in 1881 have failed; and the probabilities are that this same world will continue undisturbed upon its course for many thousands of years yet—time enough for old things to have passed away. While that time is still our own, let us reproduce these antiques whose beauty has been immortalized in song and story through countless ages; or, failing in this, better still, to substitute for them treasures of art heretofore unknown. There may be a gold mine as yet undiscovered in our El Dorado. California girls are full of life and energy. The restless ambition, dauntless courage, and indomitable will that conducted their fathers across the waters to these unknown shores, and through the perilous experiences of pioneer life, are theirs by rightful inheritance, and will enable them, too, to prosecute with happy result the search for gold, if gold there be.

In the middle of the fifteenth century there arose in Paris a quaint, unsightly building, which was known as "Gobelin's Folly," a century later called by Louis XIV. "Manufacture Royale des Meubles de la Couronne." The title is suggestive of the tale. Gobelin's Folly had furnished to the world tapestries of such inimitable beauty, such incomparable value, that kings jealously appropriated them to their own uses, decorating therewith their royal palaces.

A century later we find Palissy the Potter feeding his furnace with the tables, chairs, and door-knobs, or whatever other articles of

domestic furniture came nearest to hand; persecuted as a madman by his exasperated wife, who, by the bye, was not so much to blame for protesting against what to her seemed wanton destruction. Fancy a woman, even in this practical nineteenth century, awaking on a stormy night to find herself bereft of a house door! That she was thus contributing her mite, albeit involuntarily, to the development of science, was not a sufficiently comforting thought to exclude the cold.

But from this half-starved furnace came forth that exquisite porcelain, which bears about the same relation to the clay from which it is made as does the butterfly to the original worm. With indefatigable patience he wrested from nature the secret of making enamels, which was discovered in the preceding century by Lucca della Robbia, the Florentine sculptor, and had been by him bequeathed to his countrymen, by whom it was jealously preserved.

Through trials and tribulations of which we cannot even dream, Gobelin and Palissy found each a talisman which was to unlock to generations then unborn untold wealth; for the invention of these two industries has furnished with employment thousands—aye, tens of thousands—of men, women, and children. But the world is, so full of men, women, and children who must work or die, that the genius of Gobelin and Palissy, and a host besides of other inventors, cannot compass them all.

Can the Society of Decorative Art accomplish the rest? Can it send forth from among its numbers one provided with the magic word which will hush the clamorous cry for work? Possibly not; but it can at least do something towards effecting that object. It may not give birth to genius, but it can prevent talent from lapsing into mediocrity. Fame may not be found within its portals; but they who enter therein will find that which will at least keep the wolf at bay. Although scarce a year has elapsed since this society was organized in San Francisco—the salesrooms not having been opened until the end of June, 1881—more than one

fatherless girl has found here such substantial help as enables her to support herself decently, and do somewhat for those at home. There are now five regular employees, whose wages average forty dollars per month. Very little, it is true; but infinitely better than nothing. However, this is a very insignificant part of the work already accomplished by the society, the aims of which are—

"To induce art workers to master thoroughly the details of some one kind of Decorative Art, in order to acquire skill therein, and make for themselves a reputation of commercial value.

"To suggest to those who have hitherto worked unsuccessfully some practical direction for their labor.

"To form classes in various kinds of art industry.

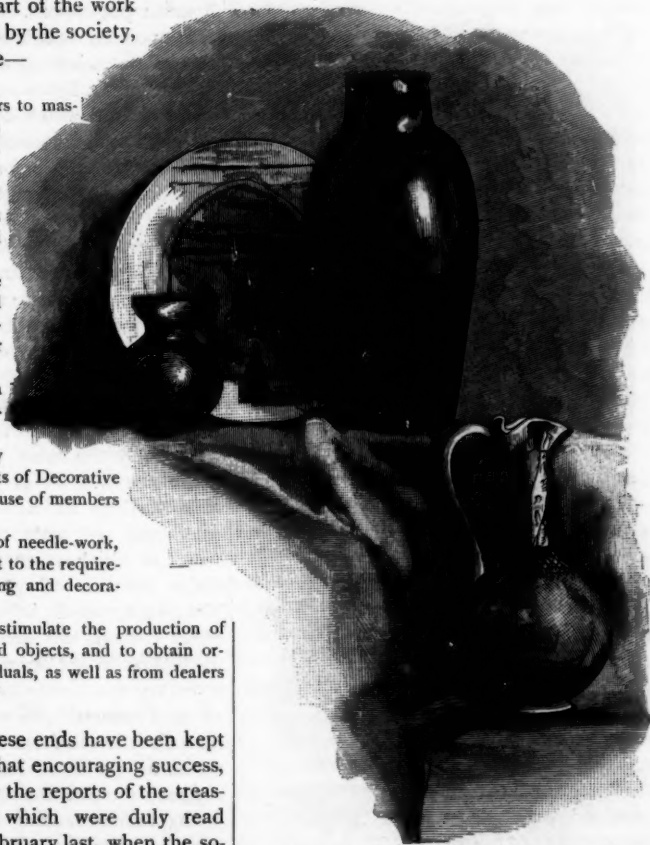
"To maintain a library of hand-books on subjects of Decorative Art and Design, for the use of members and pupils.

"To develop the art of needle-work, and assist in adapting it to the requirements of house-furnishing and decoration.

"To encourage and stimulate the production of designs for manufactured objects, and to obtain orders from private individuals, as well as from dealers in articles of house art."

How diligently these ends have been kept in view, and with what encouraging success, have been shown by the reports of the treasurer and secretary, which were duly read and published in February last, when the society held its first annual meeting. Such being the case, a statistical report now will be not only unnecessary but superfluous. Two items, however, as strongly indicative of the success attending this enterprise, may pardonably be presented a second time before a public whose interest and co-operation are absolutely essential to its ultimate prosperity; viz., that the receipts of the past half-year aggregated \$4,885.75, \$1,584 of which was

paid to contributors, of whom there have been one hundred and three in number. In the above-mentioned time there have been eight hundred and seventy-nine articles accepted; five hundred and seventy of which have been sold, and three hundred and nine remain in the salesrooms.



A BRIC-A-BRAC CORNER. (Engraved by A. Krüger.)

While the ultimate end of the Society of Decorative Art is to cultivate originality—designing being one of its proposed branches of instruction—for the present it is satisfied in the main to cultivate the hand through the eye, by importing from Europe and the Eastern States through contributors, as also through Louis C. Tiffany & Co., whose agents they are, such articles of decorative

needle-work as will not only attract and please a fastidious public, but prove, as well, acceptable models, worthy of imitation. Many a *chef d'œuvre* has been the result of this experiment. It is thus that more than one pupil has excelled his master. He attains the sublime by successive degrees of scales,



A DRAPEY CORNER. (Engraved by A. Krüger.)

in which one beautiful object suggests another, one beautiful thought another, until the ultimatum is reached, and lo! the world is enriched by his creative hand—the work his master's by suggestion; his own by verifying and working out.

Although the more excellent quality of work exhibited in the salesrooms of the society is undeniably of foreign importation,

still there is much to show the marked ability and skillful workmanship of home contributors. The drawn work is particularly noteworthy.

We dwellers on the Pacific shores ought by rights to excel in this branch of needle-work, inheriting the art with the rest of our Spanish possessions. Were this a dissertation upon art needle-work, which it is not, this most ancient of all open-work embroideries might figure as a central historical piece, around which cluster the more delicate, and be it confessed—albeit in a whisper, with due reverence for the antique—more beautiful Point, Mechlin, and Valenciennes laces of later day. We find it bordering the grave clothes of Saint Cuthbert, whose body was disinterred in the twelfth century. The secret of its fabrication was not discovered to the world until the breaking up of the monasteries wherein it was wrought, when it was eagerly acquired by kings' daughters and noble ladies throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Probably the most prominent article in the rooms is a set of *portières* painted by Miss Kellogg of New Jersey, in *Gouache* colors on old gold sateen—a woodland scene, of which every feature in the landscape breathes of golden-brown autumn. The background is much the same on either curtain, the difference consisting in the figures in the foreground: the one representing two pretty maidens twining each an arm around the other as they stroll through the leaf-strewn forest, the costumes as quaint as Kate Greenaway could suggest; while on the second the figures of a young woman leading by the hand a rosy-cheeked child are substituted for the pretty gossips. Brown birds fluttering through the air add another touch of animation to nature. The picture is set within a dado and frieze of damask, surmounted by bands of old-gold plush.

Wandering at random through the rooms, one carries away in his mind a bewildering maze of pretty nonentities, of every shape and hue which art can devise. To appreciate the dainty designs and really admirable

execution, one must needs visit the rooms again and yet again. A brief description of some of the accompanying illustrations must suffice to show the nature of the work done by the society, since not even a bird's-eye view of the whole can be given in the short space allotted to a magazine article.

In close proximity to the *portières* above described is a charming little piece of rustic work, which well might be a part of the woodland scene depicted—an autograph, as it were, from the City of Oaks; a table whereon is wrought in Kensington, upon a fawn-colored sateen, a cluster of shaded oak leaves and acorns, bordered with a deep fringe of natural acorns.

But all here is not dull brown and old gold. A pleasing contrast is afforded in the brilliant shades presented by Miss Whitcomb's table scarfs and screens. Deep ruby red, that glowing color only to be found in plush: on this background the artist's skillful brush has scattered in charming confusion wild roses, morning-glories, or apple blossoms, as the case may be, relieving this rose tint by intermingling with it white marguerites and golden-rod. Flitting in and out among the flowers are yellow birds and butterflies—an exquisite harmony of color which presents but one objection: it becomes monotonous through constant repetition. After studying for the fourth or fifth time this combination, and pronouncing it fine, one is forcibly reminded of the absent-minded gentleman, who, desirous of making a Christmas present to a lady friend, selected a handsome copy of Dickens, which was duly appreciated by the recipient; but when on the following anniversary the gift was duplicated, she concluded that he had bought a lot of them.

Among other articles contributed by Louis C. Tiffany & Co., is a *portière* which is particularly noticeable as being of rather unique design. On a ground of deepest

blue is a dado upon which are represented fish sporting beneath the waves. The work is done in outline, with *filoselle* of the same color of a lighter shade. These contrasted shades give a glittering, silvery appearance to the work which is very effective.

Bric-a-brac, consisting of Bennett *faience*, Rookwood ware, Chelsea tiles, and *plaques* from everywhere, are such specimens as may delight a worshiper at the shrine of Keramos.

A large proportion of the work found in the salesrooms is done by the free pupils, in reference to whom much might be said. It is hardly necessary to recapitulate what has been distinctly defined in the annual report: the terms upon which these pupils receive instruction. Suffice it to say that the air of cheerful industry which reigns in the work-rooms is but an index to the lives of the young girls working there.

For the present, instruction is confined to two branches: needle-work and drawing; but in the coming fall a bold stroke is contemplated by the ambitious managers. If the Fates are propitious—or, in language divested of metaphor, if the people of San Francisco are alive to their own interest—they propose to extend the work of the society, by adding to these branches instruction in China painting, water-colors, and decorative design—a field of instruction hitherto entirely unoccupied here, and which forms the foundation of all decorative art work. The study of decorative design embraces such a world of knowledge, opens such a tremendous industry, that it cannot but be of practical benefit to the State at large, by enhancing the commercial value of its products. We have the wherewithal to work minerals, lumber, wool, and, as indications point, silk; lacking only that knowledge which is to transform this raw material into a "thing of beauty," thereby rendering it "a joy forever."

S. R. HEATH.

THALOE.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a rash and mistaken judgment, springing rather from the pleasant whisperings of romantic fancy than from a logical estimate of actual fact. For the days had long passed away in which the name of Roman citizen was a tower of strength and a shield against injustice, or in which feeble innocence would have been its own protection. Nor, had it been otherwise, could Thaloe ever have been able to penetrate into the presence of the Cæsar; for, however earnestly the unquestioned courage of her soul might strive to animate her to brave resolves, it was not in the nature of that frail body to carry them to their purposed end. The shrinking of her frame too surely would have neutralized the efforts of her well-designing will, and left her trembling and dismayed in the coldness and obscurity of some outer antechamber, far from the imperial presence; while, as her very weakness would have given additional incentive to violence, her singularity of faith would have been deemed sufficient excuse for any of those aggressions which her unprotected beauty would too certainly have suggested. In speaking as she did, she revealed herself as one so accustomed to gaze back upon the faint, traditional glimmerings of sterner and more upright days, and in their soft halo kindle her imagination, that any perception of the true character of the later wild and reckless times was necessarily excluded from her thoughts.

At any other moment Cleon might have smiled at such innocent and misplaced enthusiasm, and for her own safety would have endeavored to correct her error. But now he felt that he could not speak to her as calmly as he would have wished. New and different trains of thought began to confuse and overwhelm him. Looking into her

speaking eyes, and observing, as well, her attitude of unconscious pride and dignity, he felt that her boast of patrician blood was no vain pretense, and that in all things except fortune and matters of imperial state she was everywhere his equal. Alypia herself could not have maintained her assertions of brave ancestry with greater display of high-born grace and unimpeachable truthfulness. And with this new realization there began to steal into Cleon's mind a secret doubt as to whether, after all, in his daily meetings with Thaloe he had as fully protected his heart from danger as he had imagined. If not, what might be the perils of the future? He could no longer cherish the deceptive theory of birth and grandeur stooping merely for transient pastime to converse with the meek and lowly, and thence, the amusement of the hour being over, passing onward with no lingering word of soft regret, or flicker of tender memory. Their intercourse must henceforth be acknowledged as that of two gifted minds, each after its own manner swelling with the pride of high ancestry: the lowlier in earthly position, equally with the other, scorning all condescension, and standing resolutely and firmly upon its native right to command respect and courtesy. Could it be that his heart, whatever it might already have endured, would in the future be able to stand the test of such equal companionship, now that he had at last awakened to the truth about her? And should he not, therefore, avoid all future association with her, not for his peace alone, but also for her honor?

Revolving and re-revolving these thoughts in different combinations and sequences, but always to the same purport, and in his sudden bewilderment unable to put them into definite shape or bring any fixed conclusion from them, he took his homeward way, and soon reached his own quarters just outside

the imperial palace. There, as was usual at that hour, stood the sentry with lifted spear guarding his quarters; and in front had gathered the little crowd of those who had collected to pay their court to the wealthy pretorian captain. Of these, as Cleon paused, first stepped forth one with a roll of parchment, and slowly began to spread it out before him.

"What, now, is this?"

"Most noble captain, in me behold the architect who built for the late Cæsar his most glorious palace in Caprææ. Gifted as I am with rare genius for my profession, and known far and wide as one who has not only studied with personal observation the rarest models of Greece and Egypt, but also has received instruction from—"

"Well, well, Orestes—to the point."

"To the point it shall be, most worthy sir. Know, then, that even genius like my own can always not only foresee all demands upon it, but as time progresses must ever gain new inspirations. Therefore, only this morning I felt the brightness of grand conceptions dazzling my brain; and knowing from report how soon you will need a villa for the fair Lady Alypia, I have made bold to offer you this suggestion of my last design. Not only in outline you will see its merit, but also in detail. Look, for instance, at this panel inclosing a fresco of Cybele and the infant Ione; and how well it graces the neighborhood of this wreathed pilaster! And see—"

"It is well, most skillful Orestes. As to my future, you have not been misinformed, it may be. But not now can I give attention to this matter. When I am more in the mood for it, then, perhaps, will I give your claim a hearing. And you who stand behind—what is your business, now?"

"Poverty, most worshipful sir—poverty which fills the heart with despair, and thins the stomachs of crying infants," whined the man, coming from behind the somewhat discomfited architect. "I am a poor fisherman, kind sir, and this morning entangled in my net a turbot, which at the Cæsar's table would have been worth its weight in

silver. But the creature escaped, tearing my net in pieces, and I have taken nothing at all to-day; and lo! all at home are crying aloud for bread."

"Let this, then, bring them comfort," said Cleon, giving the man a piece of gold, though only half believing the dolorous story. "And you, who stand so far aloof by yourself at one side—what may be your errand?"

"I have a work of art—a choice work of art," said the third, coming forward in his turn, and drawing a linen cover from a pedestal which stood beside him, thereby revealing a tolerably well-executed statuette in marble. "This is a creation of which Phidias himself might be proud," he continued, standing a pace or two apart, and gazing at his work with a well-counterfeited expression of intense admiration. "It has been my dream for life, my labor for ten years; and yet, unlike Phidias, I would be content to sell it for a few—a very few—gold coins, if it could only be displayed some day in your honored villa. For this ambition I have come on foot all the way from Pompeii. As respects the mere critical excellence of the figure, you will observe that in its attitude, its expression, its glow of—"

"Enough!" interrupted Cleon, already in his troubled frame of mind fatigued with the scene. "In this waning light I can see but little. Therefore, whatever the merits of your work, I cannot inspect it now. Bring it again before me to-morrow. I will then examine it for myself, and if I find it worthy, will purchase it. And do you others now depart. I have no time left for further offers, or to hear complaints."

The group dispersed: the fisherman with well-satisfied face, the image vender with the light of hope flickering in his starved and pinched-up features, and the others a prey to despondency at the inattention they had received. And Cleon, entering, stood in his own apartment. There he found awaiting him a boy of sixteen years, clad in the costume of a page of the imperial court—an embroidered tunic, tasseled sandals, and a

short, ornamented dagger at his side: a handsome youth, such as emperors who have a proper regard for the magnificence of their surroundings always love to station about their persons; well formed, and with a pleasant, almost girlish face, and yet with certain expressions of dignified seriousness about the corners of the arched mouth and clear blue eyes, suggestive of a manly nature waiting for circumstances to draw it from its inactive seclusion. Coming up to Cleon, and humming the while a fragment of a court song, he placed a hand lightly on his shoulder and said:

"This morning only have I come from Rome; and, therefore, this morning only have I heard the story of Alypia's betrothal. And I have come at once to you, Cleon, as in duty and pleasure bound. Fortunate is Alypia to have thus won your regard. And I, Cleon," he continued, with an abatement of his enforced carelessness of manner, looking up with a wistful expression as though anxious above all things for the other's regard—"may I not tell you that I am glad all has happened thus?"

Upon this, Cleon, gazing at him with a peculiar tenderness of expression, took him by the hand with a responsive grasp, and said:

"Were these nuptials with your sister not about to take place, Camillus, I do not think that I could ever be less your friend. I am a man of few words, as you already know; and I do not often make any display of my feelings, or of my likes and dislikes. And yet I cannot but love that fair, gentle face of yours, for it speaks to me of a sincere, pure nature, such as, in these corrupt and maddening days, is not often to be met with. And therefore, whatever else might have been the event of my suit, I think that I would always have followed you with my regard."

"And yet," said the other, looking up with unconcealed pleasure at the approbation thus expressed, "had my sister Alypia listened to other words than yours—to those, mayhap, of the Tribune Balbus, who I at one time feared might gain too greatly upon her regard—how could I so familiarly

approach you to receive your love and give my own poor gratitude in return—I, a mere page of the court, and you so soon to have a well-trained legion at your command? Nay, nay; it is to Alypia, after all, that I owe whatever is near and dear in your esteem. And now to another matter. In a week from now there is to be at Pompeii a feast, at the house of the Proconsul Araduces. Both you and I will be bidden there. And you will go?"

"I know not; I scarcely think—"

"And it was partly to make you think, to tell you that you must go, that I have come. Do you not know that there has been no feast given along the whole Campanian coast which will equal this? There will be dancing girls such as have not been brought forward for months, even at the court: not the tame, worn creatures whom we have hitherto seen, and with whose every gesture we have become familiar to satiety; but fresh sirens, gathered from distant lands, and all not so much mere women as incarnations of goddess-like graces."

"These things I care but little about," responded Cleon, smiling to himself at the volubility with which the boy, in his childish and not unnatural desire to be thought a finished man of the world, rehearsed as his own those fugitive scraps of other people's conversation.

"But there are other matters which you should regard, then," retorted the page, taking upon himself a more serious tone. "Men say that you are becoming too reserved and retiring in your habits, and that it were better if you came forth to feast and frolic, and acted more like others. For so will you better contribute to your own advancement, being likely otherwise to become forgotten. And there are others—I know not how to say it, Cleon, but it must be mentioned, nevertheless—there are others who whisper that you go no longer where you would be likely to meet the Tribune Balbus, since from being your unsuccessful rival he has become your enemy. And surely such a thing as that should not be currently reported."

"Surely it should not," said Cleon, calmly; "though in what measure can it harm me? For what can all my past fame be worth, if the seclusion of a week or two should enable false reports to dim it? And yet, perhaps it were well, after all, that I should be present, and so prove that they lie who say such things, and that it was only my own passing indisposition for revelry which has kept me aloof. And therefore, thanks to you, Camillus, for thus coming to give me warning."

"It was but a little thing to do, after all," responded the page; "and perhaps I may say that it has already found its reward. Shall I tell you?" he continued in a diffident, hesitating manner, the tell-tale color rising to his cheeks. "Well, to-day, as I was descending the hill to come to you, I saw, leaning over a low wall at the turn of the path— Why, how now, Cleon? Why do you start and look so strangely."

"I started not, Camillus. And there you saw some damsel who has taken your fancy, you would say?"

"Yes: with a pleasant, contemplative gaze, and bright, soft eyes, so shaded by long lashes that they seemed to flash and change until I could scarcely distinguish their real color. Even in the midst of the gathering darkness of twilight I could not but notice her beauty. And, by Venus! she smiled upon me as I passed."

"Smiled to see the air of pretty conceit with which you fingered that gilded dagger, and strutted by, tossing that plume—was not that it?" responded Cleon, regaining his composure, and perfectly at ease about any mischief which the page might do to Thaloe, though at heart a little discomposed to find how, in her innocence, she still needlessly exposed herself to the chance of any passing gaze. "Even now, I can scarcely help laughing at the pretentious air with which you strive to hide your boyish confusion, and adopt the cool and practiced demeanor of a veteran in the art of love. You make me at once forget whatever men say about Balbus and myself, so ludicrously does that blush overspread your cheek. And of a

certainly you returned her smile, and took credit to your handsome features for it. But now, all jesting apart, listen to me, Camillus: I know that young girl of whom you speak—have known of her for weeks past—and therefore I say that you must not think of her, or mention her to others."

"Not think of her? Not mention her?" cried Camillus, aghast with astonishment. And as he bent earnestly forward, Cleon could see different expressions one after another shoot across his face. A little gleam of anger, or perhaps, more properly, vexation, at having his nascent, boyish passion ridiculed; disappointment that, having with some difficulty and confusion of speech made his confession, he should have met with such discouragement and want of sympathy at the very start; surprise that Cleon should have known the person about whom he spoke, and gained that seeming interest in her; even doubt of Cleon and his well-sustained reputation for continence and sobriety of character. These ideas flickered one by one across the countenance of the page, all, at the end, settling down into the one prevailing expression of distrust.

"Doubt me not," cried Cleon; "I could bear it from any one rather than from yourself, whose good opinion I have so well learned to love. As for this young girl of whom we speak, believe me when I say that I have no interest in her except for her protection."

"Her protection, Cleon? And from what?"

"From anything and everything. From vice and tyranny and violence; from whatever can disturb one of her faith. For she is a Christian, and that of itself will show to what she may be exposed. You start, and wonder how I can be brought into contact with one of that strange sect. It is a long story: I can hardly explain it now. Some day, perhaps, I will do so. Let it be sufficient for the present that you should believe me."

"I do believe and trust in you, Cleon. But oh!" he added after a moment of reflection, "it were better not to tell Alypia of this."

"Nor will I, for I know too well the jealousy which can spring up in a woman's breast," responded Cleon; and his heart sank within him as he reflected that it was no idle fancy which had deterred him from confessing to her, but that even this unreflecting boy could not but be aware of that untrusting trait in Alypia's nature. "Nor do I mention this to you for fear of what you might do, but rather that you should not give knowledge and occasion to those who might be unscrupulous. Is it a sorrow to you, also, that I have taken your young fancy away from you? Is it as a love lost? Nay, it cannot be that, for with you it would never be a love gained. You are too pure-minded to wish a love that could only be given with ruin and sacrifice. And there are years enough before you in which to woo the little blind god. There is no doubt that in its due time that pretty face of yours will make conquests more suitable than this would be."

Camillus, silently listening, took his leave, humming as he left the room the same song with which he had entered, yet with such a prolonged cadence that it seemed rather a dirge over wasted hopes than a festive glee. He was but half consoled, indeed. Of an age when he began to mingle more freely with older men, meeting them at court audiences and wine feasts, he had listened to their oft-repeated stories of conquests and gallantries, until he began, not unnaturally, to feel the ambition aroused to have some experience of his own to tell, so as to put him on a par with his companions: desiring this, not with any impure longing, but with the single wish to have some pretty face to worship, even if he dared not address it, his purpose being amply served if he could but boast of its smiles and invitations. Even now this pleasant face which had looked at him over the low wall, and which had seemed to address him with a well-disposed greeting—for so his imagination had construed the expression which had hailed his approach—had apparently given him the opportunity for which he sought: and yet at the first whisper about it to one in whom he believed he could confide, he had been forbidden to

speaking further. This, surely, was not a gratifying thing.

And Cleon, left sitting alone, felt no less disturbed in his reflections. Sincere and truthful in nature, he had now allowed himself to utter words of deceit; for when asserting that he took no interest in Thaloe except with regard to protecting her from evil, he could not but feel more and more that he was beginning to cherish earnest and lingering thoughts about her. Else why did the light of those pleasant blue eyes seem even now to shine in upon him, and the gentle tones of that low voice still sound in his ears as a delicious memory? Was it not his duty, as he had always professed it his desire, to dream only of other words and glances? Surely this matter must here end, before he became innocently involved in further deceits and misconstructions. He would see Thaloe no more. Nay: he might see her once more, indeed, but simply for the purpose of bidding her farewell, and to tell her that whenever in any extremity his aid might be required, she should send to him, in order that he might fly to her relief. In that, at least, there could be no treason.

CHAPTER VII.

Then, laying his sword and helmet one side, Cleon retired to his couch, stretched himself upon it, and sought for sleep. Sleep, indeed! It seemed, rather, that there could be but little rest for him that night. And though, as he lay and tossed from side to side, there came occasional intervals of insensibility, these were only temporary exhaustions, and brought him no refreshment; enduring for a moment, and then giving place to greater wakefulness, with even more abundant power to revolve and re-revolve the same unceasing circle of cruel thought.

Yes, he knew now at last, as though it were a mystical revelation from some meddlesome god, the great secret of his heart—the vain love that had so cruelly possessed

him. Even if the mien and look with which Thaloe had so grandly asserted her own free birth and her claim upon it for protection had not enlightened him, showing him how equal and kindred were their natures, his conversation with Camillus would have been more than sufficient; for it had taught him how unwelcome and bitter to him would be another's admiration of her. And now, what could he do?

Should he resign her? What else was there for him to do, indeed? Even had he been freed from that other tie, which, though it had made him the envy of so many, now began to gall him as with an iron chain, how much nearer to Thaloe would he be? Even then, whatever her boast of bare ancestry, it could none the less be considered that her faith, her rules of life, all her associations, separated her from him as far as though she had her home in some distant star. Yet, what was to hinder that, as before, he should continue for a few days longer to enjoy that pleasant communication with her?—to stand at the low hedge, and gaze into her eyes, and listen to the gentle tones of her voice: that, at least, could not be forbidden him. And though it was a joy that at the longest must soon cease, it were a proper thing, after all, and the act of a wise man, to feast upon it to the very end.

Then, still seeking sleep and finding it not, he turned, and there came into his thoughts the influences of the brighter, pleasanter side of his nature. To do all that—was it really the act of a wise man, or even of a generous man? Why for a few short moments of happiness, which could never satisfy the cravings of his soul, should he destroy her life? For in truth, in some way or other, it could not fail to end in destruction to her. Whether his feeling for her was love or friendship, the proper exercise of either attribute demanded that he should remove himself far from her. To tarry longer under the enchantment would be to attract the notice of others, who, unlike himself, might be unscrupulous and cruel in their admiration. Already, through her trusting lack of caution, had Camillus

seen her; and though that young boy might be won over to silence and discretion, who could answer for others who might see himself lingering at the hedge, and so, drawing near to watch him, might discover all? What if Alypia were to hear of it? Would there be any inkling of pity in her insulted jealousy? Even now he might have been watched, and already some truckling slave or courtier have carried to her the news of his apparent infidelity. No, there could be no uncompleted measures if he would secure her safety. He would give her up at once. And yet—

Would the long night never end? Tossing thus upon his couch, he looked forward impatiently for the day; for it seemed as though he could then reflect more calmly, and possibly the light might rob his thoughts of half their uneasiness. Yet all the same he felt that he would rather shun the light, for he could not but imagine that in the broad glare his face might betray his distress of mind, and thereby, perhaps, lead to an exposure of his secret. Looking up, he saw through the open window a single large star gleaming against the sky, and shining in upon him. Often on the bivouac field that same star had been a companion to him; but now, in the nervous disturbance of his soul, it fretted him as an enemy. It seemed no longer to whisper peace and companionship, but rather to taunt him, winking and blinking as though it knew his trouble, and had some elfish enjoyment in that copartnership of mystery; until at length Cleon, no longer able to endure the sight, called loudly to Calcho to arouse and close the window, so as to shut out the unwelcome intruder. But the freedman, who still slept stretched across the doorway as he had been wont to do while yet a slave, did not awaken, and rolling over with uneasy muttering, slept all the sounder. Then Cleon ceased calling, and himself arising, drew down the curtain to shut out the unwelcome star; and so, retiring once more to his couch, underwent anew his round of troubled reflection.

Towards the morning he fell again into

that state of uneasy insensibility which was so far removed from refreshing sleep; and then, as the sun arose, he returned to consciousness and got upon his feet. Calcho was at hand to assist him in the offices of his toilet; and now, as the daylight banished some of the feverish influences of his imaginings, Cleon grew more collected. But all the while he gazed steadily at the freedman in a sort of puzzled dread, lest Calcho might know more than he had pretended; lest by artful watching he might have gained a knowledge of the secret, or even, during that long night, might have overheard some unconscious or unguarded mutterings. Then Cleon resolved that, for fear of the latter chance, he would no longer have an attendant sleeping across his doorway or in his apartment. But still, not as yet finding a good reason for departing from a custom so long practiced and so useful, for the time he kept his peace and let his determination remain unspoken. And little by little his distrust extended to the other slaves, as he reflected how easy it is for the closest secrets to become known, and recalled instances wherein menials had kept mysteries of dire import closely locked up within the circle of their common brotherhood for months, before the outer world had gained an inkling of them, and thereby, with terrible consciousness of power, had banded about from one to the other the fortunes and even the lives of their masters. Revolving such disturbing stories, he gazed intently into the face of each who approached, misinterpreting the calmness of one, the cringing obsequiousness of another, the sullen ill-temper of a third; and so, ever ready to imagine that the secret of his love, so long unacknowledged by himself, might before that have become known among them, and been their cherished jest.

"There stands one outside who tells me that you ordered him to come again to-day," said Calcho, when the morning had well advanced—"a sculptor."

"I will see him," responded Cleon, willing to seize any diversion from his thoughts; and going forth into the outer court, he beheld the half-starved artist from Pompeii.

The man stood just where he had been upon the previous evening, with the pedestal beside him; and as then, when Cleon appeared, drew off the linen cover from the statuette, and in a mechanical tone began rehearsing its fancied merits.

"A work of which Phidias might be proud, most valiant patron—my dream for life, my labor for ten years. Yet, unlike Phidias, I would sell it for little, if it might only grace your forthcoming honored home. Observe its commanding attitude, its speaking expression! It tells its own story, too. It is a Roman general, as you see, who has become enamored of the maiden of low degree before him. Behold how her hands are clasped in front of her, in wonder and gratitude at his condescension, and with what an ardent gaze—"

Here the man stopped, transfixed with terror at the angry, penetrating look which Cleon fastened upon him. For with his recent suspicion still rankling in his heart, and ever ready to find new food with which to nourish itself, Cleon asked himself how far all this might be a mere pretense of sale: a miserable trick, rather, emanating from his own slaves, desirous to torment him through this parallel of his condition. A Roman general enamored of a lowly maiden? Truly, the likeness of the facts might be near enough to suit their play of spite. For the moment he remained with the same searching gaze fastened upon the man, who stood with trembling knees and shrinking figure, wondering wherein he had offended. Then, as Cleon saw that the man was innocent of all evil instigation or intent, he desisted from further scrutiny; but still, drawn on, as it were, by some inward fiend to approach ever nearer to the unwelcome subject of his thoughts, he burst forth into quick commentary and suggestion.

"A proper subject, indeed; fairly chosen, and passably executed, but not conceived truthfully or from nature. Think you that love is such a thing of ranks and conditions that this your interpretation of it can be at all the true one?"

"I understand you not, most valiant captain."

"Oh, most blind guide in art! Truly this is no fair picturing of your subject. Rather, if you would ape nature, should you exhibit the figure of the patrician general prostrate at the feet of the lovely maiden, who, like any other such fair woman, knows and uses her power over him."

"How could such a thing be, most noble master?" inquired the man, all agape with astonishment; "for it seems to me that Romans of high degree do not make themselves mere slaves in love. That would be an unseemly idea, as it would imply supremacy in her who should feel only flattery at his choice. And therefore—"

"Go!" interrupted Cleon, startled at his own suggestion, and fearful lest he might have said so much that the man would gain an inkling of the truth. "Did I say that your work was good? It may be, but I want none of it. I was but jesting, too, when I spoke of other subjects. Take this piece of gold. It will serve for your time lost, and will pay your way back to Pompeii. Now leave me."

The man took the gold, well satisfied with what would have been half a payment for the statuette itself, hoisted the pedestal upon his back, and crawled slowly out from the court-yard, turning back once or twice to look once more upon Cleon, with blank wonderment as to the meaning of those sudden changes from affability to sternness, and from approval to indifference. And Cleon, after delaying for a moment, himself sallied forth, feeling that he needed the inspiration of motion properly to constrain his thoughts. An hour before, he had resolved to linger closely about his own quarter, with a morbid dread of seeing other faces, lest he might somehow commit himself to unpleasant revelations; but now he felt that he must rush forth and mingle in crowds, if only in that way to find some better occupation for his mind. As he pressed on, and saw the image venter a little in front of him, shaking his head, and still now and then looking back in the same silent wonderment, he felt that he must learn to practice more restraint upon himself, or else at any moment he

might discover that he had unwittingly betrayed himself.

He strolled on, therefore, in a desultory, unheeding manner; until, upon looking up at a turn of the street, he saw that he stood before the court of Thaloe's house. It had not been his intention to go thither, nor would he have chosen that time to do so. For though the heat of the day was now passing, the little villa chanced to stand facing the south, so that every stone was still aglow with the fierce noontide blaze. There was as yet no shade in the garden, which, as he peered inquisitively through the hedge, seemed deserted, except that the Nubian slave was there, stretched out half asleep in the full sunlight, enjoying the refreshing rays with native zest, the golden bracelets and anklets upon his bare black limbs glittering brightly in the fervid glow. Therefore, after longingly glancing here and there in vain search of the flutter of a white tunic, Cleon passed on.

Only a few paces, however, and then he wandered back again. For, since chance had led him thither, why not improve the opportunity, and now say farewell? The present is always a better time than the future for whatever has to be done; and the greatest heat of the day being over, it was likely that Thaloe might be nearly ready to emerge. So he turned back; and seeing that the slave had meanwhile aroused, and, in a sitting posture, was passing his hands through his frizzled hair, with the view of completing his toilet for the afternoon, called out to him to come forward. The slave slowly did so, dragging one foot after the other with a sullen air, and, as usual, maintaining a mien of cautious suspicion and unapproachable obduracy.

"Your mistress—tell her that I would see her," said Cleon.

The bondsman frowned, shook his head, and drew back a pace or two, as though he would retire from the scene, and so end the matter without controversy. But seeing that this would not be permitted, and possibly reflecting that it was as good an opportunity as he might ever have to utter those

things from which his respect for his mistress's presence had hitherto restrained him, he returned again, for sole response shook his head, and confronted Cleon.

"How mean you, wretch? You will not?" cried Cleon. "Is this the duty you pay to your mistress? Call her at once, I say!"

"Had I less duty for her it might be that I would do so," responded the Nubian, in a voice naturally rough and croaking, and now rendered more than usually so by his settled determination to act according to his own judgment. "But respecting her as I do, she shall not see you."

"You are an insolent knave; take care that I do not chastise you!" cried Cleon, raising his hand. "In what would you show want of respect for her in summoning her forth to meet me?"

"Just such as the shepherd shows to the lamb when he shields it not from the wolf," retorted the bondsman, quailing not before the threatening gesture, but rather facing him with new composure, and finding plentiful words in argument and self-justification. "When my master went away and left her to my care, was it that I should merely sit at her feet and fetch to her the fan and mirror, and follow behind her as she walked? Or was it not rather that I should protect her with my life? Else why did he leave me yonder sword, and tell me that if needs be, I should draw it as freely as once I did on the battle-field, fighting at his side?"

"And what so dreadful a thing am I, that swords should be drawn against me?" inquired Cleon, with a sarcastic smile.

"You are the Captain Cleon, terrible on the field of war, at the head of trained soldiers, and yet not more terrible there than you might become alone, pursuing a young and feeble girl. Have I not eyes and ears? Because I am ignorant and a captive, must I have no comprehension of what passes about me? I tell you that this matter has already gone farther than it should; and now at last I will speak, though the whole pretorian guard were at hand to interpose. I have watched this too long:

these meetings, these stolen glances, this ignoble pretense upon your part to learn about things in which, with your different manner of life and station, you can find no interest. And now I say that there should be no more of it."

"You speak very boldly," responded Cleon, not without a certain admiration of the man. "But you speak also too distrustfully. Know you not that I have sworn to be her friend?"

"Yes: the old story. Then the friend seeks to become the lover, and the lover tires of his toy, and so friendship and love are both at last wasted and lost. Therefore, as I said, there ought to be no more of this."

"Foolish! For if I wished to do harm, could I not find some other way than to wait and ask for a meeting such as this?"

"I know that if you wished you could do much harm, more speedily and in another way than this," retorted the slave. "You have become possessed of a grave secret, such as should never have been committed to you; and armed with that you could go to the Cæsar, and get leave to work your will upon us. For what rights in the empire have Christians? Therefore, you could have me slain, and by force could take her to yourself. Only I know that you will not think to do this, for your ways are different. You are one of those to whom it is more pleasant to set the snare and take the bird alive, than to slay it outright with bow and arrow. But there must be no snare set about this place in which to entrap an innocent soul. Therefore, depart. Your path and hers are not the same, and can never rightly meet. Go—you must see her no more!"

"All this I know, and therefore would now say farewell to her," said Cleon, almost pleadingly.

"True, so that one farewell may lead to another, and perhaps the last one never be finished. Send your farewell words by me, and I will deliver them, to the letter."

So speaking, he partly turned away as though to leave. For a moment Cleon

gazed at him with increasing admiration, watching how the black, misshapen, scarred features were lighted up with the glow of determined fidelity, and wondering how it had happened that so much integrity had been grafted upon such a lowly lot.

"You are a brave man," he said at last, looking away and gazing for a moment up at the closed windows, at one of which, for the instant, he fancied he saw the flutter of the curtain, as though it were about to be withdrawn. "And though you judge me wrongfully, you are acting aright. Well, you will not show her to me. It is true that I had only farewell words to say, but those will keep for another time. I will not repeat them to yourself, but into her own ears, for which I do not doubt to find a speedy

occasion. Take now for yourself this gift."

With that, he held out to the slave a gold piece—an offering to the man's integrity. But Corbo, not looking at the coin, turned away. Strong in his rude, dog-like fidelity, he had no insight into character; and now, not perceiving that Cleon spoke with sincerity and truth, he would not put off an atom of his first distrust. Rather did he feel the more suspicious, believing that Cleon would wish to bribe him from his duty, or lull him into less wakeful precaution, or perchance tempt him into his own secret employ. Therefore, he turned aside and kept silence; and Cleon, seeing how useless it would be to try persuasion, withdrew the gift and passed slowly on.

LEONARD KIP.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

AFTERGLOW.

O CLOUDY morn of youth, that dawned in tears!
 O noon by tempest torn!
 O sterile pathway of the later years,
 To which no flowers were born!
 Now lift the shadows in life's crimsoned west;
 From height to depth the tides of sunset flow;
 And one late blossom crowns this ended quest
 Within the afterglow!

O heart that long hast throbbed in loneliness—
 Thy gifts unshared, unspent—
 Yet poor, since lacking all that most could bless
 And win thee sweet content,
 One voice hath reached, and brought to thee, though late,
 Love's dear assurance long foregone, and lo!
 Thy twilight hour puts on, irradiate,
 Its crowning afterglow!

M. A. M. CRAMER.

AT THE FOOT OF THE RIGI.

"Is William Tell at home?" we asked jocosely of the buxom, rosy-cheeked Uri girl who met us at the door of Tell's Inn at Bürglen.

"No: but I am Mrs. Tell, at your service," was the ready answer.

We had walked over from Schwyz, and were tired and hot and dusty. It was a Sunday afternoon, and all the little inns we passed, where bad beer and poor wine are sold, were crowded with country peasants, engaged in the national custom of smoking, drinking, and dancing. Nowhere among them did we get a seat to rest on, and now we were glad enough to have entered this cool and charming valley of the Schächenthal. We were not three miles away from Lake Lucerne. We found the valley where Tell had lived the perfection of picturesqueness. It was very narrow, and ascended rapidly from a point just beyond Altorf. In the middle was a mountain torrent. Right and left were towering rocks, wooded slopes and mountains; and behind Bürglen other little valleys led off, as if to some enchanted scenes. Bürglen sat on a little eminence, and looked toward the river Reuss. There are not twenty houses, perhaps, in all Bürglen; but those that are there are very old—how old, nobody, scarcely, knows. The stone chapel beside the inn was built nearly four hundred years ago. Possibly some of the peasant houses are nearly as old.

What eminent good taste Tell displayed in selecting such a spot to be born in! we reflected. One of his swiftest arrows would not have reached a quarter of the way up the almost perpendicular, fir-covered mountains to his right and left. Immediately in front of him, as he looked down his miniature valley, were granite-sided, snow-capped walls and peaks, piled to the very sky. The rattling Schächenbach, making noises as miscellaneous as the tumbling waters of

Lodore, he had ever by him; and on hot afternoons he heard the weird sound of falling avalanches.

I don't know whether it was more the fact of this little inn's being Tell's birthplace, or the pretty *kellnerin*, that led us to go in and order a bottle of good land-wine and a room. The wine did turn out a little sour, as Swiss wines are likely to do; but the white mountain honey that evening at supper and the whiter bread gave us sweetening enough for a week. My friend, being an artist in his way, sketched the pretty *kellnerin* with her odd Uri costume while I was talking to her, and she seemed not a little surprised to see how very pretty she looked, even in a hasty American sketch. These Uri girls and Uri men, up here on the border of the canton, are said to be the handsomest race in Switzerland. My friend, the sketcher, seemed to think even that was not saying much.

"I should call most of them not so pretty as interesting, and not so interesting as characteristic," he observed; but, reflecting and looking at his sketch a moment, he added, "*doch!* they are both pretty and interesting."

The people of this valley, like their houses, and like their customs and ways of life, have changed little in these five hundred years. The oldest portraits in existence look just as do the people here in Sunday dress today. There are a hundred William Tells and Werner Stauffachers, in appearance, drinking and smoking down there in the inns at the road-side this very afternoon. Switzerland's completest artist of character, in illustrating the early history of the country, has for years found all the material he wanted here awaiting him. William Tell might climb up into the valley from Altorf to Bürglen this afternoon, and he would hardly miss one of the old-time faces.

The landlord's daughter played on the

piano after supper, and we had a sort of improvised ball in the cleanly sanded dining-room. A number of the Schächenthal lads and lassies had dropped in, as is their wont on a Sunday evening; and never in halls or palaces was waltzing and polkaing enjoyed with a keener zest. It was midnight when the dancing was over; but, even then, going to our rooms brought no immediate sleep. The moon was still shining brightly on one of the most picturesque Alpine scenes, even of Switzerland. It required no very imaginative American to lean over the window sill into the moonlight at Bürglen, and recall the legends that make the spot seem hallowed. I do not know if Tell really once lived in the little house where we were stopping. I think no one knows that now. It was enough for us that here was Bürglen, and only a rifle shot away was Altorf; and across the lake, a little farther on, resting in the moonlight as quietly as if nothing had ever happened there, the little meadow of the Rütli. Possibly we put our feet upon the window sill at last, and then, of course, we disputed as to Tell. It was a good place for disputing, but the advantage seemed with the side favoring the legend; for was not there, under our feet almost, a chapel, centuries old, recounting his deeds in poor frescoes?

All legend, it is not any more; for Carl Leonard Müller has settled all that. Only a couple of years ago, Müller finished a twenty years' scholarly study of wagon-loads of old Swiss manuscripts, to prove that, after all, his countryman was not a myth, as people were trying to believe. If Müller is right, the most captious must be convinced that Tell did exist; that he was born in this very village of Bürglen, and within a rod of the window where we were sitting; that he killed Gessler; and that for that or some service to the state the government proclaimed pilgrimages to his birth-place, and built monuments in the shape of chapels to his memory. Further, that these Tell pilgrimages were kept up by the people and paid for by the government for more than four hundred years. They are, in fact,

kept up to-day, even. Müller in his conclusions gives us a little glimpse, though an unpleasant one, of Tell here at Bürglen. The affair of the apple-shooting was over, and Tell, on the same afternoon, brought his little boy home to Bürglen. His deed had not met his wife's approval. She long and bitterly upbraided him for his recklessness and heartlessness, in risking his child's life to save his own. That night, injured and in deep anger, Tell left his home and went to a cousin of his living in the village of Morschach, near Brunnen. That was the evening of October 31st, 1307. In about a week from then, at midnight of November 7th, he crossed over to the opposite side of the lake and joined the thirty-two other Swiss, on the little meadow of Rütli, in the memorable oath to overthrow the Austrian tyranny. He at once recrossed to his cousin at Morschach, and remained there till November the 17th. On the next Saturday evening he suddenly returned to his wife at Bürglen, and on the following morning walked to the Bürglen church. Curiosity, of course, soon collected the villagers about him, anxious to know of the shooting at Altorf, and as to how he had had the courage to attempt the desperate shot. In the midst of his narrative he wept bitterly, and said, "Had I a second arrow, I would have bored Gessler through with it had I missed the apple." Gessler heard of the talk at the village church, and the very next day Tell was a prisoner before him at Altorf. The governor demanded to know what sort of threats he had been making before all the people at Bürglen. Tell sought justification and begged for mercy, but was immediately condemned to confinement in a dark cell for the remainder of his life. Gessler was just taking boat for Küssnacht, intending to ride across the little neck of land to his castle near Immensee. Tell was chained and put in the same boat, and his little boy Walter with him. It is known how a sudden storm led Gessler to trust the helm in the hands of Tell to save himself. Tell watched his chance, steered close to the rocks, and seizing his boy—not his bow—jumped ashore, and in a moment was out of

sight in the bushes. Again he hastened to Morschach, left his boy there with his cousin, borrowed a weapon, and heading off Gessler at a spot known as the "hollow lane," just back of Küssnacht, shot him from his horse. To waylay Gessler, Tell must have gone round back of the Rigi, by way of Goldau, as this was the nearest foot-path. There is a very old manuscript at the museum in Zürich, telling how, immediately after killing Gessler, Tell went early in the morning to his friend Stauffacher, at Steinen, and how Stauffacher accompanied him to where his boy was, at Morschach. There they parted. Stauffacher went to Unterwalden, to bring the patriots there the news of Gessler's death, and to consult on their next movements, as affairs were now precipitated by the assassination. Tell is heard of no more till three-quarters of a century afterward, when the government often officially proclaimed pilgrimages to this little spot of Bürglen.

So much for the story of Tell, as Müller now gives it. There is but one way of setting the story aside, and that is, by proving the assumed official copies of old documents to be unauthentic. The attempt has been made, and naturally, from the very nature of the case, has failed. If the believers in Tell cannot prove his actions beyond a doubt, neither can the disbelievers prove the fragments that are known of him to be false or forged. It has been heartily tried.

The early June morning was as fresh and lovely as bright sunshine, pure air, green mountains, rushing water-falls, and singing birds could make it. We had the customary breakfast of the country, bread and honey and very black coffee. It cost but a franc, and another franc to the pretty *kellnerin* for the fun of the night before; and with knapsack on shoulder, we were off for Altorf.

All of these classic spots of the confederacy are so near each other that good trappers may reach them all in half a week. They are at the foot of the Rigi, and round about it; and the Rigi itself seems to be reared up in their midst as an everlasting monument to their glory.

As we tramped down the Schächen valley, we turned again and again for a final glimpse of pretty Bürglen. The little chapel on the spot where Tell's house had stood, and the inn hidden among the vines drooping from the balconies, were the last to be seen. It is scarcely three miles, looking down the valley, to where everything suddenly butts up and ends with the mountains in front. One would never get out of it were it not that the Reuss, coming down from the St. Gotthard, suddenly tears a way through at right angles, breaking into the lake. In this angle sits Altorf.

Before entering it, however, we come on to a little meadow, or green village common, in the middle of which sits a heavy, old, three-story stone house, with bare walls, gabled roof, and iron windows. It was so bare and lonesome and looked so haunted, we wondered what it could be. A messenger to the village soon brought us permission to enter. What the tower is to London, is this queer old house to Canton Uri. It has armor and uniforms and flags and battle gear of the days before Switzerland existed: and that was a long while ago. It is thrilling enough to go in there and take into one's own hands the very flags that the Swiss bore at Morgarten, the first battle for their independence. That was in 1315, and the blood from the old Swiss in that battle still stains and stiffens the flags. Here, too, are battle-flags that waved above the head of Arnold Winkelried at Sempach, and the spears and *hellebards* and ancient bows used in the old, old times. The location and character of that lone house in the middle of the commons, with the great mountains looking down on it, make it a fit place for such treasures. There is not a guard or a watchman at or near it. Down in the village, a plain old peasant keeps the great key in his bedroom; but the place is guarded by the hearts of the whole Uri people. It is as sacred as were the temples of the Greeks.

On May-day of each year the people of Uri take these old banners and spears from their places, and march with them at the

head of the procession, to the open-air parliament. For centuries and centuries the laws and regulations for Canton Uri have been made out on the meadows beyond Altorf. The proceeding is much the same as it is at the open-air parliaments of Appenzell and Glarus. It is immensely picturesque, and is worth a journey of many miles to witness. The whole population marches out, accompanied by music. The officials, on horseback, bear their staffs of office. In one single day, and often less, officers are elected and laws adopted. Every vote is by acclamation, and every citizen is a legislator. The officials are seated on a rude tribune, in the middle of the meadow, around which stands half the population of the canton. The proclamation as to Tell was probably adopted by the mass of the people in this very way, and on this very meadow, four hundred and ninety-three years ago. When the voting is done, the people march back to Altorf, hang the flags and spears up in the old stone house, and return to their flocks and farms and boats, as if nothing had happened. This is pure republicanism, and there is nothing like it elsewhere in the world.

These Uri battle-flags bear, as their escutcheon, a great black bull's head in the center. It is the sign of the Uri battle-flag to-day, and never in the wide world had a people a flag so appropriate. It represents in a single sign the character of the people as it has been for a thousand years. Attempts at force or coercion on this little people have been as vain as if they had been directed against their granite mountains. It is no wonder that freedom's birthplace is here, or that it has endured in all the past five centuries. Scotch stubbornness is mild complacency compared with what might be called Uri bull-headedness; and I think the people are all proud of it.

It has had its drawbacks, however, and has kept a thousand things in the background that a people of liberty ought to be possessed of. Change and progress are unknown quantities here. The people live in the same houses, eat from the same platters,

so to speak, have the same laws, the same ideas, that Tell's grandfathers did. They have lived in the same rut five hundred years. A friend of the writer's, a superintendent on the road now building here, was fined three francs last week, under a statute passed in the fifteenth century. Europe is building the great St. Gotthard railway right through their valleys now, and the world will soon go pouring past them: but I don't believe it will change the people of the first Swiss cantons a particle. The bull's head will be kept on the flags. One sees it here everywhere. It is on the fronts of houses, at the corners of roads, on the signs of the hotels—bulls' heads are everywhere.

Early as we were out, and though it was a work-day, scores of women and girls and priests were on their way to worship at the little church. That's the beauty of the Catholic religion here. Everybody is in earnest about it. Every man, woman, and child in the whole region is a Catholic of the first water. The pope did not need to proclaim his infallibility here. They believed in it without proclamation. I asked a friend at the road-side in Altorf what the people pursue mostly for a livelihood.

"Milking the cows, making cheese and butter, and praying," was the laconic answer.

Perhaps this was overdrawn; but they do milk a good many cows, and they do pray a good deal: let us hope with due results.

I don't know whether it is catholicism or the bull's head that keeps everything so far behind the rest of Switzerland here; but there are no industries here of any kind. It is all shepherds and pot-hooks. There is, I believe, not a newspaper or a book printed in the canton. Divergence from old ideas is not popular. "Why," said the town clerk to me, speaking of people who have been disputing the Tell history, "our people don't allow their traditions even to be interfered with. Only a few years since an editor was publicly whipped, in sight of that statue, for simply *threatening* to attack this Tell business. We don't allow it."

The old "Overland Monthly Magazine"

used to have on its covers a picture of a grizzly bear standing across a railroad track. I have thought how fitly that picture would represent the old forest cantons. The Gotthard road has come. Will the bear and the bull get out of the way, or be run over?

We went down into the village. We saw nothing noticeable in Altorf, except the boys and girls running about the streets in wooden sandals. This made us think of Italy. There was a general rushing by of post-wagons and diligences, filled with tourists fresh from the Rigi. All were bound for the St. Gotthard pass. To-day it is very hot down here in Altorf; but before night the tourists will be riding past snow-fields. Shortly, the great Gotthard railway will be opened, and then the ride around the Rigi, above the green waters of Lake Lucerne, and up, up, over the Alps, will be the most interesting and romantic excursion imaginable. We saw some six thousand Italians working on the road. One Irish-American railway hand would do as much work in a day as four of them; but as they are paid almost nothing, and have almost nothing to eat, what wonder?

The Landamman, or canton president, to whom we had letters, left no stone unturned to aid us in looking up anything we wished to about Tell. He invited us to his house, showed us his own old books and manuscripts, and took us through the archives of the canton. Alas! the old manuscripts show little to the point any more. Besides, many of the Uri documents of the fourteenth century, in fact nearly all, were destroyed with the town of Altorf by a conflagration in 1799. This is the pity of the whole Tell business now. That valuable papers as to William Tell existed in these archives before the great fire is beyond a doubt. When Vincent Schmid was the officer in charge of the archives, in 1788, he wrote a book, a history of his own canton of Uri. In this book were printed copies of some of the manuscripts in his charge, and, among others, a proclamation by the Uri government, ordering pilgrimages to be

made to Bürglen, the birthplace of William Tell, "the saviour of his country."

This proclamation was signed by the Landamman, Conrad Unteroyen. The opponents of the Tell tradition maintain that this man was not even living in Uri then, much less was he Landamman. To-day, however, we saw ourselves old manuscript records among the Uri archives, showing that he was living at that time, and that he was Landamman, or canton president. So much for that part of the denial, at least. It is a little sad, and a little suspicious, that about the most prominent of the persons engaged in fighting the Tell traditions has been paid for doing it by the present emperor of Austria, who is naturally anxious to have the foul stain of the Gessler tyranny wiped off from his Hapsburg escutcheon. A pension of 2,700 francs a year has been paid one Swiss writer for attempting to destroy the finest traditions of his country.

We were shown the copy of Vincent Schmid's old book. There is nothing in existence to show that there could have been any object in falsifying records in his charge at that time, as the Tell legends were not then in dispute. He was simply writing a plain little history, and, as to Tell, gave only copies of papers which he had seen. That other old historians say nothing of Tell, or did not know of the existence of certain manuscripts, proves nothing. This Uri proclamation referred only to the little valley there, and probably no copy of it was ever sent elsewhere. That it lay for centuries among the heaps of scarcely readable rubbish in the archives, until accidentally discovered by a clergyman in 1759, is quite possible; and that it was burned up at the fire in Altorf in 1799 is still more possible. I am satisfied that no effort yet made to prove the old papers unauthentic has succeeded. It is not probable that the state council of Uri who ordered the pilgrimages to Bürglen in 1387, and the building of the Tell chapels in 1388, were all rascals; nor is it very probable that the whole people of Uri were such fools as to be making purposeless pilgrimages to Tell's birthplace for more than four

hundred years, and every time at the expense of the canton.

The three Tell's chapels that have been guarded and almost worshiped for centuries would be monuments to the shame, ignorance, and stupidity of the whole people, could it be proven that they were originally built, as is sometimes asserted, to mislead the patriot. All these chapels are decorated with rude frescoes, every one of which refers to Tell, and to nothing else. That they were built by the Uri government as early as 1388, and dedicated, one of them at least, in the presence of 114 persons who had known Tell personally, is as well proven as is any event of so many centuries ago. The captious investigators are dissatisfied, because they find nothing relating to the life of Tell. They forget that about thirty years of the life of Christ, also, are a blank to all history. Do they propose abandoning their belief in him because of that? They wonder, too, that no descendants of Tell are living—not even persons bearing the same name. They forget, however, that all the prominent names of the early confederacy have died out. Attinghausen, Stauffacher, Melchthal, Winkelried—not one of these names exists any longer in Switzerland. Are they prepared to deny the deeds of all of them for this reason?

At Flüelen we took a little row-boat and went down the left bank of the lake, to a point opposite Brunnen. It was Rütli, the little meadow where, on the night of November, 1307, the three Swiss from different cantons and towns met at midnight to organize resistance to Austrian tyranny. A few nights later, the three patriots came again to this lone spot, each bringing with him ten trusted companions. One of these companions was William Tell, who came over from the village of Morschach, just opposite, where he had been stopping with his cousin. The result of these midnight assemblages was the destruction of the Austrian castles, the driving out of the foreign governors, and the establishment of the republic. It was a peaceful revolution.

Aside from Gessler, no man was killed. The three united cantons were soon joined by others. Still the process of organizing a strong government went on slowly. Fear of wars and invasions very gradually led other towns and cantons to come in, some not till after a hundred years. Geneva did not become a part of the republic till the present century.

The little meadow of Rütli is just on the edge of the lake, and, owing to the mountains close behind, is most difficult of access. The views of mountain and valley and lake at this point and about Brunnen are as fine as anything in the world. This part of the lake is called the Bay of Uri.

The water is a magnificent green, and is eight hundred feet deep. Our steersman guided us over the bay, and back to Tell's chapel. We did the rowing ourselves, and with an awkward old boat and a boiling sun got enough of our two hours' work. Tourists will regret to know that Tell's chapel is no more. Millions of people, probably, during the last century, have climbed down through the bushes from the Axenstrasse, to have a glance at the most authentic monument to the Swiss patriot. The chapel was old, and about to fall into the lake; but instead of repairing it, the Uri government—in a fit of madness, one would imagine—tore down the chapel last year, and have built a duplicate on the spot. It is the spot where tradition says Tell sprang from Gessler's boat to the rocks. We spent one day's hard work waiting and diplomatizing at Altorf, to secure but a piece of Tell's old chapel, to take home with us as a relic. If the fathers of Uri had been as careful of Tell's chapel standing as they now are of the *débris* that composed it, it never would have been destroyed. It seems a sacrilege that the stones of the temple that half the world made pilgrimages to should have been heedlessly tumbled into the lake. The best, however, was saved—the bell, the frescoes, and the altar.

The exterior of the new chapel is an exact copy of the old. The interior is being decorated with studies in oil by the Swiss

artist, Stüchelberg. The groupings renew the story of Tell. The faces are all from life, and of people now living in Canton Uri. The Stauffachers and the Melchthals, Gess-

ler and Tell, as far as features go, still live in their valleys; and Stüchelberg's pictures may be taken as good representatives of the past.

S. H. M. BYERS.

UNKNOWN.

HE rides adown the narrow street,
Where ancient houses frowning stand,
And scans with eager, searching gaze
The casements set on either hand;
She sits within the window framed
With glossy ivy twined around,
And wrapped in maiden reverie,
Looks pensively upon the ground.

His charger's hoofs ring down the street;
She leans to look with wistful eyes,
Then smiles a sudden greeting glad,
And crimson with a sweet surprise;
He bends him to his horse's mane,
And throws one ardent glance of fire;
Then passing slow beyond her sight,
Knows that he leaves his heart's desire.

And, musing, rides adown the street—
"If thou couldst have but loved me, dear,
Then blest above all men were I,
And gladly would I linger here."
While from her window, looking down,
She watches him with yearning sigh—
"Ah, love! if thou couldst but love me,
For thy dear sake I'd gladly die."

Adown the narrow, gloomy street
The mourners bring a maiden's bier,
And lay her softly down to sleep,
With low-toned chant and falling tear;
While far away, 'neath eastern skies,
Her true knight, dying on the field,
Lies with an upturned, peaceful face,
His cold hands grasping still his shield.

ALICE CORA HAMMOND.

INTELLECT VERSUS INFLUENCE.

INTELLECTUAL superiority defines itself. Influence is the recognition of that superiority by others. The one idea covers the ground of subjective capacity, the other of objective realization. Mental power is an abstract germ, barren and useless to the world, like an undeveloped seed; influence is a concrete result of the combination of favorable circumstances with the germ, like soil, heat, light, and moisture with the seed, resulting in the tree. The comparison, however, fails in this: that the unconscious seed cannot control its circumstances, so that its development, though the result of general laws, may be deemed accidental to it; but the conscious mind of the great man is, or ought to be, able, to an extent proportioned to its greatness, to influence its surroundings, and thus compel the presence of those elements that are necessary to its growth. Not to possess this power is the fate of many highly gifted natures, who with it would have enrolled their names high up on the tablets of history, but without it have died and made no sign. It may not be altogether useless to analyze the conditions which make intellect influential, and to inquire why it is that commanding position seems the perquisite of mediocrity rather than of genius, and to be attainable by truly great minds only at long intervals and in exceptional cases.

What are the ruling motives which inspire the actions of mankind? Evidently not mathematics: else would the book-stores and libraries issue more copies of Bourdon and Legendre than of James or Scott. Evidently not science: for how many really scientific souls are to be found, even in the most cultured community? Evidently not reason, or pure truth in any form: else would the millennium have come long ago. Compare the attendance at theaters with that at lectures on physics. Compare

the number of novels drawn from circulating libraries with that of serious and instructive books; the mass of the commonly educated with the mere sprinkling of collegians; the crowds that cram the omnipresent but æsthetic Catholic with the small companies that gather in the few but more purely intellectual Unitarian churches; the vast preponderance of mere newspaper readers over the small company of students; and the popularity of "Harper's" or the "Police Gazette" over the "Nation" or "North American Review." Consider that every soul is animated from its birth by love, hatred, selfishness, prejudice, the desire for amusement, by the desire of gain, by ambition or envy, by the bias of education, of politics, of creed or race—all of which form a haze of clouds and darkness around the germ of reason in it; through which, if the truth penetrates at all, it is in so refracted a condition as to be unrecognizable for the white rays that left its source.

It follows that the mass of mankind, always prone to follow some leader, either from the inherent gregariousness of the race, or because too indolent to seek truth of their own motion, will naturally fall into the wake of those whose intellectual level is not high enough to excite envy or opposition, and whose line of effort is in the common direction. The powerful steamer that breasts the stream must fight her slow progress against the current at every revolution; but a weaker craft can make more miles per hour when running with the tide. Popularity is readily acquired by minds that are aggressive on low planes of thought and action. The minstrel draws larger houses than the comedian; the comedian than the tragedian; the tragedian than the operatic singer; the singer than the priest; the priest than the preacher; the preacher than the scientist. "Give me the songs of the people,

and I care not who makes their laws." Take away the sentimentalism of Christianity, its loves, anxieties, and fears, and as a mere intellectual proposition it would have far less power than natural religion. Everybody reads the newspaper and the trash of the day; a smaller number read Shakspeare, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, and the like; still fewer study history; while to but one in many thousands are Bacon, Newton, Laplace, Cuvier, Agassiz, or Darwin anything more than the names of the planets, at infinite distance above their highest aspirations. So, too, every one is striving for wealth, and familiar with every trick in all the games by which it is made or lost. Hence the popular reverence for the masters of those games, as well as the universal obeisance to the power they have shown themselves able to acquire and to wield. So, too, the demagogue finds it easy to secure a following by mounting some popular feeling, prejudice, or passion, and on this lame horse reaches with facility the low summits of his ambition. A Conkling, a Kelly, or a Kearney is a fit exemplar of the first clause of the definition, that "a politician is one who knows how to get control of the people; but a statesman is the man who knows what to do after he has gotten the control." Evidently, *these* are not statesmen. Yet the great men who framed our Constitution, and who have arisen from time to time to guide its destinies, could never have attained the conditions for statecraft had they not first, by some means, attracted sufficient following to put them prominently before the people.

"As a man *thinketh*, so is he." Herbert Spencer, abstracted in his closet, buried under the great billows of thought beneath which he struggles alone, is not perceived or felt in the surface work of the world. To the masses, who perhaps have merely heard his name, he is simply an abstract idea—an idea which can penetrate the consciousness only of the few whose reason is sufficiently developed to be attracted by his efforts and to appreciate his thoughts. And in those thoughts there is no feeling, no narrative, no wit, no appeal to prejudice or

passion; hence he strikes no resounding chord on the many-voiced instrument of humanity: though if he could, how tremendous a chorus of the pure harmonies of nature would illustrate the music of the spheres! But Dickens treads the common path. Great in his social sympathies, as in his conceptions of moral qualities, and in his power of suggesting like conceptions in even the most ordinary minds, *he* knows how to feel the public pulse, and adjust his every remedy to the cure of some public ill; and like Sherman's lozenges, "the children cry for them." Without the sugar-coating of human sympathy, the bitter pills of pure reason will not go down, save under the rod of necessity, be their use the only mode of eradicating the disease.

But given that sympathy, even in the common but deleterious form of hilarity over the social glass, and the world will swallow poison by wholesale—will waste its means, destroy its faculties, neglect its duties, and rush open-eyed into the vortex of delirious death.

As with Spencer, so with nearly all the great thinkers whose lives, isolated in the closet, absorbed by communion with nature and the truth, have been spent in solitude, in controversy, in poverty, perhaps in persecution and contumely; and whose usefulness has only been recognized by a contemporary few or by posterity. The very habits of mind necessary to their development are an insurmountable obstacle to sympathy with the race. Between the merely intellectually great and humanity at large "there is a great gulf fixed, so that those who would pass from us to you cannot; neither can they pass to us who would come from thence." It is as if the atmosphere of these great souls were full of light, but for want of eyes there were no sight; as if the air trembled with vibration, but for want of ears there were no sound. As Cowper has expressed it:

"The clear harangue, and cold as it is clear,
Falls soporific on the listless ear;
Like quicksilver, the rhetoric they display
Shines as it runs, but grasped at, slips away."

The free thought which detects popular

error antagonizes the believers in the error. The superiority capable of rising above the common level, and crying "Excelsior!" as it points to the summits beyond, arouses envy and criticism. The thinker is very apt to receive from his contemporary the sort of welcome that is extended to the holder of the title to real estate when he attacks the squatters that for years have held unlawful possession. Only after tedious contentions, after battles fought and won, after conquering opposition by the exertion of qualities which always command the crowd, or by interesting them through the intervention of some feeling or passion, is influence found to follow greatness; that is, greatness in its highest sense.

A few instances from history, and from our own times, will illustrate the point which this paper is intended to make.

The qualities of mind, person, and heart which made Julius Cæsar the autocrat of Rome are thus sketched by the late Napoleon III.: "Education had made a *distinguished* man of Cæsar before he became a *great* man. He united to *goodness of heart* a lofty intellect, an invincible courage, an entrancing eloquence, a remarkable memory, a generosity without limits, and the very rare quality of preserving control of his temper. His affability, his politeness, his gracious address, won for him the affection of the people. Plutarch relates of him, that, during one of his campaigns, surprised one day by a violent storm, he took refuge with his suite in a hut too small to accommodate the whole party. Cæsar gave up this shelter to Oppius, one of his officers, who was sick, and himself passed the night exposed to the storm, remarking cheerfully to his followers, 'It is well enough to concede places of honor to the great, but it is better to yield necessities to the sick.' On another occasion, his officers, who were dining with him at the house of a friend, criticised the cooking; but he reproved their bad manners by reminding them 'that they were not obliged to eat distasteful dishes at any man's table; but to complain of the quality of free entertainment showed a great want of good breeding.' Uniting in an uncommon degree aristocratic

refinement with the nervous energy of the warrior, grace of mind and manners with profound thought, love of luxury and the arts with a passion for military life in all its simplicity and rudeness, he combined the seductive elegance of address with the vigor of character that commands." With him, therefore, intellect enjoyed the highest influence; greatness commanded success; for, as the darling of the Roman people, he could ask for nothing which they did not hasten to lay at his feet.

Cæriolanus, on the contrary, though doubtless as able a soldier as Cæsar, had no sympathy with the common people, whom he detested as a base and cowardly rabble, and refused to ask for their suffrages, according to custom, when a candidate for the consulship. Hence his attitude of unappreciated greatness, and the apparent ingratitude of his countrymen for great public service; though this was really but natural resentment against his insulting bearing towards them. Hence his treason to Rome, the failure of his life, and his tragic death.

Peter the Hermit, great, not intellectually, but in the enthusiastic devotion of his life to one grand idea, succeeded in his efforts to embroil all Europe with the Saracen for the recovery of the Holy Sepulcher. The world was easily led to follow the fanatic whose life was on the level of the lowest, who thought only as they thought, and who merely mounted their hobby of superstition and rode it furiously at their head. But poor Columbus dragged out a life-time in trying to convince, against their will, the few who alone had the power to assist him; and after a partial triumph, ended his days in obloquy and neglect—all for lack of the power to *touch the feelings* of those on whom he must depend for all the conditions of success. *He had the faculty of making enemies and of alienating friends.* How many brilliant minds have wrecked themselves on this rock of offense! The great Napoleon rode into power by virtue of his popularity with the French people, whose peculiarities he, better than any man who ever lived, knew exactly how to play upon, as upon an

instrument of music. National vanity, martial glory, hatred of the foreigner, the new-born passion for liberty—these were the notes in the scale of the French character he well knew how to strike; and he struck them in tones which went thundering around the world. Herein failed Pichegru, Moreau, Lafayette, and dozens of other talented generals whose opportunities equaled his, but not one of whom could have indicted one of Napoleon's electric addresses to the French army. These lesser heroes are all long ago forgotten by that people.

Contrast in the field of poetry the contemporary failure of Milton, who sold his "Paradise Lost" for £5, with the success of Burns; Dante with Beranger; Pope with Shakspeare. In public life contrast Washington with Arnold; Lincoln with Sumner; Grant with Greeley; Sherman with Buell; Stonewall Jackson with Jeff Davis; Garfield with Vallandigham. Analyze the careers of John Knox, Whitefield, Wesley, Clay, Calhoun, Bismarck, and Gladstone. In all of them the lesson is taught, that *without popularity*, gained either by the *sympathetic power* of the man or by the coincidence of the objects of his ambition with popular tendencies or passions, the careers of such men would not have been. But given either or both of these conditions, and what a pother do even small minds create in the world! How many Mark Twains and Barnums are among the idols of the hour! How seldom are these conditions present with such minds as Starr King, Baker, or Beecher!

Consider now the effect of general education in this free land of ours, in bringing into competition thousands of talented minds in every department of human effort. Consider that all of these are trying to catch the public eye; that in the multiplicity of flashy advertisements the great majority must fail: for how blinding must be the single light that can pale the mass of fireworks eternally blazing around us! How, then, is high intellect to attain its opportunity? Where is the use of much of the training in the way of higher education, when the prospect of influence is so dim and distant? *The scope of*

*the higher education must be widened by the cultivation of the heart as well as the head; by teaching the ambitious student the arts of winning the affections as well as arguing to the intellect of men. He who merely sees the errors, ignorances, and short-comings of others in the light of his own superior knowledge has so far armed the world against him. No man can be respected by those whom he despises, or loved by those for whom he has only words of rebuke or satire. The didactic style is not popular. Diogenes and Carlyle were not beloved. Egotism is always offensive. Nobody pets a porcupine, or quill-drivers of that family. When the man of brain but not of sympathy raises his voice, who cares to listen? He rouses against him criticism and objection. He takes his tools by the edge, presenting the handles to his enemies. He finds his audience, "convinced against their will, to be of the same opinion still." By and by discouragement settles down upon him like a pall, and his voice is no more heard in the land. But when the heart goes out in the utterances of an able man, how does all criticism vanish, like snow before the sun! How the hearty preacher or teacher interests and draws out the minds and feelings of his audience! The genial presence, the self-forgetfulness of true philanthropy, the liberality of thought and conduct, the kind address, the delicate attentions of true politeness, the knack of making each acquaintance feel the warmth of friendship, respect for the feelings and prejudices of all, the mingling of wit and anecdote in argument and conversation, the entire disuse of words of censure, whether of those present or absent, interest in the affairs and families of interlocutors, the art of presenting arguments persuasive and foremost—all these are elements of popularity that can be developed by education in the majority of men. Will not some benefactor to the race endow a professorship of the art of popularity in our university, and thus place its graduates *en rapport* with the public?*

But how about morality as a means of acquiring influence? Is it or is it not true, that the public concedes a higher power to

commanding intellect when it is interpenetrated by high moral character? The answer is yes, to either form of the question. Men who are themselves moral, (and they are always a minority) appreciate morality in others. Church members exact morality from their pastors and from each other; parents from the teachers of their children; business men, though they may be themselves dishonest, are not prone to trust dishonest debtors, or employ dishonest bankers, trustees, agents, or clerks. Now and then a man like M. C. Blake may be elected to responsible office, mainly because he is a good man. Washington's unimpeachable character was doubtless half his greatness. Perhaps the same may be truly said of Garfield, and of many other distinguished men in various phases of superiority. Yet not only have the most influential of great men been often wanting in morals, but many of them have been wholly bad; while others, whose morality was a reproach to the corrupt masses, have lost much of their contemporary influence on that account only.

Thus the bad reputation of Ben Butler has not prevented his election and re-election to Congress by the most enlightened constituency in our country. The perjuries, bribes, and frauds laid at the door of Tilden did not prevent his receiving the popular majority for the presidency in 1876. The most popular President and politician we ever had, Jackson, was also anything but the best man. On the other hand, the high morality of Socrates brought him to the hemlock. Aristides was banished because the Athenians were tired of hearing him called "the Just"; and Christ was followed to the cross by the maledictions of a nation who could no longer endure the presence of the man without sin. Moreover, the successes of both Napoleons, of Marlborough, of Cromwell, of military heroes generally; of Bacon, Warren Hastings, Thomas Paine, of the writers of much of the nasty literature of England and France prior to one hundred years ago; of Jefferson, Webster, Clay, Fernando Wood, Tweed, and thousands of successful politicians and statesmen of our own country—

have had no basis whatever in superior morals. Good character is undoubtedly essential to confidence in the intentions of its possessor; *but this is all*. Men may err with the best intentions. Hell is paved with the article. All well-meant actions are not therefore wise. It does not follow that all faithful advice is good; that all honest zeal is discreet; or that the public, though it may respect a pure man, is necessarily attracted by him. On the contrary, history is full of the persecutions inflicted, not only by authorities, but by popular hate, upon victims whose only crime was their moral superiority to the vices of their times.

But after all, there is one element in the solution of this problem which is born, not made—an element little understood, whose laws have not been, and possibly never can be, scientifically stated; but whose existence is nevertheless popularly recognized, and as certainly and universally felt as the reality of genius or the immortality of the soul. I allude to *personal magnetism*. That such a force as animal magnetism exists is denied by many, especially by the faculty; yet it is affirmed, after careful investigation, by Laplace, Cuvier, Agassiz, Hufeland, Sir William Hamilton, Dr. Herbert Mayo, Dr. William B. Carpenter, Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend, James Braid, Von Reichenbach, Alphonse Teste, and Professor Wallace, to say nothing of the vast army of spiritists now arrayed in almost every civilized country. The main fact which runs through all the discoveries claimed in the literature of this force is, that there exists a power in the nervous organization of some persons capable of subduing to their wills the thought and consequent action of others. The power varies in different individuals, just as all other powers vary. No two persons are exactly alike in anything, and correlations exist among various individuals in this as in all other respects. Thus, as one is strong, another weak; one violent, another peaceable; one aggressive, another submissive; one grave, another gay; one acquisitive, another dispersive: so in magnetism, one is positive, another negative; one is gifted with the

power to influence others, another is prepared by nature to accept that influence. Without pretending to know or to believe all the phenomena recorded in the books, or to follow Von Reichenbach in tracing this power to its alleged homes in the magnet, the crystal, the sun, in chemical action of all kinds, until he finds its laboratory in the human stomach, suffice it to assert here that some men's nerves and brain are so constituted that they are continually, and sometimes unconsciously, influencing more or less a certain proportion of all who come in contact with them; and this, without regard to any superiority of talent, education, character, or learning; that when this influence is established, the judgment of the magnetized is suspended as to the real qualities of the magnetizer, who goes through life a privileged character, obeyed, flattered, and ministered unto by hosts of friends, who feel only love and admiration for him. There is seldom any friendship between two or more of these characters, but rather the repulsion that exhibits itself between two bodies charged with the same kind of electricity; hence much of the rivalry that attends certain men of positive character. Sometimes this magnetism is of such a nature as to repel the majority of mankind; and the unfortunate so endowed—be his intellect never so bright or his heart never so warm—finds himself avoided instinctively by many whose love he would gladly win. Only occasionally can such a man obtain even a glimpse of that heaven of friendship for which he ever yearns, because only a few are so constituted as to be insensible to the disagreeable *aura* that emanates from him, so as to see him as he is.

Admit the existence of this force, and many of the successes of great men can be more readily understood. Given a clear and vigorous intellect, well-developed feelings, a strong will, and energy of character, without personal magnetism, or with a magnetism of the disagreeable kind, and we have a life of vain effort, of useless fretting behind the bars: but supply or change

the magnetism, and we have the hero, the statesman, the orator, the conqueror, the pet of the world—the successful great man. What but magnetism inspired the eagle eye of the great Napoleon, whose cold, gray glance shot like lightning through the nerves, and made a culprit feel that he read his inmost thoughts? What but magnetism gave Starr King his wondrous power to weld the thoughts of the largest audience into one mass with his own, in the white heat of his magic eloquence, under the blows of his terrific logic? What but this power makes the nation hang in breathless suspense over Edison's next invention, though thousands of others, who have it not, have done far more than he? What but this, facilitating the efforts of a great mind and a pure conscience, raised our late President from the tow-path to the presidency, and created for him such a mourning as has not been seen since the days of Atad, though, after all, his achievements have been more in possibility than in realization? What but this can account for the extraordinary influence won and wielded, (and still felt six years after his death) by the late William C. Ralston? A poor boy, without more than a common-school education, ignorant of all knowledge of principles, not given to reading or study; yet he worked his way before middle life into the control of millions, into the confidence and active love of all classes of society, into the central place in all circles having for their object the control of passing events.

Blessed be the magnetic man! for to him the heaven of success is always open, appreciation a matter of course, love his natural atmosphere, friendship and influence, wealth (if he desire it) and power, always at command. God pity the man of brains who, without magnetism, or with the wrong kind, fails in all he undertakes, goes through the world unloved and unappreciated, sees only the disagreeable side of human nature, and whose retrospect of life is summed up in the bitter reflection, "It might have been!"

C. T. HOPKINS.

OUR MYSTERIOUS PASSENGER.

THE leading incidents in the following narrative occurred exactly as related, names and localities only being changed, for obvious reasons.

One bright May day many years ago, when the California gold fever was at its height, we were encamped near St. Joseph, Missouri; and, our preparations having all been completed, we expected on the following morning to bid good by to civilization, and start on our long and dangerous journey over the plains. We were forty-five in number; had eleven wagons, each drawn by from four to five yokes of cattle; and had chosen for our captain one of our number who had made the trip safely the previous year.

In the evening, as we were sitting around our camp-fire, I was accosted by a stranger, who inquired if ours was the Oregon train; and on my answering affirmatively, he introduced himself as George Markham, said he wished to make the overland trip, and hoped he would be able to make arrangements with some of us to take him with us; adding that he would pay liberally for the accommodation. I knew that one of the teams had only three men with it, and also that they were rather short of funds; and on consulting them found that they would be very glad to have a paying passenger. A bargain was soon struck. Markham paid them one hundred and fifty dollars, was to furnish his own blankets and horse, and to be exempt from all driving, cooking, and standing guard on the trip.

I do not propose entering into a detailed history of our journey: suffice it to say that it was the terrible cholera year. All statements as to the number of deaths amongst the year's emigration were the wildest guess-work; a correct estimate was impossible. Of our number, only eleven, with two wagons, reached Oregon; two women and three children

connected with our train were sent back to the Missouri River with some returning emigrants; twenty-nine of our number found untimely graves on the Platte. I have counted, in a single day's travel of about twenty miles, no less than seventy fresh graves within a few feet of the road. It was a common occurrence to see a wagon drop out from a moving train just far enough to let those behind it pass; and at the same time several men would be seen coming from other wagons in the train with shovels, and would commence digging a shallow grave near it, while the rest of the train would keep on its way. On several occasions, on going up to the wagon, I have found the intended occupant of the grave still alive and apparently conscious of the preparations being made, but in the last stages of that dread disease from which very few on the plains that year recovered. Such conduct seemed inhuman, but stern necessity compelled us to it. Not less than fifty thousand men, women, and children that year attempted the overland trip; their course was up the Platte, and there was not feed enough within eight or ten miles of the road to keep alive the great number of cattle and horses necessary to move this immense caravan. The Platte River bottom soon became one vast charnel-house; the plains were strewn with carcasses of the poor, starved brutes, and we could not draw a breath of air that was not poisoned by their presence. After we passed old Fort Kearney, the cholera mowed a wide swath through this struggling mass of humanity; a terrible panic ensued; terror came to the aid of the cholera, and doubled the number of its victims. Strong, hearty men who had their families with them, and who hardly knew by experience what sickness meant, would be so overcome by their surroundings and the terrible strain they were enduring that they would drop in their

tracks, and in an hour's time be hidden from our sight. Simple justice to the living compelled us to hasten with all the speed we could from these plague-stricken plains, even at the expense of appearing to ignore the common feelings of humanity.

Markham—or "Mark," as we soon got to calling him—was about thirty years of age, of decidedly prepossessing appearance, and a perfect gentleman in all his ways. We naturally felt some curiosity as to his antecedents, but were compelled to remain in ignorance thereof, as he did not see fit to volunteer any information on those points. Some of the boys were disposed to find fault because of his immunity from camp duties, notwithstanding he had made this arrangement with the company. Soon after leaving the Missouri, and before our troubles had begun, we would have numerous card-parties every evening in full blast; but were never able to persuade Mark to take a hand in any of them. He seemed to dislike the sight of cards, and would not even stay within ear-shot of the merry talk attendant upon the games—which somewhat strengthened a feeling that was gaining ground amongst us that he considered himself a little above us all, and too good to associate with us.

But we found him out better when death held high carnival amongst us: there was nothing of the shirk then to be found in his composition; wherever there were hard or disagreeable duties to be performed, there was he to be found doing them. It seemed a pleasure to him to be at work at whatever would conduce to the general welfare. His kind help and genial good nature went a great way towards keeping up our spirits. He very seldom used his horse now, but turned it over to the company for general use. He seemed by common consent to have dropped into the place made vacant by the death of our captain. Nothing appeared to weary or discourage him; I have known him to stand guard five nights in the week, besides assisting us in our daily duties.

Not until we were well up towards the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and several

days had passed without any of our number being stricken down, did we dare believe we had really escaped from the fate of our comrades. As hope returned to cheer us, joy and thankfulness also filled our hearts, and we all felt bound by ties of gratitude and love to Mark, who had played such a large part in our deliverance. He had, in fact, incorporated himself into our lives, and so endeared himself to us by his course that we could hardly realize we had not always known and loved him. Nor could we help seeing the great change that had taken place in him. He felt and keenly enjoyed his changed position in the company. He realized how fully his efforts were appreciated by us, and during the rest of our trip together continued to be one of us in heart and work.

We went creeping along on our weary way towards the setting sun, and one day were forcibly reminded that we were coming within sight of the promised land by meeting two teams traveling eastward. They had come from Oregon to meet the incoming emigrants, and to furnish them with such supplies as they might need. One wagon was fitted up as a groggery, and fully stocked with the cheapest and vilest of liquors; while the other was loaded with groceries and provisions, for all of which, it is needless to say, the most extravagant prices were obtained.

The five owners of this supply train could not be accused of sailing under false colors, in one respect at least; for their countenances would have been their death-warrants in almost any of Judge Lynch's courts. They had reckoned with good reason upon making a profitable trip of it; for, the news of the emigrants having been carried ahead by packers, they knew that many of the men who had been passing through such a fiery trial would, when opportunity offered, indulge in any wild excesses in honor of their escape. The traveling grog-shop, as it was called, would sometimes remain two or three days in one place, and when its owners broke camp, they would only go a few miles each day; every night it was thronged with men who were first robbed of their senses by the villainous poisons furnished them, and then

of their money though the medium of a pleasant little game of cards with their new-found friends.

They camped within two or three miles of us the first night after we met them; and the following morning we decided that, as our cattle as well as ourselves were pretty well used up, we would "lay over" a couple of days, to give all hands a good rest. During the day, we all except Mark visited the supply train, and replenished our exhausted larders with numerous articles that are generally considered as necessities of the household, but that to us were veritable luxuries after we had been deprived of them so long. Two of our number failed to return in the evening, and it was nearly midnight before they made their appearance, completely stupefied with liquor, which had no doubt been drugged. Next day, when they regained consciousness, they ascertained that their money had all disappeared. They remembered well that after having had one or two drinks they had played cards with the gamblers for more; after that, everything was a blank to them until they found themselves in their wagon, suffering terribly from the effects of their debauch.

Mark had a talk with them in the afternoon about the folly of thus venturing their scanty dollars in card games with men who made gambling their business; and wound up his lecture by saying that it was just as well those fellows got their money away from them, as they would have lost it in that way, anyhow, as soon as they got into the settlements. The men, however, assured him that it was their first venture in that direction, and that they would never, under any circumstances, repeat the experiment.

We had discontinued standing guard at night for several weeks previous to this time, as it seemed to be an entirely needless precaution; but Mark and myself, the better to detect anything wrong amongst our stock, which we drove up into the vicinity of the wagons every night about bed-time, had adopted the plan of sleeping on the ground under the wagon. That night I noticed that Mark neglected to take off his boots

(that constituted nearly our whole process of disrobing); and on being awakened in a little while, I discovered him slipping away quietly towards where our horses were staked out. Supposing he had imagined he heard something wrong, but did not want to disturb me until he ascertained the cause, I caught up my gun and slipped along noiselessly after him. Imagine my surprise when I saw him saddle his horse, mount him, and ride quietly away towards the gamblers' camp. I returned to our camp and lay down, but not to sleep; this last move of my friend's completely unnerved me. What could it mean? I knew that nothing would induce him to touch either liquor or cards. All kinds of wild imaginings came without bidding to aid me in the solution of the puzzle that was racking my brain, and were each in turn rejected. I was finally compelled to content myself with the thought that he had seen some member of our company going over there that evening, and had slipped off to rescue him.

Several hours had passed away, and still no sign of his return, when I was startled by hearing the gallop of a horse, and a moment afterwards my little Indian pony came on a full run up to the wagon, his lasso dragging along behind him. I knew instantly some deviltry was up; I sprang out and caught the pony, and was bridling him, when I heard our cattle running furiously over the plains, and immediately afterwards three pistol-shots were fired in rapid succession by some one with them. As this was the signal agreed on to apprise the camp that Indians were around, I fired a shot in reply, and aroused all hands by calling out, "Indians!" several times; and as the boys were springing out of the wagons and preparing for action, I jumped on my pony, and, bare-headed and bootless, went galloping off after the cattle at a lively pace. On overtaking them, I adopted the plan usual on the plains of controlling a stampeded drove, by riding in amongst them and forging ahead to the front, and as soon as I got in the lead, beginning to circle slightly, the poor frightened brutes always following their leader, like

sheep. But I found my plans were already forestalled, for there was Mark at the head of the drove, gradually working them around back towards the camp. The thundering gallop of the now tired animals subsided into a slower pace, and we were soon joined by several members of our company, who had no difficulty in following us by the noise; and in the course of an hour we got back to our camp again with our stock. On investigation we found that three of our horses were missing, their lassoes having been cut; but my pony had managed to get away from the thieves, and his running had probably first given the alarm to the cattle and stampeded them. The first question was as to who had alarmed the camp; when Mark, without giving me time to speak, said that he did; that, having had sleep enough, he had strolled out amongst the cattle, and was sitting down filling his pipe, when he was startled by one of the horses breaking away from the others, and running towards the camp; the next moment a general movement amongst the cattle apprised him of the nature of the trouble; so he sprang upon his horse, and signaling the camp as he rode, had followed the herd as rapidly as possible, catching a glimpse as he did so of three retreating figures, who were no doubt Indians.

In the morning we concluded to remain in camp another day, hoping we might be able to get some clew to the missing horses. Soon after breakfast, one of the boys that supposed they had been robbed by the gamblers surprised us all by calling out that he had found his money all right in an old shot-bag amongst his ammunition. The general conclusion arrived at was that he had put it there that night before lying down, but had been too much under the influence of liquor at the time to remember anything about it afterwards.

We had the pleasure that morning of having some old acquaintances of the Platte overtake us, and felt as pleased to see them as though they had been life-long friends. The family had consisted of the parents, one son, and three daughters; but the mother

and two daughters were sleeping side by side on the Platte, having died within a few hours of each other. The father was dearly beloved by every one who came within reach of his kindness; he had brought with him a medicine-chest, well stocked, and had distributed the medicines freely to all who needed them, and thus came to be known as "the doctor." The daughter that had been spared him was a sweet, quiet girl, about eighteen years of age, and we all felt the deepest sympathy for her in her bereaved and lonely condition. They concluded to camp with us that night; and after hearing of the attempted stampede of our cattle, were considerably alarmed, and easily persuaded to join us and travel with us for the rest of the trip.

Soon after camping, Spencer, the doctor's son, called me aside and inquired if we had been having any trouble lately with Mark; on my assuring him to the contrary, and expressing surprise at the question, he said that the previous evening he had gone over to the supply train to purchase a few articles, and had seen Mark there in the tent, very drunk, and betting heavily over a game of cards with one of the proprietors. I was completely astounded by this statement, and felt convinced that the young man was mistaken; I assured him Mark was with me early in the evening, and was also on hand when the cattle were stampeded, and assisted in their recovery; that I was very positive he was not under the influence of liquor in the least, then or at any other time since he had been with us. Yet, even while I was making this assertion, a number of half-forgotten little incidents connected with Mark came crowding and jostling one another, and arranging themselves in their proper order in my mind; and I seemed in a moment to understand perfectly what had all along before seemed so mysterious in connection with him. I easily obtained the young man's promise to say nothing about what he had seen to any one for the present, and assured him that when I obtained the key to this mystery, he would have a much better opinion of Mark than he now had; for my

confidence in him still remained entirely unshaken.

On talking the matter over that day, we found we were all of one mind as to the advisability of standing guard at night regularly hereafter; for we trembled when we thought what our condition might have been had the attempt of the previous night been a success. I managed matters so that Mark and I should be on the first watch that night, in order to have a good opportunity to have a long talk with him.

Our cattle had quit feeding and were lying down, when we sat down near them, and I opened the ball by telling Mark that there was quite a mystery in the camp in connection with that lost money that had been found.

"The boys," said I, "are certain they left some money with those men, but they found the exact amount in the wagon that they had with them when they started. That is not the strangest part of it, either," I continued: "one of them told me he was positive ten of his gold pieces were of the same date; but not a single one of that date did he find in the bag amongst his bullets."

Mark sat as motionless as a statue while I was making this statement; so, after waiting a moment, I continued:

"Last night, some one rode over to that camp from here, engaged those men in a game of cards, won back the money those poor fools lost, and this morning threw it into their wagon, thinking that, after the lesson they had just had, they would be more careful of it in the future. It was a kind act, and I can understand perfectly the motives that prompted it; but did not that man run a great risk of compromising himself? Suppose one of his friends had seen him in the tent over there gambling: would it be surprising if he should feel very much worried at the discovery?"

Mark was unable to make any reply for some moments, and when he finally began relating the following incidents in his life, it was in a tone that showed plainly that all his wonderful self-control was called into play to prevent his breaking down:

"Will," said he, "I see you have by some

means obtained a knowledge of my secret. I intended passing away out of the sight and knowledge of you all without leaving a sign; but it is better that my disguise should be thrown off now. I cannot say I am sorry that you have made the discovery; I would rather you should hear the whole story from my lips than only fragments of it from others, for then perhaps you will not altogether cast me off. I have been happier during the past few months in finding myself of some little use to those around me than I ever expected to be again. You are the only one on earth I dare call my friend; I don't want to lose all of your respect if I can help it. Please take into consideration what I have undergone, before you utterly condemn me.

"A little more than one year ago I was a member of a prominent business firm in Louisiana; my uncle, who was the founder of the firm, having died and left me his heir. My brother also occupied an important position in our house; and we two were all who remained of a once numerous family. He was about ten years younger than myself, and for many years I had held more the position of a father towards him than a brother; and I think I loved him as truly as a father could love his child. The business of the firm took him frequently to New Orleans; and one morning he was found dead in his room at the hotel, and by his own hand. His letter to me explained all: some months before he had been enticed into one of the most respectable gambling-houses of the city, kept by three as accomplished and gentlemanly-looking villains as ever lured a young man to destruction. They knew that the money they were swindling him out of was not his own, and what the end would be; but what cared they? On each trip to the city he endeavored to retrieve his former losses; but the poor lad little knew what a hopeless task that was. After his last visit to their den, he realized that exposure and disgrace could no longer be postponed; and not having the courage to confide in me, he took a short cut out of his troubles.

"From that moment to the present but one feeling—that of revenge—has occupied my thoughts day and night. And how could I best obtain it? Not by taking their worthless lives: the law and public opinion sanctioned and protected them in their course; if I had put them out of the way, I should have been hung like a dog for it, and thus have suffered more than they.

"I adopted a different plan: I left the firm, made good all of Charlie's deficiencies, and then began educating myself for the task before me—which was simply to pay those men back in their own coin. My sole object in remaining upon earth was to drag them down from the position they occupied, see them get lower and lower in the gamblers' scale, and look on, myself unknown, and watch them until they wore themselves out in their useless struggle to work up again. An almost superhuman energy and courage animated me; every step I took, every breath I drew, was subservient to this one object of my life. I had been familiar with cards from my childhood, and was considered an expert in their use, but had never played a game with a professional gambler. I now associated with them nightly, and profited by every move I detected in their games. The money I lost, I lost with pleasure, considering it simply as invested in my education. I discarded liquor entirely, but could simulate a drunken man to perfection. I practiced a constant self-control, that soon enabled me to defy any one to read my thoughts. In a little while I found myself able to cope successfully with the best of them. Whenever I seated myself at the table with either of those three men, I could see Charlie's face as plainly as I did on that terrible morning; he aided me constantly in my play, and together we were invincible. I ground those men beneath my heel, and in a few months they were compelled to give up their fine establishment, and to eke out a living in some of the lowest resorts of the city. But I know you must be tired of this narrative. I understand perfectly how you feel in listening to it; but you can

never understand how impossible it was for me to resist the influences that were urging me on: so I will be as brief as possible. I followed them up until two of them died the deaths they deserved; but the third—and by far the worst and smartest of the three—still lives, and I am now on his trail. He has gone to the Pacific, intending to locate in Portland. I want him to have time to get a good start again before I meet him, and for that reason I concluded to come by this route. One thing I must tell you; I hope it will cause you to feel a little kindlier towards me: I have always refused to play with any but professional gamblers; nor will I be likely to deviate from this course until I forget how I felt as I sat by Charlie's bedside that morning.

"As to those men over there, I only visited them for the purpose of getting back the money they had stolen from our boys, and returned just in season to head off part of the gang in their attempt to steal the cattle—for let me tell you one thing about them: it was not Indians that attempted the stampede last night. Three of those men slipped away from their camp soon after I got there, and I am sure they are the ones that did it. They are all cattle-thieves, and their liquor business is used as a blind. Their plans were to run the cattle back into the hills, where they quite likely have more obtained in the same manner, and to leave them there in charge of some of their party; after a while they will work back, collect their stealings, and dispose of them in the settlements."

I had a long talk with Mark after he had finished his story, and used every argument and persuasion in my power to induce him to relinquish the course he had marked out for himself; but all to no purpose. He listened patiently to what I said, but at the same time there was a wild light glistening in his eye, that told me too plainly he could not be influenced, and that boded no good to the destroyer of his happiness when they met.

As we were on our way to the camp after being relieved from our watch, Mark told

me he was going to desert us in the morning, and push ahead.

"I made up my mind to do so," said he, "as soon as I heard the doctor was going to travel with you. The daily sight of that young girl's pure face would either drive me wild or make me do as you want me to; and that must not be. But I want you to do me a particular favor: here is the balance of the money I won from those men; the old doctor will need it before he gets settled, and it may be the means of smoothing *her* path a little; so I want you to manage to get it into his possession without letting him know anything of its history."

I promised to carry out his wishes; and then, as I knew he must be wondering how I came to know of his visit to the supply train, I told him that Spencer was my informant, and suggested that I had better explain to him why Mark had been there, hand him the money to give to his father, and enjoin secrecy upon him. To all of this Mark assented.

As he did not feel equal to the task of bidding his comrades good by, he left kind messages with me for them all; and while the camp was still hushed in slumber, he rode quietly away. As we stood there for a moment, hand clasped in hand, our tongues refused to give utterance to our thoughts; but it was only after he had passed from my sight that I realized not a word had been exchanged between us at our parting.

I delivered his message to Spencer, explaining only what was absolutely necessary about him. The young man was much affected by his kindness, and added:

"This money will be the means of relieving my father of all his present anxiety. If ever I have it in my power to do that man a good turn, he will find I have not forgotten 'Stampede Camp.'"

On our arrival in Oregon, I failed to obtain any clew as to Mark's whereabouts; and after remaining there a few months, I started for California. On passing through Jacksonville I had the pleasure of meeting my young friend Spencer, who was feeling highly elated over the success he had met with. They

had first pre-empted some choice land a short distance from Salem, where his father and sister were comfortably situated. He had taken a run into the Oregon mines, and had made a nice little raise there. He then bought a pack-train, and had made several trips between Portland and the mines, on each trip more than doubling his original capital.

I finally engaged in business in the southern part of California. In the following year I was one day terribly shocked by reading an article in the paper to the effect that "George Markham, the Portland gambler," who a few weeks previous had killed his opponent in a quarrel over a game of cards, had been found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hung, and was then confined in the Salem jail.

It is impossible to describe my feelings upon reading this announcement. The plain statement was there, staring me in the face; common sense whispered that I might have expected it; but still I would not let the thought that my old friend Mark had committed a murder find a resting place in my mind. I was sure I knew him too well for that: he could not have killed any one except in self-defense. I decided to go to him at once, and see what could be done for him; and the following day found me on a steamer, on my way to San Francisco. The first paper I saw on arriving there contained an advertisement that gave me more real pleasure and cheered me up more than anything I could have imagined. It was an offer of one thousand dollars reward for Mark's apprehension, he having, with the assistance of outsiders, escaped from the Salem jail. It is true, an item in the same paper stated that he had been seen near Oregon City, and that his capture was almost certain; but until I heard of his being retaken, I was determined to cling to the hope that he would not be.

There seemed to be nothing for me to do now but to stay where I was, and watch and wait. Two weeks passed away without my receiving any news of him; when one day, as I was strolling down on Long Wharf—as it was then called—I saw a man in a rough

well-worn miner's suit, whose figure immediately attracted my attention. Moving along so as to get a better view of him, I found myself face to face with my old friend Mark. As our eyes met, we were equally startled by the mutual recognition. I don't know what I might have said or done in my excitement, had not a warning gesture from him recalled me to my senses. He moved calmly and leisurely away from a group of men who were near him, and when I walked up to his side he quietly said:

"Don't call me by name for a moment—one of those men who was at my elbow is a policeman. I will walk over there with you if you wish; and by introducing me to him you can make a thousand dollars."

I was very much hurt by this speech; but although I replied to him almost instantly, I still had time to formulate the thought in my mind that he must have been terribly driven and hunted, and could not help feeling that every one he met was thirsting for his blood. I said, as calmly as I could:

"Never mind about the money, now; I want to talk with you. Lead the way to some quiet place where we will not attract attention, and I will follow at a short distance."

He walked leisurely up the street, entered a saloon that was nearly deserted, and seated himself at a vacant table, where I joined him a moment afterwards. After giving the waiter our order, I said to him:

"Mark, I want you to try to imagine we are once more out on the plains standing guard together. Talk to me as freely and unreservedly as you did then. And understand this, right at the start: I have never for one moment believed you were guilty of the crime you are charged with."

"Those are the most cheering words you could have spoken," he replied, as he laid his hand tremblingly on my arm; "God bless you for them, Will. I will tell you the whole and exact truth in as few words as I possibly can."

"It was several months after I reached Portland before the man I was looking for arrived; and then he brought two partners with him, and they commenced business at

once. I adopted my old tactics, using every precaution to prevent recognition, and had the satisfaction of balking him at every turn he made. Their losses caused them to quarrel amongst themselves, and I knew his two new associates wanted to get rid of him. On the night of the murder I met him by appointment in a private room. On entering, I found his partners were also there; and when one of them locked the door and put the key in his pocket—as he said, 'to prevent interruption, so we could have a nice, quiet game'—I saw instantly that a trap had been laid for me. There was no chance for retreat, so I smilingly approved of his action, and we commenced our game. I took the seat at the table nearest the window; the room was in the second story of the building; and my idea was that when the quarrel began, that I was satisfied would be sure to come, I would spring out of the window, taking my chances of alighting safely on the pavement. I also made up my mind to put up with anything they might do or say for that night without evincing the least ill-humor or annoyance. But they had laid their plans, and were bound to carry them out. The murdered man finally accused me of cheating, and drawing his pistol, fired; I pushed the table against him, thus disconcerting his aim, and then dropped behind it as though I had been shot. At the same moment I saw one of his partners deliberately aim and fire at him, as the other one extinguished the light. I sprang from the window, almost into the arms of a policeman who was standing on the pavement below, and was instantly arrested and locked up on the charge of murder. I saw plainly how the whole thing had been put up: they had arranged with him to kill me, promising, no doubt, to swear him through; while their own plan was to put him out of the way, as they had been wanting to for a long time, and then swear it on me. I stood no show at all on the trial; their statements were all carefully prepared beforehand and learned by heart, and my lawyer's cross-examination accomplished nothing: so the jury had to bring in a verdict of guilty."

It was a great relief to me to hear this statement from my old friend; the way in which it was given convinced me of its entire truthfulness; and I could see that a great load was lifted from his mind on finding that I placed implicit reliance upon his words. I told him as cheerfully as I could that we should have no trouble in finding a way out of this scrape.

"But," I continued, "let us talk about something pleasanter now. Tell me all about your escape, and who the outsiders were who assisted you."

"It was all managed by them," he replied; "I had nothing at all to do with it. I had resigned myself to what I considered my inevitable fate, when one evening, about dark, a small stone, with string and paper attached, was thrown into my window; on the paper was written, '*Be ready for a midnight ride.*' My heart leaped with joy when I read those words, as much because I was sure they were written by you as for the hopes they awakened. Rest assured there was no danger of my sleeping on my guard that night; but it seemed almost an eternity before anything occurred. Another stone, with thread attached, finally struck against the iron bars of my cell, and happily lodged there. I realized instantly what that meant, and soon had one end of a rope ladder firmly attached to the window; this was no sooner done than a man was on the outside at work at the bars; and in less time than I could have believed it possible, he had sawed through one bar, and bent the others so that I was able to crowd through. 'Be quick!' was all he said, and I do not think more than two minutes had elapsed from the time he commenced on the window until I was on the ground, a free man. He led me rapidly away in the dark, to where a man was standing, holding a horse ready for me to mount; as I adjusted a pair of spurs he handed me, he said, 'Jump on quick! The officers will be put on a false trail, and will go north; but you must be fifty miles south of here before daybreak.' He then in a few hurried words, not one of which escaped me, told me of the course I was to pursue, and the arrangements that had been made for my escape; and wound up by

saying, 'Don't lose a second now; each horse you ride to-night knows where he is to go to—give him his head and use your spurs.'

"I was bewildered by the fact that I was unable to recognize anything familiar in the voice or figure of my deliverer; and on my asking him who he was, he replied, 'The watch-word to-night will be "*Stampede Camp.*" Good by.' And it then flashed upon me that I was indebted for my life to the doctor's son.

"The next moment I found myself riding rapidly away through the darkness, and for some time I fairly trembled with the fear that I might awaken and find it, after all, only a dream. But my horse galloped bravely onward, and I had no need to use my spurs; I could see he knew the road perfectly, and was going towards his stable, and I felt that I needed no better guide than he. At each place indicated I found a man with a fresh horse awaiting me, who pronounced the watch-word as I rode up; and in a few seconds I would again be plunging wildly forward. Spencer was the only man I met that night who spoke English; the rest were all Mexicans, and they evidently believed that I was one also, (as I have a thorough knowledge of the language) and that they were assisting one of their countrymen to escape. I saw the advantage of keeping up this deception, so I have spoken nothing but Spanish since I left Spencer, until I met you.

"I reached the last stage of that ride for freedom before daybreak, and was taken to a miner's cabin. On bidding me good by, my conductor told me to take a good rest, as I would not be disturbed, and added, 'Burn everything—leave no traces behind.' In the cabin I found food prepared for me, these clothes I have on, shaving apparatus, and a well-filled purse. I at once proceeded to shave off my whiskers and mustache, and stripped off and burned every article of clothing I had worn. After a few hours' rest, I left the cabin, and proceeded as Spencer had advised me to, and gradually worked my way down here, without, I think, attracting the attention or exciting the suspicions of any one."

"And now, Mark," said I, "what are your plans? You know you are not safe here in this city for one moment; every officer in the place, no doubt, has a full description of you, and is closely scanning the face and form of every man he meets; it is also quite likely there are private detectives here from Oregon looking for you. You must get out of this place as quickly as possible."

He explained to me that he had been on the constant lookout for a chance to get down into Mexico on a sailing vessel, as his knowledge of the language and his general appearance would enable him to pass there for a native of the country.

I had decided what course to pursue while we had been talking; but as there was one thing that had been continually occurring to me, I thought it best to speak of it before leaving him, so I said:

"Mark, I hope you will bear in mind that your great skill at cards might be the means of identifying you, and I trust you will let them entirely alone, for the present at all events."

The hand of an officer laid upon his shoulder, and the words, "George Markham, you are my prisoner," sounded in his ears, could not have brought a look of more intense misery and despair into his face than had my words. I trust I may be spared from ever again witnessing such agony of a poor, tortured soul as was written upon his countenance. When he was able to speak he said, in a voice so low I could scarcely hear him:

"There has not been a moment since I knew that that poor wretch was dead when I would not have sooner thought of holding my hands in molten lead than of touching a card with them: the sight of cards almost maddens me."

After a short silence he continued, evidently unconscious that he was giving audible expression to his thoughts:

"How strange it seems that I should feel this way; it must be because Charlie's murderers have been swept from the face of the earth"; and then, as if an instantaneous photograph of the events of the past two years

had been flashed upon his brain, he exclaimed, "Oh, my God! How like a horrible, hideous nightmare it all appears to me now!"—and bowing his face in his hands, he sobbed like a child.

If at that time my eyes were somewhat dimmed, it was with joy. I felt that the mists that had for a long time been hiding the right from him, and that had prevented us from obtaining a full view of his many good traits, were passing away. Ever since I had heard his story on that beautiful moonlight night on the plains, I had fully realized that he was wandering in the outskirts of the maniac's realm. I was filled with joy to think he had now come back to us, and I trusted a long and happy life might yet be in store for him.

During my residence in the southern part of the State I had become well acquainted with the captain of a little schooner engaged in the coasting trade. While in port down there, he had always made my office his headquarters, and I was sure the friendship he felt for me would cause him to grant any favor I might ask. I knew his vessel was in port, but had kept out of his way, as I did not want him to question me as to my business in the city. With the understanding that I should be back within half an hour, I left Mark and proceeded to hunt up the captain. I found him on his schooner, and was delighted to hear that his cargo was about completed, and that he expected to leave in the morning. Telling him that I had a very great favor to ask of him, I continued:

"Captain, I have just met an old friend of mine, who crossed the plains with me last year, and he has got into a bad scrape: the fact is, he has been caught in very bad company; the officers are after him, and are liable to get their hands on him at any moment. I want to get him off down into Mexico. Once in San Diego safely, he would be able to take care of himself. He has plenty of money, and will pay liberally for his passage. And bear this in mind, captain," said I, very earnestly, "if the officers should find him here, he will suffer for a

crime of which I know him to be as innocent as you or I. I am not afraid to tell you all about it, if—"

"Hold hard," said the captain, suddenly interrupting me. "As near as I can make out, this is about the size of it: you've run across an old shipmate flying a signal of distress, and you want me to help rescue him; that's all I know, and all I want to know. This is my answer: bring him aboard as soon as you please, and I'll stow him away till we get outside the Heads, where he'll be just as safe as you would wish him to be. After that, I'll make him as comfortable as I can for the rest of the trip, and will land him right side up in San Diego; and as to his passage-money, you've settled with me for that several times over, long ago."

I did not let the grass grow under my feet after leaving the captain before I was with Mark, and had told him of the arrangements made for his voyage. I also insisted upon his accepting a purse I had ready for him; but this he positively refused to do, assuring me that Spencer's generosity had supplied him with all the money he would need for a long time.

We then went down to the schooner as soon as we could without attracting attention, and, in a little while I had shaken my

friend's hand for the last time, having seen him safely in the captain's charge.

But I had no disposition to return to my hotel: I could not leave the wharf as long as he was so near me. All night long I paced up and down near the schooner, so as to be assured of his continued safety; and in imagination I again went through with my part in the events here imperfectly related. At last it almost seemed as though he was at my side assisting at this, the last guard we were ever to stand together; and it was a welcome sight to me when the sun came climbing up behind the distant hills.

When the schooner was about casting loose from the wharf, I bade our kind-hearted captain a hearty good by and a God speed, he having just assured me that my friend was all right, and that he would take good care of him. I hurried up on Telegraph Hill, and watched the little craft slowly working her way out through the Golden Gate; and as she sailed out into the broad Pacific, she passed away into the Great Unknown, beyond the reach of mortal vision. For no tidings of her ever came back to cheer the hearts of the friends of those on board. She no doubt went down in the gale that swept the coast that night, and not one of her number escaped to tell the tale.

WILSON PEIRCE.

SONNET.

THROUGH the deep woods I hurry; cool and still
 The dawn is, and the waking birds are hushed
 In deep delight. The silent redwoods fill
 My heart with awe; the brook that laughed and gushed
 At noon, its old transparent secret tells
 In stillest whispers, and the chill dew weeps
 O'er the frail flowers whose down-drooping bells
 Glow midst the ferns. Now through the forest deeps
 Strikes the first sunlight, and my heart beats fast
 With hope and fear; O haste, he must be near.
 There sweeps the broad stream, and I see at last
 My one dear smile, my one dear voice I hear.
 I wake and shiver. The moon, pale with fears,
 Shines on my pillow wet with lonely tears.

KATHARINE ROYCE.

ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY.

PROBABLY the name of John Ruskin is familiar to the majority of the English-speaking people. As an art critic, he is widely known; and his name carries much weight in such matters. But few people, however, are aware that he has been occupied of late years in a matter which he considers of far greater importance than the painting of Alpine scenery. About ten years ago he addressed to the workmen and laborers of England a series of letters, in the course of which he unfolded a scheme for rescuing them from the depths of poverty and ignorance in which they seemed hopelessly sunk. Omitting preface or introduction of any kind, he opened his first letter with a brief account of the unhappy state of the country, its insecurity from foreign enemies, and the wretched condition in which so many of its people lived. Then followed this candid statement of his feelings:

"For my own part, I will put up with this state of things, passively, not an hour longer. I am not an unselfish person, nor an evangelical one; I have no particular pleasure in doing good, neither do I dislike doing it so much as to expect to be rewarded for it in another world. But I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like; and the very light of the morning sky has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly."

How he meant to go to work to cure this misery, he did not explain in this letter; but wandered off into a discussion of party politics in Europe, and ended with a protest against the custom of taking interest. So on through the next three letters, which were made up of a comical mixture of philosophical observations on the state of European politics, suggestions as to the proper reading of the Bible, a recipe for Yorkshire goose-pie, and occasional interesting bits of autobiography. The letters showed a constant straining after clearness and simplicity

of style; but they were so full of obscure allusions to historical events and political principles that they entirely failed of their object: so much so that the working-men themselves were obliged to protest against this fault of their would-be benefactor, who, they said, "wrote to them of things they cared nothing about, in words that they could not understand."

Thus admonished, Mr. Ruskin applied himself in his next letter to the practical question in hand; described again the miserable condition in which the poor live, for the need of three things which are essential to life—pure air, water, and earth. Then followed this appeal, in which appeared the first suggestion of the remedy:

"Are there any of you who are tired of all this? Are there any landlords, any masters, who would like better to be served by men than by iron devils? Any tenants, any workmen, who can vow to work and to live faithfully, for the sake of the joy of their homes? Will any such give the tenth of what they have, and of what they earn, not to emigrate with, but to stay in England with, and to do what is in their hands and hearts to make her a happy England? I am not rich, (as people now estimate riches) but the tenth of whatever I have I will make over to you in perpetuity, on Christmas day of this year, with engagement to add the tithe of whatever I earn afterwards. Who else will help with little or much?—the object of such fund being to begin, and gradually to increase, the buying and securing of land in England, which shall not be built upon, but cultivated by Englishmen with their own hands, and such help of force as they can find in wind and wave."

Here is the first hint of that project which Mr. Ruskin had spent twenty years in perfecting. He had made More's "Utopia" and Bacon's "New Atlantis" his guide, and examined carefully the records of all such schemes in the past. He calls his project an attempt to unite the force of all good plans and wise schemes. It is in reality an attempt to raise the laborer to that state of

independence which he enjoyed in the time when "the stalwart arms and heroic souls" of her yeomanry were England's glory. In a few words he explains the object of St. George's Company, as he proposes to name his community.

"We will try to make some small piece of English ground beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful. We will have no steam-engines upon it, and no railroads. We will have no untended or unthought-of creatures on it; none wretched but the sick, none idle but the dead. We will have no liberty upon it, but instant obedience to known law and appointed persons; no equality upon it, but recognition of every betterness that we can find, and reprobation of every worseness."

The original object of all socialistic schemes was to establish either individual liberty or social equality. Mr. Ruskin, however, has announced himself an enemy to both. "For fifty years back," he says, "modern education has devoted itself to the teaching of impudence. 'Look at Mr. Robert Stephenson,' we tell a boy, 'and at Mr. James Watt, and Mr. William Shakspeare! You know you are every bit as good as they; you have only to work as they did, and you will infallibly arrive at the same eminence.'" Far different is to be the teaching of the companions of St. George. Admiration for one's superiors, and unquestioning obedience, is the first law of society. The government is an elective despotism. There is to be a master elected by majority of the companions who are the contributors of lands or money. The master, while in office, is to be absolutely uncontrolled in his authority over all the proceedings of the company; but he can be deposed as he was elected, by vote of the companions. He alone can incur any debt in the name of the guild, and he with his marshals forms the ministry of the state, answerable for the employment of its revenues, for its relations with external powers, and for such changes in its laws as may from time to time become needful. Of social equality, Mr. Ruskin says:

"The idea that all men were born equal is an absurdity. There are, on the contrary, no two men endowed with the same mental and moral capabili-

ties; and hence it is absurd to infer that all men were intended to enjoy the same privileges. He therefore establishes in his community grades of society very much on the plan of the English nobility, it must be confessed; but with this improvement, that the standard by which each man is judged is moral worth."

It is not to be supposed, however, that in making a distinction as to classes, provision is to be made for the support of any idle people. The nobility are, on the contrary, expected to do as much or more work than the common people, and that not altogether of an intellectual kind; for the founder of St. George's Company is a firm believer in the dignity and value of manual labor; and one of the first rules of his society is: "That the thought of the studious person shall be made wholesome by bodily toil, and the toil of the laborer noble by elevated thought."

No member of the community will be required to work more than six hours a day, but all must bear their share. In the present state of society we have too many idlers. Mr. Ruskin cleverly represents the relation existing between the different classes in society by one of those quaint figures of which he is so fond. "Virtually," he says, "the entire business of the world turns on the clear necessity of getting on table, hot or cold, if possible, meat, but at least vegetables, at some hour of the day, for all of us. Mutton and turnips—or, since mutton itself is only a transformed state of turnips, we may say, as sufficiently typical of everything, turnips—must absolutely be got for us all. And nearly every question of state policy and economy, as at present understood and practiced, consists in some device for persuading you laborers to go and dig up dinner for us reflective and æsthetical persons, who like to sit still, and think or admire. So that when we get to the bottom of the matter, we find the inhabitants of this earth broadly divided into two great masses: the peasant pay-masters—spade in hand, original and imperial producers of turnips; and, waiting on them all round, a crowd of polite persons, modestly expectant of turnips in return for some too often theoretical service. There is, first, the clerical person,

whom the peasant pays in turnips for giving him moral advice; then the legal person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for telling him in black letters that his house is his own; there is, thirdly, the courtly person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for presenting a celestial appearance to him; there is, fourthly, the literary person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for talking daintily to him; there is, lastly, the military person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for standing with a cocked hat on, in the middle of the field, and exercising a moral influence upon the neighbors."

Mr. Ruskin is willing to admit that, if they faithfully perform these services, they are all of them, perhaps, worth their daily turnips. In the little community of which he has the control, they would, however, be of little use. There is to be nothing to provoke the poor man to commit crime; so that the two learned professions, which support themselves, the one on the poor man's sins and the other on his repentance, would find themselves without an occupation in St. George's Company. There will be no place for the military person; for Mr. Ruskin abhors war, above all things. As for the courtly person, he must find something better to do than merely making himself ornamental; and the literary person must talk, not only daintily, but to some purpose. Everything is planned with a view to securing the pleasantest condition of life for the laborer. The avowed object of the company is to set an example of the right relations between landlord and tenant, master and servant.

Considered from the tenant's point of view, the terms on which the company rents its land are surely most satisfactory. In no case is the rent to be appropriated by the landlord. It is to be applied to the better cultivation of the land, and it must be reduced instead of increased in proportion to every improvement made by the tenant himself. The community is to be supplied with the necessities of life, and with such luxuries as are not considered harmful, from the national store, which must always be supplied with as much of these commodities as

will meet the entire demand of its currency in circulation. Mr. Ruskin considers this the only true method of co-operation. In regard to community of property, he says:

"I call this an inconvenient system, because I really think you would find yourself greatly inconvenienced if your wives couldn't go into the garden to cut a cabbage without getting leave from the Lord Mayor and corporation; and if the same principle is to be carried out as regards tools, I beg to state that if anybody and everybody is to use my own particular palette and brushes, I hereby resign my office of professor of fine arts."

The life of the citizens of the state of St. George is to be regulated by principles discovered in the history of the wisest states and the writings of the wisest men. The laws which they are required to obey will resemble closely those by which Florence was governed in the fourteenth century. All regulations are inspired by the same purpose: to secure entire honesty, public and private; to regard strictly the natural differences of rank, indicated by the different gifts to men; and to make life orderly, decent, and beautiful.

However much we may laugh at Ruskin's odd ways and peculiar notions, I think we must admit that this dream of fair living could have come only from the heart of a pure-minded and noble man. Whatever the difficulties in the way of its realization, to have conceived such a plan, and, in the face of such opposition and ridicule, to have perfected it, is at least a witness to his large-heartedness. Is he, as he himself declares, old, tired, and very ill-natured? I answer, that any man who can feel so profoundly the sense of human misery and wrongness that he is willing to attempt the jeered-at task of feeling with his own hands for the root of it, that he may pluck it up if possible, has proved his earnestness and his sympathy with human sorrow. Failure is all that he can expect; for where has there ever been a revolutionist, a leader, who has not, through the very excess of his zeal, been led to attempt what was impossible? Throughout all history, the men who have stood up like great rocks to oppose the

rushing current of corruption have checked it for a moment, but in the next have been borne down by the increasing waters, too often victims of the fury of those whom they have striven to save. So will it be with John Ruskin: for does he not see the same seeds of corruption sown in England that caused the fall of mighty Rome?—the same love of foreign conquest; the same sacrifice of the security of her homes to the increasing of her already too wide-spread dominion; the same inequality between her citizens—her nobility steeped in luxury, while the ignorance and misery of her poor are the wonder of the civilized world; her lands absorbed in the vast estates of her aristocracy, while her laborers waste their strength in a blind struggle to feed and clothe their bodies. For this, Rome fell; and for this England also must fall, if these abuses are not corrected. And because one man has recognized these evils, and is earnestly striving to avert that fate, “therefore,” he says, “the hacks of English literature wag their heads at me, and the poor

wretch who pawns the dirty linen of his soul daily for a bottle of sour wine and a cigar talks about the ‘effeminate sentimentality of Ruskin.’”

Old, tired, and very ill-natured! Can you wonder at it, when every day brings to him some unkind criticism, some uncalled-for abuse? The most unfeeling comment comes from a lady, who taunts him with not being himself a member of St. George's Company. He answers her simply enough:

“She tells me that I have not joined the St. George's Company, because I have no home. It is too true: but that is because my father and mother and nurse are dead; because the woman I hoped would have been my wife is dying; and because the place where I would fain have stayed to remember them all is spoilt for me by the encroachments of my neighbors on my private walks and quiet resting places.”

Wearied with his task, and plagued by the persecutions of thoughtless people, he still clings to his plan which, though it prove but the dream of an old man in his dotage, may yet teach us that nobleness and charity still live.

LUCRETIA MAY SHEPARD.

AMERICAN OFFICERS IN THE PERUVIAN NAVY.

IN the early part of 1866 the Spanish South American republics of the Pacific formed an alliance, offensive and defensive, against the aggressions of Spain, which country—never having formally acknowledged their independence—had presented a claim of several million dollars, urging an immediate settlement; at the same time, making threatening demonstrations on the coast with a fleet of heavy frigates.

The President of Peru seemed inclined to comply with the demand of the Spanish admiral. This so incensed his people that he was forced to seek an asylum on board of an English man-of-war, to escape their fury. Colonel Mariano T. Prado, the leader of the opposition, was chosen to succeed him, with dictatorial powers, and war was declared

against Spain. Peru and Chili had but recently purchased from England and France five men-of-war of superior model and improved armament, including two iron-clads, the *Independencia* and the *Huascar*. The *Independencia* was afterward lost on the rocks in endeavoring to escape the Chilean squadron last summer; while the *Huascar*, a brig-rigged, turreted vessel, figured in the combat with the armor-plated frigate *Shah*, about a year ago, and was recently captured by a very superior force of Chilean iron-clads, after a gallant defense, single-handed, in the famous battle off *Mexillones*, Bolivia, October 8th, 1879. This engagement is of great interest, since it is the first that has occurred between modern iron-clads. The above-mentioned ships,

together with some fourteen wooden vessels, corvets, and gun-boats, composed the allied squadrons of Peru and Chili; and indeed, it was quite a respectable, as well as formidable, naval force.

The members of the cabinet of the Dictator were eminently fitted for their responsible positions, being all young men of comparatively high intellectual attainments and remarkable ability, and possessing those attributes so essential in such a crisis—firmness, prudence, energy, and enterprise. With but one or two exceptions, they have all passed away now. Several were the victims of yellow fever. One, who in after years rose to be President of the republic, and was among the very few that served the full term of office without being ejected by revolutionary means, was lately assassinated in broad daylight, as he entered the hall of the Chamber of Deputies, of which body he was a member. The assassin, a sergeant of the guard on duty, was doubtless hired to do his bloody work by some political aspirant.

By the advice of his ministers, the Dictator resolved to invite to his country a foreign officer of experience and prestige to organize and command the fleet—one who had not only seen active service, but who had been distinguished as a naval commander. Through the Minister Plenipotentiary in Washington, who of course made proper inquiries and diligent search, Commodore John R. Tucker of Virginia was selected to fill this important position. He was to have conferred upon him, on reaching Peru, the title of Rear Admiral, and to rank the Peruvian and Chilian commanders, as commander in chief. Tucker was an officer of high standing in the United States Navy, in which he had been reared, and was always considered an able executive officer. At the breaking out of the Civil War he resigned his commission, and tendered his sword to his native State. He was the brave commander of the Confederate war steamer Patrick Henry, in the memorable engagement in Hampton Roads of Monitor and Merrimac fame; and commander in chief of the Confederate squadron, and of the

naval defenses of Charleston, during the last years of the war. He accepted the position offered by the Peruvian government, on condition that there might be allowed to accompany him on his staff a few American officers, known to him personally.

But a few days were required to perfect the necessary arrangements for our departure, and we sailed from New York on the 1st of June, 1866, *via* Panama, for Callao, the sea-port of Lima, the capital of Peru. We were fortunate in making the connection with the British mail steamer, and reached our destination on the 15th of the same month.

Lima is situated only seven miles from the sea, and is highly favored in its position. It never rains outright here; but in winter a light drizzle is not uncommon. Overcoats are used to guard against this; umbrellas are needed only as sunshades; and the houses are without chimneys. The wealthier class of Lima sends its children to Europe to be educated; and I observed that in the navy officers were much kindlier disposed towards England than towards our republic—although in their politics they profess to be ultra-republicans, without apparently comprehending the meaning of the term. The President, when he attended the theater or opera, was always accompanied by an escort of hussars in their showy uniform, and by four or five aids in full regimentals; and was ushered in and out of the theater with as much pomp and ceremony as I ever witnessed in France under the empire.

At the Hotel Maury (the best in the city) it was very unusual for the fair sex to grace the *table-d'hôte* with their presence. The meals were served in courses, the national dishes being well represented. Between each course many gentlemen made cigarettes, and indulged in a whiff. At private entertainments, the ladies, when desiring to particularly honor a gentleman, presented him with some delicate morsel on their fork; and after eating it, he returned the compliment in a similar manner. This was at the beginning of dinner, before the forks had been previously used. It was customary, also, to roll up bread pills whilst conversing; and I've

seen dignified old gentlemen with quite a pile of them by the side of their plates. The ladies frequently flirt at the table with their beaus, by tossing playfully a piece of bread at them; and the gentlemen, at this, smile, and toss another piece back in return.

At the ringing of the *angelus* bells, morning, noon, and evening, the people in the streets uncover and recite their prayers, all conversation ceasing until the last sound of the bells is heard. Twice a week the bands of the regiments stationed in Lima discourse operatic music in the plaza, where chairs are arranged for the accommodation of the ladies and gentlemen. If, perchance, a dying person is to receive the Holy Sacrament, as the Host is borne from the cathedral, (which stands on the east side) the immense crowd uncover and kneel; the bands stop instantly the piece they are performing, and striking up a religious march, continue playing until the procession passes. The ladies of Lima, almost without exception, attend church daily, generally at very early mass. Before the *saya y manta* were discarded by a government decree, they could arise and in a few moments be ready for church, and arrange their toilet upon their return, or retire again if they felt inclined; for the *manta* could be so disposed as to hide their entire face and head, showing one eye or both; and as all the ladies have black eyes there was no fear of recognition. (The *saya* is a black skirt short enough to display the beautiful feet of the Limenas; the *manta*, a black shawl. None of the ladies wore bonnets.)

We found the population, upon our arrival, very jubilant over their success in defeating the Spanish fleet in the attack upon Callao, 2nd of May; a day that has since become memorable in Peruvian annals. It was impossible not to sympathize with them, for their earnest enthusiasm seemed intense and their joy boundless. In Lima the hotels, *caf  *, and all public resorts were filled with people, animated with the flush of their first victory, discussing excitedly the all-absorbing war news. The national

anthem was sung in all the theaters, in private houses, wherever people were gathered together, and even by belated pedestrians.

At an audience given to us by the Dictator and his cabinet, we were received with marked courtesy, and welcomed to the country. Upon taking leave, we were invited to inspect the fortifications of Callao, and afterwards to dine, without ceremony, with his Excellency. The presidential mansion is styled the palace; and although its exterior is neither handsome nor imposing, a portion of it is fitted up with considerable elegance. It was in this same palace that Pizarro the conqueror was murdered. The spot where he is said to have fallen was pointed out to us by the President himself. His remains, I was informed, repose in the vaults of the cathedral; of that, however, I am not so sure. A young American traveler afterwards told me that when he was shown the sights of Lima he was taken down into the cathedral by the guide, and Pizarro's remains were pointed out to him. He said they lay in a very dilapidated coffin, which from age and decay had somewhat collapsed; and by attracting the attention of the guide to another part of the vault, he succeeded in breaking off a couple of fingers; and I suppose they now occupy a prominent place in the miniature museum of his home. I do not pretend to defend this act of vandalism, although the gentleman, half apologizing for his conduct, said the temptation was irresistible, and furthermore assured me that he would take better care of the fingers of the illustrious freebooter than the Peruvian government would of the entire corpse.

The *f  tes* to celebrate the victory of the 2nd of May commenced with a grand ball, given in the hall of the Chamber of Deputies. This affair was one of the most brilliant I had ever attended. The decorations of the ball-room displayed an æsthetic taste seldom equaled in our country. The galleries, which extended entirely around the hall, were supported by fluted columns, around which were entwined ribbons of lovely flowers. The flags of all nations

save that of Spain adorned the walls, and the various coats of arms were displayed in the most conspicuous places. Fountains of perfumed water cooled the atmosphere, and four or five military bands alternately played the dance music. The President arrived at an early hour, and entered the ball-room with the beautiful daughter of the American minister leaning upon his arm. His presence was the signal for the opening. The scene presented to the eye of the spectator at this moment was magnificent: all the wealth and beauty of the republic were present; the gracefulness, wit, and vivacity for which the ladies of Lima are famed were displayed to a marked extent upon this occasion. The general effect was much heightened by the brilliant court costumes of the diplomatic corps, and the rich uniforms of the officers of the English and American squadrons and the Peruvian officials.

This ball was followed, in the course of a few days, by the inevitable bull-fight, without which no Spanish celebration can be said to be complete. It was not so brutal as I had imagined. The animals, which had been kept in a dark cage for some time, were let into the arena singly, by means of a sliding door. Their ire was considerably heightened by small-javelins plastered to their backs. As they were slain, their bodies were dragged from the field by a chariot and four fiery steeds, which dashed in at the supreme moment. The matadores were all experts, and performed their parts in a very skillful and artistic manner. After dealing a death blow to their victim, they gracefully saluted the immense audience that thronged the great amphitheater, and appeared grateful for the tumultuous applause with which their success was greeted.

A few days after the termination of these festivities, our commissions in the navy were presented to us respectively as Rear Admiral, Captain of Frigate, and Captain of Corvet; there was also a secretary and interpreter attached to the staff of the admiral. Tucker's instructions were then drawn up, and he and his staff dispatched to

Valparaiso, Chili, by a British mail steamer that lay at anchor in the harbor.

The Peruvian division was under the command of an officer young and inexperienced, but bold and very ambitious; full of intrigue, and entirely devoid of principle. He was known as a revolutionist, always siding with the turbulent element; one who would not have hesitated to put to death his best friend, could he by such an act secure promotion, so great was his selfishness. His rapid rise in the navy was entirely due to intrigue and even crimes. One of these was, after inciting the crew of a frigate to which he was attached to declare itself in favor of a revolution then agitating the country, to connive at the murder of an old Peruvian admiral in his sleep, and place himself afterwards in command of the ship. He was neither a sailor nor a navigator, but his inordinate vanity led him to consider himself a second Nelson. Upon hearing of our advent, his indignation was intense, and he called a council of his officers, who resolved not to accept Tucker as commander in chief. The Chilians, on the contrary, upon our arrival in Valparaiso, received us with distinguished consideration, and showed us many kindnesses, for which we were ever afterwards very grateful.

The Peruvian Minister Plenipotentiary called upon Admiral Tucker, so soon as we were comfortably quartered in the city, and with much concern and anxiety depicted upon his countenance, informed him of the dilemma in which he was placed, inasmuch as his instructions directed him to introduce Tucker to the Peruvian squadron as their commander in chief, and to install him as such; but the officers, he said, strongly refused to surrender the squadron into the hands of a foreigner. He was very courteous and polite at this interview. His reputation as a diplomat was second, to none in his country. Don Philippe Pardo, poet and statesman, uncle to the Dictator's Minister of Finance—who afterwards became President of the republic—Mr. Pardo assured Tucker of his entire confidence and respect, expressing his belief in the admiral's fitness for the

position which his reputation guaranteed, and declaring that when the President was acquainted with the conduct of the refractory officers they would be brought to a speedy trial for insubordination, and severely dealt with. He desired Tucker and his staff to consider themselves the guests of the nation; and furthermore requested that, regardless of expense, he maintain himself in a manner compatible with the dignity and importance of his position: that by so doing he would honor his adopted country.

The stand taken by the Peruvian naval officers was a great surprise and mortification to us, as we had been encouraged by the President to believe that they would be only too glad to be associated with us, and would, in fact, receive us with open arms. Hence, we tendered our resignations, and urged his Excellency to act upon them immediately. Whilst awaiting his decision, the time was spent in a most agreeable manner; for Chili is a most delightful country, and the society of Valparaiso, strongly cosmopolitan in character, is refined and attractive.

The Chilians, by reason of a temperate climate, are fair, and the ladies remarkable for their personal beauty and talent as musicians. We were the recipients of many pleasant entertainments; hospitality is one of the most prominent features in their society, as all strangers well know. Five weeks after our arrival we were awakened very early one morning by the booming of cannon in the harbor, and soon after were apprised of the arrival of one of the cabinet ministers of Peru, in a transport, and that he had immediately after, by means of a ruse, changed all the officers of the squadron, from the commodore down to the midshipmen, replacing them with those he had brought from Peru; these had proclaimed themselves as being both willing and anxious to serve under the orders of Tucker. The minister's mode of procedure was unique, and, indeed, almost laughable; but it was a success.

He had steamed into the harbor with the national flag hoisted at the main, thereby inducing the Peruvian commodore and

officials to think that his Excellency the President was on board. So the commodore saluted, and repaired without delay to the transport, in order to pay his respects, when he was at once placed under arrest for insubordination.

A signal was next made to the squadron, ordering all the commanders and lieutenants to come on board the transport; this signal was no sooner obeyed than they likewise were placed under arrest. The new officers (who had previously received their instructions) returned to the different vessels in the boats, which were alongside, and which had conveyed the old officers of similar grade to the transport. Thus, in a very short space of time, what might be called, in reality, a bloodless revolution took place.

A few days after this affair, Tucker was called upon by the new commodore and commanders of the several vessels, and invited to take command immediately. He did so, hoisting his flag temporarily on board the Union, the iron-clad frigate *Independencia* being in the dry-dock at Callao. The Union was a beautifully modeled corvet of twenty-two guns, elegantly fitted up, and could steam thirteen miles an hour. She was built in France for the Confederates, but being prohibited by the government from leaving port, was afterwards sold to the Peruvians. The greater part of the crew were foreigners—mostly English; her boatswain and all of the engineers were also English. With the exception of her commander and executive officer, there was not a sailor of any experience amongst her corps of officers. These two alone navigated the ship; and they placed but little confidence in their junior officers—which was a most fortunate thing, I always thought.

Admiral Tucker's position was, from the beginning, surrounded by the most harassing difficulties; and when I recall the events of those days, I cannot but be deeply impressed with his wonderful tact, and the wisdom and moderation he displayed under most trying circumstances. In the solution of the many vexing and annoying questions that were continually presented before him, his

intelligent and just decisions gained for him the confidence and esteem of many who were his avowed enemies.

Upon assuming command, the work of reorganization commenced; this was, indeed, a colossal undertaking, requiring much diplomacy in our dealings with the Peruvian officers, that we might avoid offending their sensitiveness and pride. A careful inspection of each ship in the squadron was first made, in order to note its condition and to discover its deficiencies; and it will not surprise an American to know that scrubbing, cleaning, scraping, and painting was the first order of the day. The armament was carefully examined, and everything appertaining to it rendered complete in all respects. The powder was tested on shore, under the supervision of the ordnance officer on the staff, Captain D. P. McCorkle, a former officer of the United States Navy. The sails and rigging were thoroughly overhauled; a daily routine was established, in which the men were exercised at the great guns, small-arm drill, and so forth, loosing and furling sails, and reefing top-sails; there were boat drills twice a week, and firing at target at anchor and under way. A system of naval tactics was with much difficulty translated into Spanish, and once a week the entire fleet, Chilean and Peruvian, would steam out of port, and perform various evolutions of the line, frequently under sail alone.

The Peruvians are not good sailors—they are too volatile, too easily excited, and they are wanting in judgment; but a large foreign element supplied this deficiency, in a measure, and rendered our task less irksome and ponderous. They are naturally very suspicious, one of the other; and this is more noticeable among the higher grade of officials. The commanders of vessels seemed absolutely to fear being absent from their ships. They distrusted their lieutenants, and the lieutenants, in turn, distrusted each other, as well as their subalterns. One of them, who spoke English very well, informed me, upon a certain occasion, that his messmates were so fond of intrigue, and so little confidence was to be placed in their friendship,

that upon retiring at night to his stateroom he always placed his trunks, or anything heavy which happened to be convenient, against his securely locked door, and kept a loaded revolver at his side constantly. "If," said he, "I am called at night to keep my watch, I never open the door except with my revolver in hand, as a guard against treachery."

The country itself may be said to be in state of chronic revolution: it is a game actually played by children in Peru. The cadets of the military college occasionally indulge in this amusement, and as a result dictate to their superiors their own terms, generally gaining all they may desire or demand. It is not astonishing that a people who have such peculiar ideas instilled into them from their infancy should attempt, at least, to put into execution plans for their personal advancement and aggrandizement: since public opinion does not stigmatize as disreputable or dishonorable the rôle played by a revolutionist. It matters not how deeply dyed his hands may be in the blood of his countrymen, or how silly the pretexts upon which he attempts to overthrow the government: he is a hero in the eyes of the youth and beauty of his country; if he succeeds, the dream of his life has been realized, the acme of his existence has been attained. The desire to be distinguished in a revolution conquers even the patriotic sentiment, which is strong. The following little episode, as an illustration, may not be without interest:

The good people of Santiago gave a magnificent ball to the officers of the allied squadrons, and many, including the admiral and two commanders of vessels, attended. The officer of the first watch on board the flag-ship *Union* endeavored that night to obtain possession of the ship. To get under way and carry the vessel north to Peru was his object; and then to receive on board the insubordinate officers who had but recently been so summarily relieved from command. It appears that one of the officers attached to the ships attempted to come along-side from the shore, about 11 P. M., when he was peremptorily ordered

off. This circumstance he considered so strange that he rowed over to the monitor Huascar, lying at anchor but a short distance in shore, and reported it to her commander, a gallant young officer of French descent; his suspicions, naturally, were immediately aroused, and he watched the Union from that moment, carefully scanning every movement made on board, with the aid of his glass. By and by, exciting cries from the Union were heard, soon after followed by smoke issuing from the smoke-stack. It was evident she was getting up steam.

The Huascar had her fires banked, as all men-of-war do in the harbor of Valparaiso, that in the event of a norther's suddenly coming up they may quickly get up steam and proceed to sea. Her commander ordered steam to be gotten up without delay, called his crew to quarters, and bringing his guns to bear on the Union, directed his second in command to take charge and await his return. He then proceeded in his gig to within hailing distance of the ship in mutiny, and informed the leader of the *émeute* that should he attempt to move from his anchorage he would sink him. This brought that gentleman to his senses, and he and his followers (nearly all of the Peruvian marines and sailors) took the boats and escaped to the shore. My friend Captain McCorkle (who was on board that night) said he was awakened out of a sound sleep by loud cries of "*Viva la Revolution*," "*A bajo con los Yankees*"; he jumped up and endeavored to get out of his stateroom, when he was stopped by a marine at his door, who with bayonet lowered motioned him back; later, the ringleader, Varia, ordered him into the admiral's cabin, telling him that if he dared to stir out he would be shot. The writer had innocently rendered himself obnoxious to this pirate, and was subsequently informed that had he been on board he would have been instantly killed. At the commencement of the outbreak, Varia placed all the foreigners, mostly English, under guard; also the officers of the ship, who were asleep at the time. The engineers, all Englishmen, were ordered to get up

steam instantly, and shots were fired down the engine-room to accelerate matters. But for the promptness of the commander of the Huascar, what a charming spectacle would have been presented to civilized nations! A country at war with a more powerful antagonist, who was at any moment expected to renew his attacks on the defenseless cities and towns of the coast; a fleet upon which were centered all its hopes of deliverance, manned by officers and seamen supposed to be actuated by purely patriotic motives, thus to be crippled by the unpardonable, infamous conduct of this selfish, traitorous fiend. And yet, what was done with him and his blind followers? He was captured and imprisoned in Valparaiso; was to have had a burlesque court-martial; but escaped from prison disguised as a woman; and the writer saw him promenading the streets of Lima two months after, as free as the air. When his uncle, Colonel Balta, was made President by a revolution the following year, he promoted this young cut-throat to the position of chief of gendarmes in Truxillo, where he distinguished himself by murdering, in cold blood, an inoffensive German Jew. He finally left Peru, and was killed by a mob in Central America for some dastardly crimes committed there. Varia was always a bad man, and should never have been permitted in the squadron at such a critical time.

In the course of eight months the fleet had arrived at such a state of efficiency and discipline as warranted Admiral Tucker in planning an expedition to the Philippine Islands. He selected three of the best ships from the Peruvian division, and one from the Chilean, each vessel being provided with a torpedo launch, besides having staves fitted to their bows, to which were to be attached torpedoes, as occasion might require. The greater part of the Spanish squadron was quietly lying in the harbor of Rio Janeiro; and we were to proceed ostensibly to that port, but in reality direct to Manila, under sail and steam.

Everything was in readiness for this expedition, even to the slightest detail; but the

eve before sailing, an order requiring Tucker's presence at the cabinet council in Santiago was telegraphed down. The subject to be discussed was the expedition to the Philippine Islands; it was agreed that the absence from the fleet of the finest and largest ships would leave the Chilian and Peruvian coasts at the mercy of the enemy. Hence it was resolved to abandon this undertaking, the plans for the successful fulfillment of which had been so thoughtfully and so skillfully laid. By the terms of the treaty between Peru and Chili, the allied squadron was to be directly under the orders of the government in any of whose ports it happened to find itself. Of course, then, in a Chilian port, it was subject to the orders of the President of that republic. The reason assigned by the Chilian President for the abandonment of the expedition satisfied his countrymen; but so great was our disappointment, upon learning the decision of the cabinet council, that we urged the President of Peru to accept our resignations, which made a third time that they had been tendered.

His Excellency finally acceded to our wishes, "with much reluctance," as he gracefully remarked. Many of the better class of Peruvians (friends of the officers who, for refusing to serve under Admiral Tucker, were retired from service) kept up a vigorous attack in the Lima papers, alluding to us in the most contemptuous terms as adventur-

ers. This was especially disagreeable and annoying, and (as the papers were read by the officers of the squadron) subversive of discipline; and we were most certainly much relieved, in mind and body, when we bade adieu forever to the fleet, and sailed in the English mail steamer northward. Upon our return to Lima, the President, Señor Prado, received us in the same kindly manner as before, and prevailed upon Admiral Tucker to remain in the country, and to organize and head an expedition to the Amazon, many tributaries of which had never been explored. The government earnestly desired to know the best route by which Lima could be connected by rail with the navigable waters of one of the tributaries.

After a little delay, the Peruvian Hydrographical Commission of the Amazon was organized, with Admiral Tucker as president, and including amongst its members the two officers who accompanied him to Peru. For six years it labored in a wild but romantic region, of whose undeveloped resources so many travelers have written. Our explorations were frequently opposed by the savages, some tribes of whom were exceedingly warlike, and without doubt cannibals. But in the autumn of 1874, having accomplished the object of our expedition, we received the thanks of the government, and were glad to return to our native land, fully satisfied that "there's no place like home."

WALTER R. BUTTS.

A SCRAP OF ARIZONA HISTORY.

ABOUT the year 1856, a certain Yakai Indian, with the not uncommon name of Juan, returned to the city of Hermosillo, in the State of Sonora, Mexico, after three or four years of desultory wandering amongst the various tribes and bands of Papago Indians, who at that time, as now, inhabited the country lying on both sides of the line separating the United States from the Mexican State of Sonora. This Juan was by

occupation a prospector—one who makes a business of searching through the mountains for veins of precious metal. He was noted in the mining districts of Sonora for his good luck in finding paying mines, and many a rich *hidalgo* of his native State was then luxuriating in the results of his discoveries.

On his return, Juan lost no time in presenting himself before some of his old friends

and patrons who were possessed of wealth and of a speculative turn of mind, and laid before them the results of his wanderings. He related to them the story of his discovery of a country that was fabulously rich in the indications, to him well known, of veins of precious metal; at the same time he displayed to their astonished eyes small specimens of silver ore taken from the croppings, intensely rich in chlorides, sulphurets, and that queenly metal, native silver. His audience looked and listened with wonder and delight, and could scarcely wait for him to finish his account to assure him of their eagerness to follow him to this new El Dorado.

But the story was only half finished; much remained to be told that was not so pleasant to hear. This delightful land, where the *plata blanca* could be had for the picking up, was difficult of access: broad deserts must be crossed, where water was a thing unknown except during the short rainy season of that almost torrid clime; mountains must be climbed, roads must be made, and trails found by which to reach this wonderful valley: and not the least obstacle in the way was the unpleasant fact that the country was inhabited by a powerful and warlike tribe of Indians, who, though not positively at war with their Mexican neighbors, would have no delicacy about "taking in" a little prospecting expedition like the one to be led by our friend Juan. And still back of these dangers lay the most terrible one of all—one that might well make the soul of a Mexican shiver in its tan-colored casket when the thought of it crossed his timid mind—the hideous, the blood-thirsty, the merciless Apache. For be it known that large and powerful as were the Papagos, they were small and weak compared to the unnumbered hosts of their time-honored enemies, who were wont at intervals to descend upon their villages like a "wolf on the fold"—a very avalanche of spears and arrows, sweeping the Papago warriors into mother earth, and dragging the Papago women away to a life-long slavery far worse than death: and over and above the risk of unfriendliness on

the part of the Papagos, the little party of adventurers must prepare themselves to encounter the much more dreadful danger of being included in one of those periodical massacres that the Apaches were in the habit of inflicting upon their victims, the Papagos.

The dangers were many, the obstacles to be surmounted were great; but the prize was irresistible. The difficulties were far away, the silver was before their eyes, and the expedition was organized.

The several members of the party began to prepare themselves for the journey, but with no indecent haste; for it must be borne in mind, that not even a whole mountain of solid silver would tempt our noble Mexican *hidalgo* into an undignified haste, nor cause him to swerve one jot or tittle from that in-born deliberation that characterizes his every movement. So in the course of a year or two (for tradition makes no accurate note of the time) the party, consisting of some fifty or sixty souls, including *vagueros*, *mosos*, and *peons*, (providing that such inferior humans as the latter have souls) set their faces resolutely towards the north, and with joyous spirits and unlimited hope followed their silent but trustworthy leader, Juan, in the direction in which lay their as yet undeveloped fortunes.

It is not essential to the story that we follow these venturesome Mexicans through their many wanderings over rugged mountains, along winding cañons, and across trackless deserts. Suffice it to say that a few months of hardship, deprivation, and endurance, weary days and sleepless nights, found them safely encamped at the friendly Papago village of Cababi.

The Indians, far from being unfriendly, were well pleased to welcome the return of their old friend Juan, more especially as he was accompanied by five or six representatives of the *gente decente* (gentle people) of Sonora: but much as they may have esteemed these latter personages, intimate knowledge of the Indian character leads the writer to believe that the numberless *burros* laden with *harrina*, *pinola*, *panoche*, *frijoles*,

cigarritos, and *mescal*,* were quite as welcome to their sight as were the rightful owners of all these luxuries: and the reasonable possibility of some share of the good things coming to their mouths through the natural avenues of trade led them to adopt an air of friendliness that the absence of these articles would never have prompted.

A few days' rest was all that the patience of Juan's followers would admit of; and, with muscles yet sore and limbs yet unrested, they demanded to be led to the spot where the *plata blanca* (white silver) lay strewn in such wonderful profusion.

The narrative of this expedition, written by the Jesuit padre who accompanied the party (a Jesuit padre is the invariable attendant of all actions of a public or private nature in Mexican life) fails to relate whether the persevering people, that had traveled so far and suffered so much, found at the end of their journey their wildest hopes fully realized, or were doomed to most woeful disappointment. But the subsequent history of the mines that they came to see is such as to lead to the inference that any reasonable hopes they may have entertained *were* realized. The first visit was to the Picacho mine, so named from being at the base of a small isolated peak near the center of the valley. It was then, as it is now, except where development has shown it to better advantage, but a collection of thin quartz seams, coursing through primitive syenite, exposed in some places, but for the most part hidden beneath the drift from the neighboring hill; yet with care and patience it might be traced for a distance of two or three thousand feet in an easterly and westerly course. A careful inspection of the quartz croppings seems to have proven that they had no grounds for accusing their guide of falsehood; for almost every piece that flew from the croppings, under the nervous blows of their hammers, displayed more or less native silver, as well as the black sulphurets

of the same metal. Altogether, the showing was so encouraging that preparations were immediately made for work in earnest; and in accordance with the Mexican idea, there began a systematic development of the Picacho mine.

Three or four months of labor, excitement, and pleasurable realization of hopes found Don José Bustamente, the chief of the expedition, making preparations to return to the city of Hermosillo with his *burros*—now grown fat upon the luxuriant grasses of Cababi valley—laden to their utmost capacity with rich ores of the Picacho mine, the average value of which is said to have been about four hundred dollars to the carga of three hundred pounds.

During all this time Juan, the Yakai guide and prospector, had not been idle, but had seized the opportunity to explore the little valley of Cababi from end to end; and his efforts were crowned with marvelous success: for in this interval he had discovered the mines now known as the Montezuma Group, as well as several others of less importance.

The Montezuma Group consists of the Ingomar, the Mistake, the Matador, the Passover, the Yakai, the Hades, the Palo-Verde, and the Cactus. These names were given to the mines by the later locators—the present owners—in default of a knowledge of the names bestowed upon them by their discoverer, Juan. Partial development upon these having disclosed their prospective value, Don José decided to leave one-half of his force at the mines, to continue (with the help of the Papagos) the work of development. It was his intention to return, with as much haste as was compatible with the Mexican character, and to bring a much larger force, and the few rude appliances used by the Mexicans for the reduction of silver ores.

This programme was eventually carried out, and less than a year after the arrival of the expedition in Cababi valley, its slopes and adjacent hillsides were all alive with busy people; and many a partially hidden ledge and many a "blind" lead was made to disgorge its treasures. The Picacho mine became the headquarters for all operations in

* *Harrina*, flour; *pinola*, a kind of meal made of parched corn; *panoche*, cakes of brown sugar; *frijoles*, beans; *mescal*, the national beverage of Mexico, made from the juice of the century plant.

the valley. A large *hacienda* was built, furnaces and *vasos* were erected, *patios* were laid, *arastros* constructed, and the reduction of ores carried on upon the most scientific principles then known to the non-progressive citizens of the southern republic. The Papagos were not only friendly, but cheerfully rendered their clumsy assistance, perfectly satisfied to receive as compensation the allowance of flour, sugar, and tobacco doled out to them by their none too liberal employers.

This state of affairs continued for many months. Some twelve or fifteen, wonderfully rich mines were worked, the list comprising the Picacho, the Coquespa, the Santa Tomas, the Elcantiro, the Corbrisa, and the present Montezuma Group; while others were discovered and partially worked. The ores were carefully assorted, and the richest portions transported to the cities of Hermosillo and Guaymas for reduction or shipment to Europe; while the lower grades were treated in the valley, and the *planchas* of silver taken to Hermosillo on the backs of the mules and *burros* that brought the supplies of provisions to the camp.

News of the unwonted activity in Cababi valley soon became known to the denizens of Tucson, seventy-five miles to the eastward, and some few among the more venturesome of the white population of that ancient burg, conquering their fears of the Apache, made their appearance in the valley. Two of the number were personal friends of Don José, and on their arrival were the recipients of that hospitality for which the people of Mexico are so justly famous. These two men still remain residents of the territory: Hill De Armit lives at the little village of Florence on the Gila River; while John Poindexter made his home on the beautiful Arrivaca creek, some fifty miles from the Cababi valley. De Armit, either by gift or purchase, became possessed of a portion of the Picacho mine, and he has continued to hold this interest until the present day.

Nearly two years were spent by him in the camp of his friend Don José. During this time several of the mines were worked

down to permanent water. This point was the extent to which Mexican industry could go; the inventive capacity of the nation has never yet been equal to the task of keeping a mine free of water after the flow becomes too great to be kept down by being packed out of the mine in raw-hide buckets on the backs of native laborers. Therefore, the richest mines in Cababi, like their sisters in Mexico, had to be abandoned by them; and for want of the simple pumping machinery used by the Chinese in the days of Confucius, they were compelled to sit quietly down, and see the water silently cover from their sight forever the streaks of chlorides, the kidneys of sulphurets, and the *planchas* of native silver. Such is the penalty paid by ignorance: for this reason alone did operations come to a full stop in several of the mines adjacent to the Picacho. Whether fate ordained that the Mexican pioneer of Cababi district should be doomed to act in the capacity of jackal—to uncover the prey for the more enlightened Anglo-Saxon lion to devour—or whether the prize should be considered the natural reward of the inventive genius and the venturesome spirit of the Caucasian, will no doubt ever remain an unanswered problem. Suffice it to say, that the chlorides, the sulphurets, and the native silver yet remain untouched by steel or powder, and unpolluted by and beyond the reach of Mexican cupidity, patiently awaiting the magic touch of the hand of science to free them from their earthly dungeon, stamp upon their faces the image of liberty or tyranny, and launch them forth a portion of that broad river upon whose metallic bosom floats the commerce of a world.

And now my narrative has reached a point where the narrator would gladly lay down his pen and leave the tale unfinished; but such base desertion would be unpardonable. After having followed the brave Juan and his friends to the point where their hopes were realized and their happiness complete, it would be simple cowardice to desert them now in their last moments, and leave untold how bravely they fell when the

wild war-whoop of the murderous Apache was the last sound that echoed in their ears, and the hideously painted visage of a Tonto was the last object photographed upon their eye-balls. For the Apaches came—it was not in the nature of things that they should *not* come. For several years dissensions among themselves, and trouble with neighbors to the north of them, had distracted their attention from the southern country; but now they came, and like a great flood they swept across the Papago country from the Babaquire Peak to California Gulf; and the people in Cababi valley were among their first victims.

They came without warning. Even the Papagos, from long immunity from such attacks, had become careless, and relaxed their customary vigilance; and the habit of keeping sentinels on the highest peaks of the mountains had been abandoned. The Apaches came, and when they came they found the miners at their work, the Papagos, their brave but unfortunate enemies, with shovels in their hands instead of spears. They found the Mexican women calmly gossiping in that musical tongue that renders even gossip a pleasure to listen to, while they deftly patted the huge *tortilla* in their bare brown hands. They found the little brown babies swinging and crowing in their hammocks. They found the *vaqueros*, with no other weapon of defense in their hands but their lariats. And when the bloody simoon had swept by, there was left in the shaft the miners, crushed and mangled by weight of huge boulders thrown down upon their unprotected heads; near the works in the chaparral the Papagos, in their bodies unnumbered spear thrusts, and in their hands broken and bloody shovels; by the fireside the women with their merry tongues forever stilled, and the fragments of *tortilla* yet grasped in their death-stricken hands; the *vaquero* strangled to death with his own lasso.

A very few escaped the dreadful scourge; those nearest the Picacho sought shelter behind the adobe walls of the *hacienda*, and thus for a time delayed their own execution;

those that were too far away to reach that temporary shelter perished miserably. Some, like those at work in the mine now called the Matador, were killed in the shaft; and to this day their bones have known no other sepulcher. All but an insignificant few fell beneath the fury of the storm. Poor Juan and a few others that escaped the first onslaught at the Picacho mine defended themselves with the bravery of despair in one of the adobe buildings of the *hacienda*; but, weakened by hunger and thirst, they were finally overpowered, and their whitened bones now lie scattered in the adjacent chaparral.

Don José and the other chief men of the enterprise were absent at Hermosillo, in attendance on the annual feast of their patron saint; and for once, at least, the salvation of their lives, if not their souls, was due to their religious fervor. De Armit was also of the party. John Poindexter, old mountaineer that he was, had made his camp alone in a clump of mesquite trees on the hillside, in sight of the mine, but some distance from it, and was a powerless and horrified spectator of the massacre. When the bloody tempest had spent its fury; when the last Apache had disappeared, and the last hoarse echo of his war-whoop had died away; and when night had spread her charitable mantle over the dreadful scene—only then did he leave his friendly shelter, and make his way as best he could to the nearest settlement.

And so ends the story of the first discoverers of the mines of Cababi. For years afterwards not a single white man was known to invade its silent precincts; even the Papago shunned it as a pestilence, and the howling coyote was undisputed master of its grassy knolls and its *palo-verde* groves. Years after, when General Crook had conquered the Apaches, when the repetition of such a scene was rendered impossible, then the Papagos came creeping back to their deserted villages. The ubiquitous prospector again invaded its lonely confines, rekindled the fire in the ruined houses, and rebuilt the monuments on the deserted

claims: and now the mines are owned and worked by men who not unlikely were joyous-hearted school-boys, far away in their eastern homes, on the day that their predecessors met their fearful doom. And to-day a stranger riding across the little valley sees nothing to corroborate the story just written except a few ruined adobe houses, and the decaying remnants of the old smelting-furnaces.

R. H. CHOATE.

AT TWILIGHT.

THE ruby sunset fades away,
The hour is growing late,
And the meadow-lark, so blithe all day,
No longer calls his mate.

One saucy star shines out alone,
The others still are shy,
For they fear the sun yet holds his throne
In yonder pearly sky.

In-doors the evening meal is done,
The mellow light grows pale;
While the household gather, one by one,
To watch the day-beams fail.

Then one with sunny, golden hair,
But shadowy twilight eyes,
Thrills the waiting keys with fingers fair,
And sings as daylight dies.

What memories throng the shadows gray,
What visions come and go,
In the sweet, dim light of the fading day,
With the music rippling low!

For, floating softly through the room—
Faint, flitting shapes of light—
Come the friends of old in the twilight gloom,
With faces fair and bright.

And mingling like the night and day,
Sweet dreams and fancies flit,
Till the stars shine gently through the gray,
And the evening lamps are lit.

S. E. ANDERSON.

GRAVITATION.

I.

THE little Western town of Carey has a sort of New England air about it: not so much because of neat houses and trim door-yards, though of these it has its share; nor yet on account of the well-shaded streets and the unusual number of stately old trees which make many of the homes beautiful, quite as much by what they conceal as by what they reveal, suggesting an antiquity of possession and a possible charm of hidden architecture quite untrue. The real resemblance of the town to its Puritan ancestor consists chiefly in a by-gone look. There are few new houses—scarcely one in process of building. The principal business street is lined with stores and shops of a uniformly discouraged aspect. The broad and beautiful river which flows through the village turns no machinery, and only a few straggling and ruinous old warehouses leaning over the water's edge hint of any river navigation or commerce with the world by way of that fine natural thoroughfare. Nobody knows exactly what ails the town. It was settled by thrifty and intelligent eastern people at an early day. It had its "boom" of prosperity in years when Chicago was a mere trading post inhabited chiefly by frogs; and it had its collapse in 1836, from which it never seemed to rally successfully. It was visited by brief spasms of revival, but they never seemed to produce enduring results, not even when the advent of a railroad occasioned an immense amount of self-congratulation and futile prophecy of better times coming. The railroad era of prosperity passed on like the road itself. Carey was not a "terminus," and it seemed as if the new road only furnished a means of carrying capital and trade away from the little town. Grass almost grew in the streets. Nothing kept the town alive but the rich agricultural region

which surrounded it, and which must to some extent depend on it for supplies.

In the suburbs of Carey stands a plain, comfortable little house, somewhat dilapidated in the matter of paint and blinds, but with picturesque old oaks and hickories overshadowing it, and with a general air of coziness, enhanced by a piazza stretching the entire length of the front. A long, old-fashioned settee on one side of the front door was occupied one summer afternoon, a few years ago, by two ladies with their work-basket between them; while a baby was tied in a little rocking-chair near, and a pair of little girls ran up and down the board walk that led to the gate, or played with acorn-cups under the great oak at the side of the house. The two ladies were evidently sisters, and were both young and attractive. Mrs. Downing, the mother of the little people, had a fair, placid face, bespeaking that its owner had found "a center of rest and harmony." The other sister, Miss Annie James, seemed not more than twenty years old, but with a strong maturity of look and a certain quickness of movement and abruptness of speech which betokened decision of character. Her full, high forehead was shaded by abundant chestnut hair, which was her chief beauty, though she had clear, keen gray eyes, a healthy, round face, and pleasant, large mouth, with faultless teeth; while her form had the advantage of good height, and the lithe, straight beauty which told of wholesome, out-door life. The two chatted and laughed, sewing meanwhile on the same little garment, as if they owned the baby in common. The younger lady was helping Mrs. Downing in one of her frequent efforts to get her sewing "done up," but seemed to be the manager of the business, notwithstanding her youth. One could see by the very way in which she briskly took hold of a small-sized lapboard standing conveniently

near, and ran her scissors along shapes that needed remodeling; or, too impatient to wait for scissors, raised her work quickly to bite off the ends of her thread with her white, firm teeth—that she was a ruling spirit.

"See here, Martha," she said, "how much better this will look not to have a belt, but just shir it in front, and then tie it with a sash of the same at the back." And away went her needle on a long run of shirring.

Mrs. Martha seemed entirely acquiescent, and straightway measured off a sash from the mass of white cambric which lay on the top of the basket. Then she gave the little rocker before her a soft touch with her slipper, tipped her head on one side in graceful, motherly fashion, and with a smile which suddenly brought out a strong resemblance to the younger lady, addressed the baby:

"Look here, little Tommy Didymus, would he rather have a sash than a belt, so he can grow every single, blessed day just as much as he pleases? To be sure he would. Look at him, Annie; see him nod his precious old bald pate. Isn't he too cunning for anything?"

Annie gave him a swift glance and a bright smile, but went on with her rapid shirring. The mother did not seem quite satisfied; and letting her work half drop in her lap, she bestowed a thoroughly maternal rhapsody of admiration upon the cooing, gurgling little mortal, glancing furtively at Annie, meanwhile, as if to note the effect. Then she seemed to have a fit of reflection, ending with:

"Annie, why didn't you walk beside Dr. Ford Sunday evening coming home from church? What made you keep so close to Ned and me?"

Just the faintest increase of color in Annie's rosy cheeks, and a sudden prick which she gave her forefinger, gave sign of—a tender conscience, may be.

"Give me a bit of cambric for my finger, please," she said, almost crisply. "What absurd ideas you have! Can't I walk home from church with you and Ned, just as I

always have done before Dr. Ford took to joining us?"

"No, but why, Annie?"

"Because, if I must say it, I don't believe in flirting."

A little silence fell upon the group, and then Annie began to talk of the heat, and wondered if it could be that another thunder-shower was gathering; but the elder sister leaned forward, and addressed the baby in a semi-confidential tone: "Tommy, ask auntie if she believes in marrying."

"No, of course not," answered Aunt Annie; "not unless there are excellent reasons for and insufficient reasons against such a tremendous procedure. Do you comprehend, Tommy?"

"Certainly, Tommy understands," rejoined his mamma; "but now he really wants very much to know what the pros and cons are in the particular case under consideration."

Annie bent her bright head over her sewing, and looked quite obdurate. But just at this juncture of affairs, a slender, tall, elderly gentleman came out of the open door. He wore a dressing-gown, and had the unmistakable air of an invalid. His face had the flush and his eyes the slightly swollen look of one newly awakened; and while Annie rose quickly to bring him out an arm-chair, he spoke pleasantly to his eldest daughter, in a peculiar, tremulous, nervous voice, and with a slight down-east accent:

"So you're here, are you, Marthy? I heard some one talking to Annie, and thought likely 'twas you."

Mrs. Downing answered with kind inquiries for his health.

"Well, I'm kind of blue," he said; "couldn't sleep a wink last night, what with the hot weather and the mosquitoes and locusts. It's the meanest country to live in that could be found on the globe."

"Ah, now, papa, you wouldn't let any one else say that," remonstrated Mrs. Downing. "Tommy thinks it's splendid—don't you, pet?"

The baby clapped his fat hands, and crowed, kicking his small feet to give added

emphasis, till he nearly upset his chair. Even the querulous old gentleman found Tommy's optimism quite irresistible, and relaxed into a smile. Meanwhile, Annie had brought her father's favorite chair, and dexterously arranged its cushions and position in the most attractive fashion; but Mr. James began to walk up and down the piazza, twitching his hands nervously, and winking with a frequency and energy which seemed really a waste of vital force.

The daughters appeared entirely accustomed to his ways, and began to talk cheerily of the beauty of the grain field opposite the house, and the prospect of a fine crop of wheat.

"Well, how is it ever going to get harvested?" said Mr. James, stopping for a moment in his walk, and looking anxiously at the waving, golden field.

"I'm going to see to it, papa, of course," said Annie, briskly. "I've told Mr. Turner to come here with his men just as soon as they are through at the marshes."

"But these rains'll make it rusty, I'm afraid," said Mr. James.

"Let's not borrow trouble, papa; it surely looks nicely now," said Annie.

"Well, you're a good, cheerful girl; that's certain," said the father, letting his hand rest for a moment on the fair young head. "What would I have done without you, all these years of trouble?" Then, as he paced to and fro, he went back over the past in a pitiful retrospect; the daughters, after an exchange of despairing glances, not attempting to change the current of his mournful thoughts. Mrs. Downing, however, untied the baby, and cuddling him in her beautiful, motherly arms, seemed fortified against any amount of melancholy reminiscence.

"There never was such a woman as your ma to be always looking on the bright side: there's where Annie got her ways; though I was plucky enough once; but how can a man stand misfortune and sickness and death forever following him?" the old man said half appealingly, but without raising his eyes, or waiting for a reply. "First, I'd put most everything I had into town lots here,

just before the hard times, and they hain't been worth shucks since. Then came that dreadful summer when you was born, Annie. I can see your ma now, just as she looked that July. Just a trifle pale and heavy-eyed, but always smiling and happy, and full of bright plans about what we'd do, and how she'd manage to take all you children and go east for a visit in the fall, to her old home; 'Marthy and George are such nice big children now, and baby'll be too little to make much trouble,' she said over and over, as she stitched away on just such looking sewing as that of yours there. But the end of it all was a little motherless baby, and a home with the light gone out of it." He paused, and seemed to take a new sense of all that long-past grief, but resumed his walk and the story. "Then somehow we lived along, and the years went by, and you all grew up such good children; even little Annie, who had no mother to teach and train her, always seeming to think she must make her mother's place good, just as far as she could; and Marthy keeping house like a woman, when she was only in her teens; and George taking hold to help in the store and on the place—poor George!" and the old man groaned aloud—"dying just as he got to be a man with that dreadful fever; and then me taken down with the fever, and just living through, but more dead than alive ever since, with the pizen stuff the doctors gave me!" He sank down into his chair with a long sigh, and Annie went and put her arm around his neck in daughterly sympathy.

"Don't think about it, papa," she said. "Think of Martha and Ned and the little folks—and me," smiling half shyly.

"Yes, I do think of 'em all," he said, "and of you more'n the rest, because you've been doing your best to fill all the empty places—your ma's and George's, and Marthy's since she got married."

"O don't make a martyr of me, papa," she said brightly, resuming her old place and her sewing. "I never do a thing I don't love to do. I'm a born housekeeper and farmer and errand-boy and doctor and nurse," she

added. "But, papa, you're going to get better, you know, with the new English doctor, and I'll have to abdicate, I'm afraid."

"Dr. Ford does seem to know more than most of them," the father assented; "and I do believe my neuralgia is better since I took his medicines: but I hain't got no faith to speak of in any of 'em. I'd like to try a change of climate. Mebbe 'twould do me some good to go where everything didn't keep reminding me of by-gones. I wish Dr. Ford would call round; I'd talk to him about it. But then I suppose we couldn't ever sell the place, or rent it. I don't know as I could bring myself to sell it, anyway."

"Well, we'll talk to Dr. Ford about it," said Annie. "If it would really do you good, papa, I believe we could manage; you know managing is my strong point, and I haven't taken root in Carey, like Martha. We can pull up and go if it's best. I believe I'd rather like emigrating, if it weren't for Martha and the babies."

"Why, how could I live without you?" cried Martha, with tears springing up in her soft eyes.

"O, you have Ned and the children," said Annie; "you can defy any fate that leaves you them."

"I must go home and get Ned's tea," said Mrs. Downing, practically. Annie expostulated hospitably; but her sister set the baby in Annie's lap, and began folding her work. She could not help whispering, as she brought her sweet face near Annie's, "I wish you had a 'Ned,' Annie. Marry Dr. Ford, and 'take root in Carey,' like me!" At which Annie flushed indignantly, while innocent Mrs. Downing called her little girls, and led them in for a washing and brushing before going "down street" to their own home: meanwhile, Annie, with the baby on her arm, drew his little carriage around from the side of the house, shook up the pillow, tied on his little white sun-bonnet, and as she strapped him securely in, bestowed upon him a dozen or more fervent kisses, and a very peculiar charge.

"See here, Tommy," she said softly, "don't you ever dare to be a 'Hinglishman';

and don't you ever be near-sighted and wear glasses; and, Tommy, hark now; no matter what the weather may be, don't you ever call it 'nasty,' not if you want your auntie to think you're nice—remember, sir"; and she tucked his pretty checked-linen duster over his dainty dress.

"What's that auntie is telling you?" queried Mrs. Downing, coming down the path after bidding her father good by.

"O, I think," said Miss Annie, with bare-faced dissimulation, "Christine doesn't put enough starch in his little bonnet. See how it drops down over his eyes. Be sure and have her do it up on Monday." Then she joined the little procession, and went as far as the gate, holding it open for King Tommy's carriage to pass through. "Good by, your royal highness," said she gayly; "good by, my girlies; good by, Mattie," and she kissed her sister tenderly; "but, mind, Martha, don't ever talk such nonsense to me again. What possible right have you to think Dr. Ford wishes to marry me? And don't you know I belong to father? No mortal man can ever come between me and my poor old father!"

"Why, he wouldn't need to do that," expostulated Mrs. Downing.

Annie laughed derisively. "Hear the dear creature talk!" she said; "she lives, moves, and has her being for her 'Ned' and his children, and then she tells me a husband needn't come between me and father—O, of course not!"

"Well, good by," said Mrs. Downing, not much disconcerted by her sister's railery, and she moved away with her pretty *cortège*.

Annie stood by the gate, with the late afternoon sun shining through the tree-tops and lighting up her nut-brown hair, and watched the great masses of cumulus clouds hanging about the horizon. It must be confessed, she thought about them more in regard to the possible harm they might bring to the ripened wheat than to their wonderful beauty; yet she loved the whole out-door world, and was herself a charming adjunct to the landscape, in her fresh young beauty and dainty muslin dress. Certainly,

thus thought Dr. Ford, driving rapidly down the road in his shining new carriage. He checked his horse's pace as he neared the gate at which the young lady lingered, and raising his hat, bade her good evening, following the salutation with an inquiry for her father's health. Annie tried to respond with her usual quiet good breeding, but she had been too seriously and recently disturbed by her sister's matrimonial suggestions to quite keep her self-possession. There was just a tinge of stiffness in her air, which seemed to reach the young man's perceptions, and he gathered up his lines for a fresh start, when the thin voice of Mr. James called from the piazza, asking him to come in; so there was no recourse for Annie but to join in the invitation. The doctor sprang lightly from his buggy, tied his horse, drew off his driving-gloves, and walked in at the gate which Annie opened. Then the two young people came towards the house together. He was but a trifle taller than she, and was slightly formed. He had a frank, honest face, prominent blue eyes, English side-whiskers and mustache of a tawny hue, and was faultlessly attired. Mr. James greeted him warmly, and then lapsed easily into his usual hypochondriac style.

Annie excused herself, went quietly by into the kitchen, where she tied on a large apron, made a brisk fire, and set the shining tea-kettle on, preparatory for her father's early tea. Then she did an odd thing: took a new hinge and some screws out of a wrapping of brown paper, went to a tool box in the shed at the rear of the house, took out a brace and bit (making the selection with a critical eye) and a screw-driver. She then proceeded to the barn, and laying down her tools, made a careful survey of a broken hinge on the door, after which she deliberately, and as one who had large experience in such matters, removed the broken hinge, and was replacing it with the new one, measuring and boring new places for the screws in quite a scientific fashion, when the two gentlemen, whom she had left in quiet converse at the front door, came walking towards the barn. It was useless to

retreat or conceal her occupation; so this remarkable young woman went on with her slightly unfeminine work. Dr. Ford blushed. It was really very awkward to come upon this pretty young lady so peculiarly engaged: but he summoned his masculine courage, and advanced boldly.

"O—ah—I beg pardon—really now, Miss James, allow me to assist you. What is this undertaking of yours?" and he adjusted his spectacles for a closer survey.

"Why, yes, yes, Annie, let him do it, or me," said Mr. James, noticing poor Annie's hesitation and blushes. "The truth is, Doctor, I'm all out of the way of these things now, Annie has looked after everything so long."

"Of course," said Annie, eager to apologize for her father; "little jobs of tinkering worry father, and they don't trouble me one bit—when I'm let alone," she added, giving Dr. Ford an expressive glance, and showing her dimples and white teeth in a truly bewitching manner.

"I must beg pardon again," said Dr. Ford, anxiously studying the hinge and a screw. "Your father and I were speaking of some hay which I wished to buy, and we were simply coming to the barn to look at it. I had not the remotest thought of intruding; but will you let me help you, as a favor to myself? I'm not familiar with this kind of business—need educating, you know." He held the hinge in place and put in a screw. "Now, where is your hammer, Miss James?"

Annie laughed merrily, and explained the mode of dealing with screws. It was the doctor's turn now to be disconcerted, but Annie was too kind to allow him to feel a painful sense of ignorance very long. She came to the rescue with such dexterous capability, was so full of little jokes and gayety, and so thoroughly charming, that the young Briton would cheerfully have learned the builder's trade if he could have been apprenticed to this lovely carpenter and joiner.

When the work was completed, Annie felt hospitably bound to persuade her new assistant to stay and take tea with them—a thing

by no means difficult to accomplish; so she hastened in, leaving her father and Dr. Ford to investigate the hay question; and with the quickness and deftness which were her special endowments, made ready the neat tea-table. No wonder the home-sick young Englishman, long surfeited with the fare at the Carey "Palace Hotel," felt his soul revive within him as he sipped his tea from a china cup, and ate sweet, home-made graham bread, with strawberries and cream. He grew familiar, almost confidential; talked of his old home, of his widowed mother and young sisters, of an elder brother who had died of a decline, and the consequent anxiety of the family about himself, as he had "never been over-strong about the chest," and finally of his decision to try a change of climate, and his desperate efforts to get accustomed to American, and particularly western, ways. "But I dare say I appear very odd myself to you all," he said, half inquiringly and almost pathetically; to which his listeners could not but assent, yet with assurances calculated to soften the unpleasantness of the admission. Then he spoke gratefully of the kindness he had received, especially from Mr. Downing, who was the leading druggist of Carey. "He has been like a brother to me," he said earnestly; "and I only hope I have been of a little service to him in his chemical studies."

"He and Marthy are always praising you," said Mr. James, kindly. "Only last Sunday afternoon—wa'n't it, Annie?—Edward was saying how that last surgical job of yours, when the Chicago doctor was over, was put in the city papers, and would bring you lots of credit."

Dr. Ford could only blush perceptibly, and insist that all the credit of the operation belonged to his thorough English training.

"There are a few things I know," he said, glancing deprecatingly at Annie, "if I didn't directly distinguish between a screw and a nail."

As they lingered over the pleasant meal, a sudden darkening of the room and long roll of thunder startled them all. The two

young people rose quickly, Dr. Ford murmuring thanks, apologies, and good-bys all together, as he sought for his hat and started toward the gate and his waiting horse; while Annie caught her water-proof cape from its place in a closet, a milk-pail from the pantry shelf, and made equal haste towards a little clover field near the barn, where a pretty Jersey cow was feeding. But the storm was close upon them. Ere the horse could be untied, clouds of dust were flying before the wind, and the roar of the coming rain was distinctly heard. "Better drive right in," called Mr. James, hastening out to open a large gate, and retreating quickly to avoid the first dash of rain, while the doctor drove to the barn for shelter from the coming tempest. Annie, meanwhile, had run to the pasture bars, called her little cow Daisy, and retreated with her to the barn just in time to hold the newly mended door open for the rain-pursued young man. When they were all safely within they broke out into merry laughter over the oddity of the situation, the little cow seeming at first almost as disconcerted as her mistress, and making frantic efforts to get into her stall, from which the horse blockaded her. It took the combined efforts of the doctor and Annie to arrange matters satisfactorily, though the young man's suggestions and assistance were chiefly in the line of defense.

Meanwhile, the rains descended and the winds blew. "I think I may as well go on with my milking," said Annie, demurely taking down a little three-legged stool from one of the pegs, and approaching the cow familiarly. "Stand around, Daisy, there's a sensible cow."

Poor Dr. Ford wished from the depths of his heart that Annie had proposed to amputate one of the cow's legs instead of milking her; he would then have been tolerably sure of his ground, but as it was, his courage almost failed him. Could he allow this beautiful though singular young woman to proceed to her dreadful task without even an offer of help? His good breeding forbade it, and he boldly held out his hand for the pail.

"Allow me once more, my—my dear Miss James," he faltered; "I think with your direction I might succeed. Let me make the attempt, at least."

All the native love of fun which dwelt in the maiden's nature seconded the doctor's entreaty, and she graciously yielded.

"Well, sit down," she said; "set the pail so, now take hold like this, and do so."

Dr. Ford, much discomfited, meekly obeyed, but the attempt was vain. The instruction was all right, though mingled with much laughter, and the pupil's efforts were heroic but futile. Daisy grew indignant at such amateur performances, and finally the young Englishman gave up the undertaking. Annie wiped away her tears and took possession, while the young man looked on quite humbly, smoothing down the silky shoulder of the cow, with his small hand showing white and slender against the dark fawn-colored hair. The girl felt a sort of repulsion from the delicate, foreign youth who was so different from herself. He seemed to her weak and effeminate, and pitifully ignorant of common, practical affairs. Her ideal hero was of an entirely different type; but then, what were heroes to her? She belonged to her infirm old father; and as she rapidly filled her pail with the foaming, odorous milk, she took a secret pleasure in the thought that she was shocking this dilettant gentleman by her menial occupations. She could not help saying:

"I suppose you never watched a milkmaid before."

"I think not," he confessed, honestly; "though I did once go out on a farm in one of my school-boy vacations. Surely, Miss James, I—I never watched one with such interest."

"They figure largely in your pastoral poetry," said Annie evasively, working with renewed vigor.

"Now the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,"

she quoted gayly.

"How very odd," thought the young man—"a girl who mends barn doors and milks

cows to be quoting Milton!" A vision of his sisters rose up before him—what would they think about this western girl? Would her conduct strike them as being in very bad form? It gave him an uncomfortable sense of incongruity to think of them in connection with this free, bright, capable creature, and he tried to banish the remembrance of their timid grace and propriety.

"Do you like this—this kind of thing yourself, Miss James?" he ventured.

"O, immensely!" she replied. You see I make butter, and that gives me pin-money. Can't you imagine how I build castles as my pail fairly overflows, just like that other famous milkmaid: 'Green becomes my complexion best, and green it shall be,'" and she gave her head the traditional toss. Off fell the hood of the water-proof which she had drawn over her head when the wind and rain swept down upon her, and down with it rolled the masses of her beautiful hair, ensnaring the young man's heart more hopelessly than ever.

"Dear me," she said, "I can't put it up till I've finished milking. I'll be through in a minute"; but a heavy strand fell forward over her hands, and Dr. Ford stretched out his own half involuntarily.

"Pardon me; but if I might! O, may I just lay this unruly lock out of your way?" He took hold of it with a serious, reverent air, which sent a tide of crimson color over the fair young cheek and neck of the maiden; while a thrill of irresistible emotion swept through the whole being of the young man. It carried before it all barriers of race and country and form. He felt that he must speak.

"My dear Miss Annie," he said, growing pale, "I feel such an irresistible attraction."

"Only 'capillary,' I'm sure," said Annie, rising, and trying to laugh as she twisted up the coils of hair, but avoiding his glance.

"It seems to me far more like gravitation," said Dr. Ford.

"How absurd this predicament is!" said Annie, hurrying to the door with her pail; "hear the hail! And if there doesn't come

my cousin Frank careering through the rain! He has been caught out in it, too."

In at the open gate dashed another horse harnessed to a light sulky, in which sat a young man, large and well made, but completely drenched by the storm, and with his wide-brimmed straw hat flopping about his face in a most unpicturesque fashion. He, too, drove at headlong speed towards the hospitably open barn door. Dr. Ford made haste to lead his horse farther in, and move his carriage around to make room for the new-comer, who sprang out as soon as he was safe within, and greeted his cousin rather boisterously.

"Why, hallo, Annie, you out here? And who've you got here with you? O, Dr. Ford. I couldn't see, for the confounded rain in my eyes. Beg pardon, Doctor, how are you, anyway?"—and he shook off the water from his hat and coat, and advanced a little unsteadily towards the doctor, who was holding his high-spirited horse by the bit.

He returned the young man's salutation in a friendly way, but glanced rather uneasily at Annie as her cousin seized his hand and shook it with far more impressiveness than their acquaintance justified; at the same time giving him the benefit of a breath whose peculiar odors the wind and rain had not much modified. Then the excited young fellow made his way towards Annie, over whose face crept instantly a shadow of apprehension. She started to the door, but the strong hand of her cousin detained her.

"O, what's the use of your running away from a fellow like that?" he said. "You seemed contented enough when I drove in. Why don't you be civil to your relations, I'd like to know?" and he laughed in a tipsy fashion. "Come, Annie," he resumed, "you and I are friends, you know; set down your pail. What's the use of your being in such a deuced hurry?" and he put his big wet arm around her.

"Let me alone, Frank," she said imperatively. "You are not fit—O Frank, don't you see—don't you know you're not yourself?"

"You're mighty particular all at once, seems to me, Mistress Annie," retorted the young man; "ain't you and I cousins? Didn't you kiss me when I got back from college last week? Kiss me now, there's a good girl," and he put his flushed cheek against her deathly pale face.

"Let me go! O Frank, let me go!" she cried.

The colt which Frank had driven was pushing forward restlessly towards the other horse, making him rear and plunge so that the doctor's hands were pinioned; but his voice rang out clear and commanding:

"Take your hands off that young lady this instant, Mr. Burton!"

Frank turned towards him with a drunken leer, but without loosening his grasp on his cousin. "O, you're goin' to meddle, are you, young sawbones? It'll take about six like you to handle me. You wait till I get through with this, and I'll give you some bones of your own to fix."

Just at that instant a young British lion appeared to break loose in that barn. Frank Burton's arms were pinioned from behind, and his feet as suddenly flew out from under him; while a quiet voice said, "Take my horse's bit, Miss James," and then added, very decisively, "you will not get up, young man, till you are prepared to behave yourself like a gentleman."

There was considerable struggling, and not a little profanity; but the doctor was master of the situation. Meanwhile, poor Annie was stroking with trembling hand the brown face of the horse, and speaking soothingly to the colt, who seemed to know her well. The prostrate Frank appeared to grow reconciled to his condition at last, and then to have a glimmer of self-abasement.

"Le' me up," he finally said quite meekly, "and I'll go home."

"Just be quiet till the rain is over," said his grim keeper; "I see the cloud is passing around to the north." Then in a reassuring tone to Annie, "You are managing the horses admirably, Miss James; but I'll be able to relieve you in a moment."

Gradually the fury of the storm abated,

the flashes of lightning grew less frequent and vivid, and Dr. Ford assisted Frank Burton into his sulky, helped him back his colt safely out of the barn, and saw him depart with a considerably subdued air, but without any adieus. Then he came back to Annie.

"This has been exceedingly annoying," he said gently: "I trust it will not trouble you any further. I am greatly obliged to you for taking such excellent care of my horse."

"I am far more obliged to you," she said frankly, looking at him with shining eyes while she gave him her cold hand. "I shall find it hard to forgive Frank when he makes his repentant apologies to-morrow; but I have to remember that he grew up fatherless, and his mother has ruined him with indulgence. He is so young, it seems as if he might be saved. We are all trying to help him. I wonder if you could have any influence over him. O, will you try?" she pleaded.

He still held her hand. "Give me the right," he said, "to always protect you and help you."

She drew away her hand. "I did not mean—O, I am so sorry that you should say this to me. I cannot; don't you see how I am placed? And besides—indeed, Dr. Ford—pardon me, but it is impossible."

He turned away silently, busied himself for a moment with getting his carriage out of the door, sprang into it, and with a courteous good evening, drove rapidly away; while Annie, very sober and quiet, took up her brimming pail, and picked her way carefully along the flooded path to the kitchen door. She said nothing to her father of the various happenings, only commented on the violence of the storm, and went briskly about her household tasks. But when her father had lighted the lamp, and she drew her low rocker up to the table and took out her crocheting, she said:

"Did you talk with the doctor about a change of climate?"

"Yes," he answered with unusual animation; "and he said he thought likely it might be a very good thing. I'd go to Californy in a minute if we could get away, though I'd

like to take Dr. Ford along, eh, Annie?" and he peered at her downcast face, over which a flush crept.

She thrust her needle in and out with a vehemence that savored of irritation.

"Now, papa," she said, "don't *you* begin to persecute me! If it will do you good to go where the winters are milder, we will go."

She spoke with her usual cheerful decision; but in her heart she added, "And get away from the sight and sound of Dr. Ford."

After a moment she rose and said: "This dampness will set your lame shoulder aching, papa, so you must go and sit by the kitchen stove while I rub it well; and you are to have a cup of ginger tea before you go to bed. Dr. James orders it, and her word is law."

She bustled about with her pleasant, daughterly attentions, succeeded in getting her patient comfortably off to bed, fastened the doors, and went up to her own little maidenly, white-curtained room. The moon was shining through the broken masses of clouds, and she put out her lamp, threw her window wide open to the sweet, cool night-wind, and sat down on a low ottoman near by.

"I have never liked him half so well," she thought; "but I'm not in love, not a bit: besides, have I not made up my mind about this whole affair? What has set them all to plotting, I wonder? Don't they know I have a vocation?" She leaned her elbow on the sill and looked up at the lovely sky scenery. Then she spoke softly, like some pretty nun at a madonna's shrine, "O mother mine, I will be faithful, even unto death!"

Down in the little village, at the same hour, a young man sat in an office-like room full of books and cases. He held in his hand a treatise on anæsthetics; but he was watching a moth dashing itself against the hot chimney of his kerosene lamp.

He seemed to have a fellow-feeling for it, which made him wondrous kind, for he carefully caught it and tossed it from the open window; but it returned in an instant with renewed zeal, and the student leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands above his head. "Well, then," he said, "be 'shriveled

in a fruitless fire,' if you will; it is a matter of fate."

II.

Half a dozen years have gone by. They have only mellowed and deepened the character lines written on the face of Annie James; but they have brought her entirely new surroundings. She sits now in a little cottage porch, over which grows the delicate tropical solanum, with its pendant clusters of white blossoms, more abundant, almost, than its dark green leaves. Her father, not much changed in appearance, though evidently improved in health, is walking up and down long rows of grape-vines, which radiate in every direction from the house, carefully pruning them. Annie has been working with him, but has come in to write a letter to her sister Martha. It shall tell its own story. It is dated "Santa Maria, California," and after pleasant greetings to the Downing household, goes on thus:

"All that you write me of home affairs is delightful. I am inexpressibly glad to hear of Cousin Frank's well-doing. We must all feel, as I know Frank himself does, that we owe a great deal to Dr. Ford. I think he would have died of that dreadful fall from his horse but for the doctor's skill and friendly care. His whole life has been changed by it; and I am very glad to hear of him as a noble, self-controlled man. How strange it was that, after achieving so many successes, Dr. Ford should have left Carey! Doubtless Chicago had greater attractions for a man of his talent. Ned must miss him still; though it is four years ago that he went away, isn't it? That was just about the time when we came to Santa Maria—we were a little over a year in Santa Barbara. How the years go!

"I love to think of you so nicely settled in our old home. It was exactly the place for the children, and for you all. It makes us both feel happier here, so far away, to know that those we love are in the dear old familiar places. We talk of you all every day, and sometimes we get slightly homesick for you, darling, and your blessed babies,

and dear Ned; but we can't shorten the distance. It has, indeed, been a fortunate thing for poor father to get away from so many reminders of his trouble, and to exchange the brief summer and long winter of the East for the brief winter and long summer of California. Then, too, he can be busy here so much more than on the old place. Vineyard work is his delight, from the pruning to the grape picking. I wish you could see him now, as he moves about, with so much vigor and evident pleasure in his occupation. But pretty soon I shall make him come in and rest, and then we will sit here together and watch the sea from our eyrie. Father's eyes are keener even than mine to catch the first glimmer of a white sail on the far-off line where sea and sky meet.

"Ah, my dear! if I did not know how perfectly content you are in your own sweet home, I shouldn't dare to tell you of all the beauty and the grandeur of this new mountain home of ours. As it is, I fear I sometimes weary you with my rhapsodies, though you are so good as to beg for more of them. We are always glad that we bought this bit of mountain land, and set it out with grapes; and it was a kind Providence to us that sent that blessed Mongol, old Fun Lee, to be my faithful ally and prime minister. He and father and I make a triumvirate of rare harmony and vigor. How your Tommy—no, *our* Tommy—would be amazed at Fun and his pigeon-English!

"There is a large summer hotel going up not far from us. It will bring a fashionable San Francisco crowd here, which I do not altogether desire; but I shall 'gang my ain gait' in the future as in the past. I have really lost all knowledge of society ways. My interests center in father, Fun Lee, and the price of grapes. At least half my heart, however, lingers in the old home with you, dearest. Keep a place for me by the old hearth-stone, and don't let the bairns forget their maiden aunt.

"Tell Ned when he writes to Dr. Ford to remember us to him kindly."

Two more years slip away. A hot July

morning holds even the heights of Santa Maria in its sultry dominion. The trade-wind will come to the rescue by and by, but for the present the sun rules undisputed. The guests at the Santa Maria hotel are completely overcome by it. The gentlemen sit on the north side of the house in linen coats, and talk mining stocks between their cigars. The ladies retreat to the darkened parlor, sip lemonade, and fan themselves languidly.

An English lady of dignified bearing, accompanied by a fair, delicate-looking daughter, separated themselves from the group, and ventured out on the piazza. "O mamma," the young lady said, "I feel as if I should suffocate in-doors. Don't you think we might go down into the cañon? It's not far, you know; and we can take a book, and find a shady place."

The elder lady seemed only too glad to please her daughter, whose evident invalidism justified all indulgence. Both ladies wore deep mourning, and seemed entirely devoted to each other. The mother brought a sun umbrella and one of Black's novels, and the two went arm in arm along the path which led to the much-frequented cañon. They talked, as they strolled, of the wonderful view of the sea, the strange grandeur of the redwood forest, the rich coloring of the madrones, and the sweetness of the mountain air.

"It is like wine," the young lady said; "I feel stronger already, in spite of the heat. O mamma, if our home were only here, I think I could get well. If we had come soon enough, perhaps we could have kept Alice," and her gentle blue eyes overflowed.

"We must not let ourselves brood over that, my love," the mother said. "We can stay as long as it does you good. Arthur is coming up from the city to-morrow, you know, and we will all be together. It is home to me now wherever you and Arthur are."

They crossed a little trickling stream on stepping-stones, and then followed its green and mossy winding into a ravine on whose exposed and sunny sides wild blackberries

grew in abundance. They paused in a shadow of a thicket of madrones, and began to gather a few of the ripest berries, when they discovered another occupant of the ground, literally; for at the foot of a tree sat what they would have called a young "person," but in our more democratic phrase, a young lady. She had filled a tin pail with berries, and now sat in a careless attitude, fanning herself with her wide-brimmed hat. Her rich hair was coiled in a mass at the back of her well-shaped head, while little stray, escaping locks curled in soft, moist rings about her forehead, and the warmth gave a glow to her cheeks and a dewy softness to her complexion altogether charming; but her gown was a dark print, and she wore a white apron. As the ladies came upon her suddenly, she betrayed no particular embarrassment, but bowed pleasantly and said, "Good morning." They responded to the slight civility with quiet decorum, but indicated by neither word nor glance any further interest; neither did the young "person." So, after a moment's further pause, they sauntered on, and the low murmur of their voices died away in the distance. The young lady sat still for a little while, and then, taking up her pail of berries, went slowly in the same direction, as if to avail herself as long as possible of the cool shadows of the ravine on her homeward way. She had scarcely gone a dozen rods from her resting place, when a sudden scream pierced the stillness, and sent her flying along the path towards the two ladies, who appeared quickly hastening towards her, the elder one half-supporting, half-dragging the younger, who seemed paralyzed with fear.

"She has been bitten by a rattlesnake! Run for help!" cried the mother.

But the stranger put her arm quickly around the poor, fainting girl, and said, as she laid her gently down, "Tell me where."

"O here—here on my hand," she moaned.

In an instant the good Samaritan bound her own handkerchief firmly about the slender wrist, and taking a little bottle of ammonia from her pocket, bathed the small purple wound over and over again.

"I always carry ammonia when I go berrying," she said, "the wasps are so troublesome; and although I never saw a rattlesnake, I know that they have been found here. Now let us help you home. Do not be frightened. You must get very tipsy as soon as we reach the hotel, and I dare say you will be none the worse for this adventure."

So with cheerful words she encouraged the young lady to rise, and taking her between them, they led and carried her back to the hotel. There was a crowd about them in a moment, and a word of explanation called out such a flood of sympathetic offers of help from the ladies and such a number of flasks from gentlemen's pockets as convinced the stranger she could safely leave her patient. She turned to a sensible-looking, gray-haired lady:

"Keep the wound wet with ammonia," she said, "and give her enough whisky to keep her stupefied until you can get a physician here from the nearest town." Then she slipped quietly away, unnoticed and unthanked.

At an early hour in the afternoon Fun Lee returned from the hotel with the good tidings to his mistress that the young lady "all timee heap sleepee. Doctor say all samee well."

The next morning's stage brought a gentleman to the hotel, who registered as "Arthur Ford, M. D., San Francisco," and then directed the clerk to show him up to Mrs. Ford's rooms. There was something in his quick, decisive manner that led them to think he knew of the accident; so without a word of explanation, he was ushered into his mother's presence. She came forward to meet him with a pale face and outstretched hands.

"My dear Arthur, are you here so soon? Did you get the telegram?"

"What telegram? Where is Edith?" he asked.

"She is out of danger, we think, and longing for you." Then she told him the story hurriedly. "We were sitting on a mossy log, when she saw some lovely ferns

growing just above us on a ledge, and she stood up and reached for them. She heard a rattling sound, but thought it a locust, and reached for a second handful. A rattlesnake struck its fangs into the fleshy part of her thumb. She screamed with the fright and pain, and I saw the horrible reptile. She had on a thread glove, which was no protection. If it had not been for a wonderful Providence which sent the most remarkable young woman to our rescue—O Arthur!" and she ended her story in a great sob.

Afterward, as he sat by his sister's bedside, holding her little swollen hand tenderly in his own, and comforting her with renewed assurances that the danger was over, she recurred again to the unknown heroine of the previous morning.

"Was it not strange, Arthur? We passed her a few moments before, and I told mamma she looked like a hamadryad. Her hair was just the red-brown of the madrone she was leaning against, and her figure was like a Greek nymph."

"Well, who was she?" said Arthur, smiling.

"We must find out, of course," said Mrs. Ford; "but the only clew we have is this handkerchief, which she bound so tightly around Edith's wrist, and which the physician said probably saved her life." She passed him the handkerchief, which he took and glanced at with some interest. "There is a name in the corner, you notice," said Mrs. Ford. He found it, and went over to the window for better light. When he read it, he looked as if he were thrilled by some sudden revelation, for there in the corner was written in a clear, bold hand, "*Annie James.*"

"I once knew a young lady of that name in the East," he said quietly, "and she answered to Edith's description. I knew, too, that she came to California. We must make inquiries about her," and he put the handkerchief in his breast pocket.

The ladies of the hotel that evening, assembled in parlors with worsteds and crewels, discussed Dr. Ford between talk

of the newest thing in Kensington stitch, and the possibilities of an invasion from the whole species *crotalus horridus*. The young ladies declared that they would never dare to set foot in the cañon again, in which they were cordially upheld by several matrons. One lady suggested that here was an opportunity for young men to distinguish themselves. No one should be allowed knightly privileges hereafter till he had brought in a rattlesnake. "Don't speak of them again," begged a pretty little woman; "I look for one under every sofa." All the young ladies thereupon tucked their skirts up closely, and set their feet upon the rounds of their own or their neighbors' chairs.

"But isn't Dr. Ford splendid?" said one—"so distinguished! I'm just in love with his eye-glasses and his English manners!"

"Fie, you foolish Bertha!" said her mother; "you don't know what English manners are. He is simply a quiet, reserved gentleman."

"I have heard of him often," said an elderly lady. "He had a fine reputation in Chicago, but has come to San Francisco because he was not strong himself, and his only sister, Miss Edith, had been ordered to California by her English doctors. They have only been here a short time, but he is already succeeding well. One of our leading surgeons has taken him as a partner."

"Is he married?" asked Bertha.

"Why, no, I think not," said the well-informed lady. "I observe he is remarkably devoted to his mother and sister."

Then the conversation drifted on to Kensington stitch and landscape embroidery.

In an upper room a young man sat alone. He took out a lady's handkerchief. It was white, hem-stitched, unbordered, plain, unfumed. He noted each characteristic, and thought: "It is like her. I will find her to-morrow."

But the morrow found his sister Edith nervous and restless, so he devoted himself to her with unremitting assiduity, and was rewarded by seeing her almost in her normal condition when the lengthening

shadows allowed them to open windows and blinds. They were having a heated term at Santa Maria. The next day was the Sabbath. There was a religious service in the parlor of the hotel, to which the guests and neighboring families had been invited. Dr. Ford would have gone down, but his mother asked him to stay and read the English morning service with her and Edith, to which he readily assented. When it was finished, and his mother had settled down in her easy chair with her beloved "holy George Herbert," while Edith lapsed into a light slumber, he opened the French window, and stepped out on the balcony. The service below was just closing, and the voices of the worshipers rose in a familiar hymn. There was a rich contralto which stirred in Arthur Ford's heart a flood of old experiences, as he leaned over the balcony and drank it in. A little later he saw two well-known figures going down the walk away from the house: a thin, bowed, gray-haired man, and beside him a straight, symmetrical lady in the ripe beauty of a mature youth. Her brown hair showed red lights in the sunshine, and as she turned her profile towards him he saw the strong, sweet face he had missed so long. He felt a great inclination to hasten down and join them, but was restrained by a memory which seemed to vex him afresh. "What a consummate cockney she must have thought me in those days!" he said to himself; "and she was so mature and wise and many-sided. She is the same good daughter still, living here in exile for her father's sake. Why should I intrude upon her? Would it be of any avail?"

The afternoon wore away. A subtle breath of coolness stole up from the sea, and Dr. Ford strolled out alone to enjoy the wonderful beauty and peace of the night-fall on the lonely summit of Santa Maria. He passed several groups of young ladies, gathered in picturesque attitudes under the great trees, reading, chatting, sauntering, to all of whom he raised his hat with formal politeness, but was not enticed, apparently, to join any of their number. He did not take the

favorite cañon path, but went more directly towards a long, high ridge behind the hotel, from which he judged there might be an unlimited stretch of ocean view. It was a steep climb, but he felt amply rewarded when he stood on an outlying ledge of rock, and looking down over miles of dense redwood forest; saw in all its beauty the lovely bay of Santa Maria encircled by pretty villages, and dotted with white sails; while far off stretched the infinite sea. He could see the white caps of the waves, and yet not a sound of the ocean reached him. It was as silent and motionless as a picture. A long bank of fog skirted the distant horizon line, which, as the sun declined, slowly moved landward. Soon there was only a shining rim of the bay to be seen; then that, too, disappeared. It swept very slowly over the little villages and hamlets, like a soft, white inundation, and then crept stealthily up the mountain-side. The gorges filled, the higher peaks looked like green islands in a silver sea, the long ridges like promontories, and then they, too, were overwhelmed. The setting sun pierced it with long bars of iridescent light, while the horizon took on opaline and amber hues, and the whole atmosphere was aglow. The stillness seemed supernatural, all sounds coming through it with wonderful clearness, and appearing only to make it more perceptible. The tinkle of distant cow bells, the twitter of nearer birds, or the rustle of a lizard in the dry grass—no sound seemed lost or mingled with another. It was all new and almost overwhelming in its beauty to the restless heart of the young man as he stood there alone on the mountain, and he uncovered his head as before an august presence. Just below him at his right lay a little farmhouse with green environs of vineyard and orchard. A bower-like porch on the seaward side seemed to have occupants, though it was too remote for his eye to detect them; for softly upward floated the exquisite words of the hymn, "Lead, kindly Light." He knew it was Annie James singing in the Sabbath twilight to her old father; and as if he were in a vast cathedral, he felt infinitely sustained and quieted.

As he went slowly back to the hotel in the deepening twilight, he detected an unusual stir. Some gentlemen were starting out of the gate, evidently in haste, but paused as he approached them.

"O, Doctor," one of them said, "there has been a call for you, and we were just going to hunt you up. A Chinaman is here looking for a physician to go over to his place; an old gentleman has been taken suddenly ill."

The doctor hastened in, and after running up to his room for a case of medicines, and to speak a word to his mother, went hurrying away with Fun Lee. He knew directly from the few broken words of explanation which his guide vouchsafed that he was going to attend his old-time patient, and his heart throbbed with a violence which even their speed did not justify. A light shone from the open door of the house, and as they stepped into the porch he saw Annie bending over her father, who lay on a lounge. She was bathing his face, but turned suddenly on hearing the footsteps.

"Oh Fun, have you found a doctor?" she said. Then with swift astonishment and recognition: "Is it *you*, Dr. Ford? Oh, come here!"

He felt at a glance that his skill would be of no avail, but took the pallid hand in his, felt for the pulse, listened a moment for breathing, then laid his hand on the heart which was still forever, and said gently, "It is all over."

There was no scene, save that Fun Lee fled out with a howl of dismay; while Annie covered her face with her hands, and seemed struggling for composure. After a moment she spoke quietly:

"I was singing to him an hour ago," she said. "I sang, 'Lead, kindly Light,' as he asked me. We were out on the porch, and I thought he looked paler than usual. Then he came in and lay down, as he often did. I thought he dropped asleep; and was covering him, when I noticed it was not an ordinary sleep. Then I sent Fun to the hotel for help, and did all that I could to rouse him." She checked her overflowing tears,

and said simply: "I am utterly alone, but there are kind neighbors near. Fun will go for them."

"Let me bring my mother to you," said Ford, earnestly; "she owes you—we all do—an infinite debt of gratitude for what you

did when my sister was in such peril the other day. Let me act as your brother—if there is no one nearer," he added falteringly.

"There is no one," she said: and their eyes met in mutual confession, in endless confidence and love. MARY H. FIELD.

YONÉ: A JAPANESE IDYL.

"*Kon-nichi wa, sensei!*"

"Good day to you, little woman. And where have you been so early, this bright, beautiful morning. You look weary."

"Oh, I am *so* tired, *sensei* (learned sir). Only think, I've been to the very top of Kim-puku-san! I'm sure it's ten miles high, that mountain. Don't you think so?"

"Nonsense. Why, it isn't more than half the height of Fuji-yama, and that is exactly a *ri* (two and one-third miles) high; though by the road I dare say it is fully ten miles to the summit. And what took you to the top of Kimpuku?"

"I had to go with a stupid lot of folks from the main-land, who wanted to see the sun rise. As if the sun doesn't rise just as grandly from behind our temple! We went up last evening, and slept on the summit in an old hut. It was so cold; and after all, we didn't see O Tento-sama. It was so misty that we couldn't catch a glimpse of his face, and so the pilgrims had to recite their *Namu Amida Butsu* to the winds. I really couldn't help laughing, they looked so cold and so disappointed. Have you made the pilgrimage to Fuji-san, *sensei*?"

"Yes, indeed, and to every other of the sacred places of Japan—Zenko-ji and Isé and Kin-ka-san and Eno-shima and Miya-jima and Kompira San and Matsu-shima—"

"*Do-mo*, what a traveler you have been! And you've really made a pilgrimage to all the holy places? Now you're *sure* to go to heaven. And yet I don't know, being that you are a *kiristo* (a Christian). Yamamoto says foreigners have no souls; but I dare say

that's only a lie (*uso bakari*). Did you ascend Fuji-san alone, *sensei*?"

"I went all by myself; I didn't even take a guide. And I suffered just such a disappointment as your folks did this morning. I slept in a stone hut on the verge of the crater, and when I awoke at break of day, nearly frozen to death, found fully a thousand people clustered round the edge of the basin, reciting their prayers, and clapping their hands in anticipation of the appearance of O Tento Sama. We saw nothing, however, but a magnificent stretch of silver cloud, extending as far as the eye could reach, away down beneath our feet. It was a glorious sight, well worth the ten-mile climb over the ashes and snow-drifts; but it was a terrible disappointment to all the *jun-rei* (pilgrims)."

"Maa! wouldn't it be! Why, you know, *sensei*, to witness the rising of the sun from the top of Fuji is as good as a passport to heaven. Only fancy! A thousand people from every part of Japan, and the mountain open for only one month in the year! I think I should die of vexation, if I were to journey all the way from our island to Fuji, and then meet with such a disappointment."

"You'd get over it, little one. You're young and healthy, and will live long enough, I dare say, to make half a dozen pilgrimages to Fuji."

"Perhaps so, *sensei*," replied the little girl, with a sigh; "but the old *isha-san* (doctor) thinks otherwise, and scolds me terribly when he finds me romping about with the other girls. Won't he be angry when he

hears I have climbed to the very top of Kim-puku! Father has no one left but me, you know, *sensei*, since mother died. So I must take care of my health."

"Yes, indeed. For my sake as well as your father's. Come, *chisai* (little one), won't you walk down to the beach with me? I've got something to say to you. This is my last day on Sado, you know, for some time to come."

"And are you really going away, *sensei*?"

"Really, Yoné. Denzaburo is to take me over to Nügata in his *funé*, (boat) and is even now making preparations to sail. Tell me, are you sorry to have me go?"

"I am truly sorry. I like you, though you are a foreigner."

"Thank you, sweetheart. But are you quite sure 'like' is the word you meant to use?"

"*Do desu-ka?*" Yoné looked down, and laughed merrily.

"See, *bo*, (baby, little one) I have brought you a keepsake"; and I drew from out its wrapping of silk-paper a pretty golden hair-pin, with a coral *tama* (jewel) of a pale pink hue.

"*Ma-a!* How beautiful! Is it really for me, *sensei*? Why, it must be worth tens of *riyo*. There isn't such another *kanzashi* (hair-pin) in the whole island. Won't Fusa envy me!"

"What, little Fusa, the *ko-cho's* (village mayor's) daughter? She's a nice little girl."

"Nasty, conceited thing; I hate her!"

"Why, Yoné!"

"O yes—I saw you two the other night, whispering on the beach. And they do say you went off swimming together, out into the bay."

"Fie, fie! I'm sure you don't believe anything of the kind. You know I never go out into the bay, for fear of the devil-fish. Haven't I had that bathing-house built over the deep, clear pool in the cove, just because I was afraid a horrid octopus would come along and lay hold of me with his terrible tentacles?"

"Well, then, you were bathing together in the pool. I wish the *tako* had caught hold of you both."

"Why, Yoné, I am ashamed of you! It is true, I met Fusa on the beach, but it was quite by accident. I went out to see if I could find any devil-fish dancing on the *hama* (beach). Do you believe that they come out of the water and walk about in the moonlight on their hind legs? Fusa says they do."

"*Bakarashi hanashi* (what foolishness)! Fusa believes every nonsensical story she hears. I'm surprised at your having anything to say to her."

"Upon my word, Yoné, I believe you are jealous."

"Jealous of *her*? Why she's only a child; she's not yet thirteen!"

"That's good! You're only fourteen yourself."

"Sixteen, *sensei*."

"Fourteen, in reality; your Japanese mode of reckoning ages is a stupid one."

"Stupid yourself!"

"Come, don't let us quarrel on the eve of parting. Haven't you a *katami* (keepsake) for me? Won't you give me something to remember you by?"

"I have nothing whatever, Harry *san* (Mr.). We are not rich, you know; father is only a poor Shinshu priest."

"Give me that tiny pipe you carry in your *obi* (girdle). Naughty girl! Women don't smoke in my country."

"That pipe, *sensei*? How could I? It is a present from Yamamoto Zensuke."

"And pray who is this Yamamoto that you speak of?"

"He is to be my husband one of these days, when I grow older. He works in the gold mine."

"Yes? And do you love him?"

"Well, now! I never thought about that. That's funny. On reflection, I don't think I do, *sensei*."

"Tell me truly: you love me a little bit; now don't you?"

"*Oya!* How could I? Why, you're a foreigner!"

"And haven't foreigners got hearts as well as Japanese?"

"Zensuke says they haven't; but I know he doesn't like *e-jin*. Have they really, *sensei*?"

"You are mocking me. Come, what about that keepsake you promised me?"

"I never did promise, you story-teller. I would like to give you something, but I have nothing. How sorry I am!"

"Give me a kiss, Yoné; I'll keep it until I return, and then you shall have it again."

"*Kisu*—what is that?"

I had forgotten. The Japanese never kiss.

"Shall I teach you the meaning of the word?"

"*Dozo* (please do)."

I did.

Yoné blushed and moved away, holding down her head.

"How rude you are, Harry *san*! Is that a custom of your country?"

"It is, *bo*. And now that you have learned this fashion of my people, won't you give me a little *katami* to carry away with me?"

"No, no; but I'll tell you what I'll do: I will keep your *kisu* until you come back again, and then perhaps I may return it to you. When shall you return to Sado, *sensei*?"

"In the tenth month, if all be well."

"Truly?"

"*Honto desu yo* (most truly)! Meanwhile, don't be teaching Yamamoto foreign customs."

"Don't mock me. Please don't mention it to any one: but I detest him. Truly."

"*So desu ka* (is that so)? And how about poor me?"

"Well, as I said, you are only a foreigner. *Jitsu wa*, I almost think—"

"Well?"

"I don't know yet. At all events, I don't hate you. I'll tell you when you come back again."

"Meantime, can't I have a kiss?"

"Sh, *sensei*, that minx Fusa is watching us. How I hate her!"

"O you jealous, jealous thing! I dote on her; she's such a winning little creature."

A look of pain passed over Yoné's face and she placed her hand over her heart.

"What ails you, little one?" I said, taking her by the hand; "are you unwell?"

"It is gone," she said, with a sigh. "It is my heart, the doctor says."

"Poor little girl! I'm so sorry. Does it often trouble you?"

"Very often, since mother died, last spring. Have you a mother, *sensei*?"

"My mother is still alive, Yoné."

"And have you brothers and sisters, too? How nice it must be to have *kiyodai* (brothers or sisters)! I am alone; there is only father and I."

"I have a brother and two sisters. When I come again I will show you their portraits."

"*Dozo*. Is your country *very* far away, *sensei*? If I were to go over to the edge of the sea, in old Kichibei's boat, over there where the sun is shining, could I see it?"

"It is five thousand *ri* distant. One needs to travel many weeks to reach it."

"Oya, oya! It must be farther than Yedo, even. *Sensei*, go home and comfort your mother. Why do you stay in this country when you have a parent who longs to see you, and brothers and sisters, too?"

"And a dear old auntie, besides, Yoné, who has been a second mother to me. Would you like to go with me to that far-away land?"

"I should like to go, but I am afraid. I am sure foreigners have no hearts, or they would never leave their old parents, to travel in strange countries."

I bowed my head at the reproof. Among the Japanese, love of country is only excelled by love and reverence for parents.

"Why do you sit in the burial-ground all day long, Yoné? I always find you there when I go up to the temple. It is bad for your health."

"My mother is there, you know, and when father is engaged at his prayers I have no one to talk to but her. So I wander in there among the tombstones, and sit under the pine trees, watching the birds and the butterflies, and dreaming all day long, of—of—some other country; so beautiful! It

hardly seems like a dream, either; everything appears so real. And sometimes I hear my mother's voice. And the winds sing such solemn songs, and the waves race up the strand and back again; and so I sit hours and hours, thinking and thinking, and singing the old ballads I learned from mother. Did *your* mother teach you any ballads, *sensei*? I wish you would sing me a foreign song; I have never heard one. *Doso.*"

To please the little woman, I sang the song which appeals to all hearts, "Sweet Home"; sang it with the willful tears welling out from under my eyelids. Little Yoné listened, and looked into my face sympathizingly. I explained to her the meaning of the words, and she sighed, and timidly placed her hand on my shoulder.

"I am so sorry for you; so far away from home. You did not mention your father, *sensei*; where is he?"

I pointed to a grave in silence.

"Would you like me to sing you a little song, Harry *san*—one that my mother taught me?"

"I should indeed. What will you sing? An old, old ballad?"

"I will sing you the ballad of *Niy-dō*, a high-priest, who lived in the cycle called *Kan-ki* (A. D. 1229). It is called 'The Scattering of the Cherry Blossoms.'

"The ground with *sakura* flow'rs is strewn,
As thick as though the drifted snow
Thereon did lie; and I, too, soon,
As withered, low shall lie 'neath blow
Of man's inexorable foe."

"What a mournful ditty! God forbid that its burden should prove prophetic! Cheer up, little one, and try and grow strong and hearty, against my coming in the fall."

"I shall look for you in the tenth month, *sensei*. Don't fail to come. I shall wait for you here, under the pines and the crimson maples, where I can watch for your vessel speeding over the great sea. It will be autumn, and everything will be beautiful. Oh, *itai ne-e* (what a pain)!" And the poor little girl raised her hand to her breast again. The pain was soon gone.

"Good by, little bird. Look for me in the tenth month. What! Not one kiss? Have you forgotten the foreign fashion so soon?"

"Forgotten it? I haven't learned it yet. But I'll practice it while you're away."

"With Zensuke?"

"*Iya desu-yo* (I hate you)! With Fusa." She smiled saucily.

"And when I return may I have my kiss back?"

"Perhaps. If you are good, and don't make love to Fusa. Good by. Don't forget me!"

"*Sayonara* (farewell)! We shall meet again."

"*Seiyonara!*"

The tenth month came, and the *kaidé* and the *hasé* (varieties of maple) were clothed in crimson and gold. The soft winds murmured among the branches, and the wavelets raced up and down the beach as merrily as they had done on my last visit to the golden island. The cemetery wore its accustomed air of peace and rest; and as I toiled up the steep stretch of steps leading to the temple, I looked for the form of little Yoné among the granite tombstones. As I approached the grave of her mother, I observed an elderly man bending over it, apparently absorbed in prayer. I was about to retire, when he motioned me to approach, and saluted me.

"I am the priest Sozen," he said, in a gentle voice. Welcome to our island once more. The tenth month has come; the leaves are falling; the winter is approaching. There is nothing but change in this world."

There was something in this that chilled and awed me. His manner was strange, and he looked mournfully down on his wife's grave, sighing deeply.

"Yoné—is she well? I do not find her in her accustomed haunts."

"She is with her mother," he replied simply.

"Dead!"

He bowed his head, and hid his face with his long sleeve.

"Here is a letter she gave me for you, *sensei*," he said softly. "She wrote it the day she left us."

This is all it said:

"*Sensei*, we may not meet again in this world;

but, as you know, we shall greet each other once more in that beautiful country I used to dream of. I have given your kiss to Fusa; please receive it, and think of Yoné."

Poor little flower!

HENRY LIDDELL.

AMONG THE BASQUES.

ON the first page of one of my old Spanish note-books I find the following entry:

"PARIS, May 1st.

"*Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis,
Ut possit animo quemvis suffere laborem.*"

"And so will I intermix my care with joy: I will lighten the last of my student days with a little play. Even the stoics were not so cruel to themselves or nature as not, at times, to unbend their minds, and give their bodies liberty to stray into pleasant places. The heathen sages of the first world founded with their laws, their feasts; with their labors, their olympics; and with their warfare, their triumphs; and at this day the severest Dionysian pedagogue gives his scholars their play-days and breakings-up; so I'll take me off into some untrodden paths, with a *horum misere laborum fessum quies plurimum juvat.*"

It was a beautiful May morning, and I stood upon the porch of the Hotel de la Poste, at San Jean de Luz, near the Spanish frontier. On one side I gazed upon the valley of the Adour, and far out on the Bay of Biscay; on the other rose like giants the two mountain peaks of "Los Hermanos," and beyond, the snow-covered crests of the great central range of the Pyrenees.

I was here joined by Don Ortez Urruela, count of Dava, to whom I had a letter of introduction from the General de Charet, of Paris. Don Ortez had a *chateau en Espagne*, and also a country house on the French side of the frontier. During periods of tranquillity in the Basque provinces, which, however, were rare, Señor Urruela inhabited his *casa grande* in Spain; but in times of great civil

or warlike strife, such as then existed, he lived in France. In all the mountains of the four Basque provinces Don Ortez was a sort of sovereign, and the inhabitants, whether *contrabandistas*, banditti, or *gitanos*, bowed submissively to his commands.

Of all the provinces of Spain, those of which we know the least are nearest the French frontier. The tourist in the Iberian peninsula generally follows the beaten tracks. He travels to Madrid, and then seeks for the places best known upon the faith of romance writers and poets. In my youth I visited the magnificent Andalusia, and adored her beautiful women; and Toledo, with her old towers and ruins, inclining upon the banks of the Tagus; Cordova, on the Guadalquivir, the ancient city of the Kalifs, with its massive walls and court-yards perfumed with rarest flowers; Seville, too, so charming at night, when filled with the hum and murmur of amorous voices and the sound of guitars; and Grenada, with its white houses reposing in the plain, like a swan in the midst of a silvery lake. But however much the cities and country of the Tagus and Guadalquivir may be praised, the provinces of the north are equally interesting; and if art has done less to make attractive the Basque provinces, nature has there multiplied her wonders.

At the time of which I write the Basque provinces were in a state of blockade. No person was allowed to cross the frontier without the permission of the French war office, under penalty of being interred in a military prison; and I possessed no such permission. I accompanied Don Ortez to his country house, where I met two Spanish

priests and two or three Basque *confidentes*. Here I was informed that the frontier was closely guarded by French troops and gendarmes, and that the usual avenues of approach were absolutely sealed. "But," said Señor Urruela, pointing to one of the *confidentes* present, "Don Gamis will return here from Bayonne to-morrow evening, and at midnight will conduct you safely across the border."

At the appointed time, accompanied by Don Gamis, and in light marching order, I took my departure for the Spanish frontier. We had walked for more than an hour along the side of a great spur of the mountain, when the Basque motioned me to follow him closely and silently. As we reached the summit I heard the murmuring of waters below, and knew that we were approaching the Bidassoa, the boundary line between France and Spain. I heard the sound of voices, and saw lights in the distance. After some reconnoitering on the part of Don Gamis, we descended to the bottom, passing within a few paces of a cabin filled with sleeping soldiers, and reached the river. The water at this point was not more than four or five feet deep; so we stepped into the current, and crossed quickly to the Spanish side of the frontier, and before daylight reached the residence of Don Gamis de Rada.

The de Rada house was a good specimen of an old Spanish country home. It was near the top of a deeply wooded ravine, and many miles from any public highway of travel. The family inhabited the second story, which was surrounded on three sides by a wide corridor. The ground floor was used for stables and storerooms. Through the stables, up a narrow flight of stairs, and on the right, was a large hall used for a general sitting and dining room, and on the left was the kitchen, more than half of the room being occupied by the base of an enormous chimney. Within this hallowed precinct were benches and chairs where visitors sometimes sat during the preparation of dinner. In the fireplace, behind the andirons, was a large iron sheet with the arms of Navarre in relief, and above this was cut in

stone the *fleur-de-lis*. In some of the rooms I saw chests and boxes inlaid with ebony and ivory of antique workmanship. The court-yard was inclosed by a high stone wall, and the gates were always securely closed at night. Over the entrance to the court-yard, and over the doorway, were the roughly sculptured arms of the family.

The de Rada family had been distinguished for many generations, sometimes in the service of the king, as great naval or military captains, and at other times, particularly from the time of the reign of Ferdinand VII., in resisting the royal authority on account of the encroachments of the crown upon the *fueros*, or rights of the Basque people. At the time of the first Carlist war, known as the Seven Years' War, the head of the family, (already long out of favor with the government) maintained many bands of *contrabandistas*, or smugglers; and these frequently had sanguinary conflicts with the regular troops. When the royal soldiers were sent into the Basque provinces to enforce the decrees of the crown against the Basque *fueros*, the bands of de Rada were always the first in the field to resist their advance.

In 1804, the de Radas first took up arms against the government. Godoy, one of the ministers of the King of Spain, undertook to enforce the Stamp Act in the Basque provinces; but the Home Deputations declared the proceeding to be contrary to their *fueros*, and an invasion of their rights. The government sent a body of troops across the Ebro; but the sturdy Basques, led by Antonio de Rada, gave them battle in the Somorrostro Mountains, and defeated them, causing the government to abandon the project of introducing its stamp duties into the Basque provinces.

Smuggling had been reduced to a science by the de Radas. Two kinds of *contrabandistas* were organized, wholesale and retail. The commerce of the former was on a large scale, and included all kinds of merchandise, transported by large and well-organized companies; while retail smuggling was carried on by isolated individuals, and was of articles of daily consumption, such as sugar, coffee,

chocolate, tobacco. In the Pyrenees, from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, men, women, and children nearly all were smugglers. The alcalde of Salis, being cited before the government, said: "I am alcalde and smuggler; all in my department are also smugglers. Our country is only productive enough for six months in the year; and would you have us go into the plains and turn robbers the other six?"

While visiting the family of Don Gamis, I made the acquaintance of Doña Batista de Salis, of the little mountain burg of Salis, a young lady of rare beauty for that mountain region. She was a relative of the de Radas, and promised to tell me at some future time an interesting story of the father of Don Gamis, who was then still living. She was vivacious and intelligent, and had been educated at the convent school at Pau, the whilom capital of the kingdom of Navarre, when the Basque country extended from the Garonne to the Ebro.

One morning I accompanied Señorita Batista down to the upper waters of the Bidasoa. Here, she said, the old de Rada, then a young man, fell desperately in love with the intended bride of King Charles V. of Spain.

"It was," she continued, "in 1835, in the midst of the Seven Years' War, when Don Carlos was struggling for the possession of his crown. The Portuguese Princess of Beira, *fiancée* of Don Carlos, had left Naples to join the king in Spain. When they arrived near the Spanish frontier, *contrabandistas* were procured to conduct them across the border. All day they marched in the woods near the frontier, and, as night came on, the party, by accident, became separated. It was necessary to pass near the French troops that were guarding the frontier. De Rada was their chief guide, and remained with the Princess. With her was also Mademoiselle Marie de Palma, with whom the Princess had, on approaching the frontier, changed positions, so that Mademoiselle Marie was supposed by all the guides to be the Princess herself.

"At night they rested for a short time at a

cabin nearly surrounded by fifteen hundred soldiers, who were stimulated by the offer of a large reward for the capture of the Princess. The troops were heard approaching the spot, and de Rada with his party took flight to the bank of the river, followed by the enemy. The river was swollen by recent rains, but de Rada had promised to save the Princess and deliver her safely to her royal *fiancée*. The supposed Princess was with great difficulty carried across the river on the shoulders of de Rada and another stalwart guide. Already the noise of their pursuers was heard, and the audacious de Rada quickly recrossed the raging stream, seized the trembling real Princess, raised her boldly upon his shoulders, and having made a fervent sign of the cross, entered resolutely into the turbid river. The water came up to his armpits, and the violence of the current for the moment made him totter, and caused him to drop some distance down the stream. Behind was the noise of his pursuers, and the side he had just left was covered with uniforms. He made a supreme effort, and was happily able to place the Princess upon the soil of Spain.

"From this time de Rada was smitten with the supposed *dame d'honneur*, and showed her extraordinary attentions. The party was conducted to the house of de Rada's father, and after two days was united with the remainder of the party in the valley of the Baztan. The incognito of the Princess was then removed, and young de Rada was for a long time inconsolable by reason of his surprise and disappointment. The Princess presented him with a cross she wore when he carried her over the Bidasoa. She afterwards sent him a medallion containing her picture; these presents are still preserved with religious care in the family. Don Carlos also recognized his services by creating him a Knight of the Order of Isabel the Catholic. The morning after the royal party crossed the frontier, the French troops, mourning their loss, seized M. de Collegno, a French geologist who was examining the country along the banks of the Bidasoa, and carried him a prisoner to Bayonne, believing from his peculiar accent that he was the

brother of the Princess, who accompanied the party."

I found great difficulty in acquiring even a slender knowledge of the Basque language. It is the most difficult to learn of all the modern tongues. The conjugations are formed upon the same principles as the declensions. Each verb has eleven distinct moods, and is susceptible of two hundred and six conjugations! Words may be composed in several degrees; as, for instance, the word *Aitarenenarenenganicacoarenarenarenarequin* denotes four degrees removed from a common ancestor. It is a tradition in that country that the Evil One came among the Basques in very early times, and remained there three years without being able to acquire their language, and then left in dismay. This accounts, they say, for the upright character and rigid conduct of the Basque people. There is a Basque song which, in reference to the difficulty of acquiring the language, says:

"Seven years the Devil was
Studying Basque at Bilbao,
And he learned only to call
For wine, women, and tobacco."

Early one morning the good old priest of Salis ascended with me to a height above the little hamlet, to direct me on my way into the valley of the Baztan. Below us, in front, was a range of hills that descended gradually into the distant plain. Each variety of culture on their sides was marked by a different green. Beyond these hills were great summits, covered with wood or carpeted with ferns; and farther away, and higher still, almost lost in the clouds, were abrupt peaks, covered with vast bodies of snow, which glistened in the early morning sun like sheets of polished crystal.

As I descended the hill-sides, I encountered flocks of merinoes, with fleeces so heavy and long that they trailed upon the ground. It was late in the day when I began to hear the murmuring waters of the Baztan, as they hastened on their rocky way to mix with those of the historic Bidassoa. Just as I reached the road where some muleteers were

urging on their weary beasts, a joyous peal burst forth from the parish church. It was vesper time. Four or five bells responded, and their notes, falling on the clear air, awakened loud echoes in all the valley. I passed a great square tower with its cupola rising high up towards the horizon. A few steps more, and I entered Elizondo, the capital of the valley of the Baztan.

The burg of Elizondo itself offered nothing very remarkable. It contained many very dull old houses, which, with their thick walls and grated windows, were more gloomy than in days of constant danger. Even the stones of which they were made contributed to form the general impression: they were of a reddish color common to the country, and had the appearance of preserving traces of blood, or the reflection of a conflagration. The streets were straight and badly paved. In the time of the Seven Years' War, Elizondo was taken and retaken, and successively served as the headquarters of the Carlists and Criatinos; but the town always remained faithful to its anti-liberal convictions.

Whether isolated in the mountains or grouped in villages, Basque houses present a character of solidity which takes the place of elegance and other architectural qualities. They usually have but one story above the ground floor, and are built in the form of a square. The lower floor is reserved for mules and other beasts; and to arrive at the stairs which lead to the apartments above, it is necessary to pass through the stable. The Basque mountaineers, so honest (as the world goes) and laborious, and so attached to their families, give very little care to their habitations. The rooms are large, with the floors more or less broken, the walls disfigured, the beams black with smoke, and the furniture dark with dirt and old age, giving evidence too often of the carelessness and neglect of the household.

Every house that I observed, however miserable, was ornamented with one or two escutcheons, placed over the door, or at the angle of the wall in front. Every Basque family boasts of belonging to the nobility. Their escutcheons were of various forms and

dimensions; some of coarse workmanship, while others were engraved with art. Many were accompanied with devices, such as lions, eagles, leopards, bears, unicorns, and, in fact, all the fierce heraldic animals; also battlemented towers, heads of Moors, crossed swords, and bloody hands—each intended to record some glorious event in the history of the country or family.

In the façade of a house at Elizondo was a chess-board roughly sculptured in stone. Of this I received the following explanation: During the sanguinary struggle between Sanchez the Strong and the Moors, commanded by Mohammed-el-Nasr, which terminated in the glorious victory of Navas de Tolosa, a battalion of Christians, composed entirely of men from the valley of the Baztan, entered the Moorish camp disguised as women, and surprised and completely routed the enemy. King Sanchez gave these valiant men a chess-board for a coat of arms, which their descendants continued to use, not only in Elizondo, but in Almandoz, Oyeregui, and other villages of the Baztan.

The valley of the Baztan, although in the province of Navarre, had the appearance of being an independent geographical division. In order to penetrate the heart of the province, I descended by a mountain pass, known as the *Port de Velate*. At this point I was still 2,500 feet above the level of the ocean. After passing through the little hamlet of Sorausen, I came, in my descent, to the burg of Villava, the finest specimen of a Basque village that I had yet visited. It contained but a single street, long and narrow: on both sides were enormous roofs which nearly met overhead. Some houses more ornamented than others proudly displayed luxurious decorations of medallion, flower-works, and foliage, grouped and composed in a style not unlike the work of the Renaissance. Many of these old houses were ornamented during the period when Spain, rich in gold of the New World, and undoubted mistress of half of Europe, invited the *beaux-arts* to bear witness to her opulence, as displayed by the artists of that epoch in her public and private houses.

After leaving Villava, the character of the country changed. I beheld in front an extensive plain, which, from the mountain-side where I stood, resembled a great basin. As I reached the bottom, I turned and looked back: the ground whereon I stood seemed locked to the horizon by the great mountain peaks, gray and bare, that I had lately traversed. Near the bottom of the plain, and cut into its side, was a large plateau, upon which the walled city of Pamplona rested. As I approached the city, I had a fine view in profile of its numerous steeples. Lower down ran the silvery Arga, with double rows of poplar trees upon its banks to mark its sinuous course. Wheat fields, farm-houses, and clusters of green foliage formed part of the landscape. I saw many little villages, too, whose heavy walls seemed less dull from being beneath the green ridges of neighboring hills.

The highway by which I approached Pamplona, like all the roads leading towards the city, was shaded by avenues of magnificent trees. I entered by a draw-bridge, which, I was told, was always taken up at night. In the new part of the city the streets were wide and laid out regularly, and the houses, built of brick, were modern in appearance. There were two promenades around the ramparts; of these, the *Taconera*, shaded by beautiful trees, was the finest. In the evening, nearly the entire population seemed to make the promenades their rendezvous. There were groups of pretty young ladies and misses, looking confident of the effects of their beauty. They were coquettish, too, and lively; they wore black manillas over their heads; their pretty petticoats of many colors were becomingly displayed, and their shoes and stockings showed off their feet to the best advantage. As they passed by, they threw piercing glances from their large and brilliant black eyes over the tops of their ever-moving fans. I observed that the men, according to Spanish usage, did not give their arms to ladies on the promenade, but walked either at their side, or, after the Eastern fashion, behind them, perhaps the better to watch their movements. The ladies talked and

laughed in merry, loud voices, in a manner altogether southern.

For a long period the kings of Navarre took only the title of King of Pamplona. Besides this, the city has but little left in remembrance of those days long past, when she was the capital of a powerful kingdom. The Cathedral, built by Charles the Noble, was of the Gothic style of architecture. The great portal was composed of Corinthian columns. The two towers were constructed in the same Greco-Roman style, and when viewed from the direction of Villava, gave a charming effect. The magnificence within was at first almost dazzling to the sight—not so much by reason of its vast dimensions as by the harmony of its proportions, the beautiful finish of the images, the lightness of the arches and columns, and the exquisite delicacy of the moldings. The door on the right, a real *chef d'œuvre*, was carved out of solid stone. In the middle of the cloister was a little uncultivated garden. The flowers and shrubs had returned to a wild state, and mixed their foliage in the most inextricable confusion; and running vines covered the sides of the buildings with green. But what a contrast on entering the sacristy! In visiting a church in Spain, the sacristy should never be forgotten. For comfort and real elegance, that of Pamplona was a model. The walls were hung with red damask, and splendid fresco and oil paintings covered the highest arches: lower down were some ancient but smaller pictures of ingenious conception, which treated solely of religious subjects. All about was gilding and colored glass. In each corner was a pretty Louis XV. pier table with distorted feet; and in an angle of the wall a handsomely ornamented place that supplied the monks with water.

On leaving Pamplona, I turned my steps towards Estella. I surmounted the height above Pamplona, and then proceeded slowly to ascend a series of summits through a region desolate and almost barren. The stony soil was covered with a thin but rare vegetation, composed of clusters of thyme and heath of a grayish shade tinted with red

Later in the day I descended to Puente-la-Reina, a dull and sleepy village surrounded on three sides by water. Three streets ran through the town, and these were crossed by several others. Nearly all the surrounding plain was in vineyards, and the native wine which I drank was excellent. I was attracted towards a large edifice in the north end of the town. This was anciently a convent of the Knights Templar, one of those massive buildings of which, in the days of chivalry, that order erected many in different parts of Europe. The deep cloisters and the great neglected rooms appeared to be awaiting the return of the joyous workmen, and the exercise of their handicraft to recover that solitude from its silence of death. But such is Spain. Its civil government has been no less fatal to its greatness than the devastations of war. The expulsion of the Moors and the suppression of religious orders have done more to spread ruin throughout the peninsula than the arms of Abder-Rhaman or the soldiers of the first Napoleon.

From Puente-la-Reina I followed the banks of the Ega along an avenue of beautiful shade trees. The high mountains in front appeared to obstruct the river in its course; but suddenly it turned a sharp corner, and entered a narrow defile, where the great overhanging rocks seemed almost to meet overhead. The way was narrow, and cut out of the side of the rocks, but it soon widened, roads multiplied, and Estella lay before me. I entered the grand plaza. Arcades were on all sides. I saw on the front of a public building a large star, Estella's coat of arms. Despite this emblem, which appeared greatly neglected, the town, in its general aspect, seemed not at all brilliant. I was afterwards told that its importance was great in the Middle Ages: so great that the Jews selected it as one of their principal centers. Four massive bridges of stone, of which only one remains, formerly united the two sides of the Ega. The quarter of the city lying on the left side of the river is at the base of a large mountain peak. Though gloomy and silent when I beheld it, this quarter served of old for the nucleus of

a population, as is attested by its ancient churches and palaces, half in ruins. A little higher up, on a plateau, stood the ruins of a Dominican convent, a building of more recent times. The ruins of this once beautiful edifice date from the time of the confiscation of church property in Spain. Through the open windows, across the broken arches, and under the beautiful rose-work, the sun and moon cast their rays without obstruction. The high, unsupported wall cut at twilight a dull but majestic profile. Climbing ivy had carpeted the chapel in green. In the interior, in the midst of violated tombs, mutilated statues, columns, and pendants, covered with dust, the inhabitants of this pious city had engraved upon the walls, in prose and verse, according to the inspiration of the moment, their regrets, wishes, and hopes.

The province of Navarre appeared to be divided into two distinct divisions, the north and the south, the mountain and the plain. Tafalla, the "Flower of Navarre," was the chief city of the plain, as Estella was of the mountain district. The inhabitants of Tafalla, like those of Tudela, Olite, and Pamplona, speak the Castilian tongue mixed with Basque; while those of the mountains and upland valleys speak the Basque language in its purity.

As I entered the plain on my road to Tafalla, I beheld an almost incomparable fertility; fruit trees, vineyards, and grain fields formed an uninterrupted garden. The most interesting thing at Tafalla was the palace and gardens constructed by Charles III. The palace was one of the wonders of that epoch, and the poem of Tasso furnished the model for the gardens. These were inclosed by high walls with battlemented towers; walks and porticoes, kiosks and pavilions, broke the monotony of the groves and thickets. The banqueting room, *el cenador del rey*, was remarkable for its richness and elegance. Seven sharp arcades without roofing formed an irregular polygon; underneath these were stone seats, inclosed by a delicately made iron railing. Each pillar supported a little bell turret, which was, on its

part, surmounted by a musical weather-cock that, by an ingenious piece of mechanism, turned at the least whisper of the wind, and caused a fountain in the center of the place to send out a spray to refresh the banqueters.

The padre Molino of Estella, a priest of extensive Basque learning, on my expressing a desire to visit some tribes of gypsies, gave me a letter of introduction to Don Juan Iturbe, the King of the Basque *gitanos*; of whose life the venerable padre gave me the following account: The father and mother of Don Juan were King and Queen of the Basque gypsies. When an infant, he was left for adoption with a well-known family at Tolosa, in the adjoining province of Guipuzcoa, to be there brought up until the age of fourteen years, when he was to return to his royal parents, and choose his calling. Don Juan was an industrious and thoughtful boy, and when he arrived at fourteen years of age, decided to study for the priesthood. On his visit to his parents he took an oath that if called upon at any time by the demands of his people, he would leave all and return to them. Some years elapsed. Don Juan had been ordained a padre, and his eloquent and fervent appeals on behalf of religion at the parish church, where he officiated as assistant, attracted many people. One stormy winter's night, as he sat in his study reading by a dim light, the door silently opened, and an aged woman, with her garments dripping with wet, entered. She advanced to Don Juan, and laid her hand upon his shoulder. There was an instant recognition. Not a word was spoken; she beckoned him to follow her. He rose, placed his priest's hat upon his head, and without changing his garb or extinguishing the lighted lamp, or even closing the book he was reading, followed her. He mounted a horse that awaited him at the door. For several hours they traversed highways and by-ways, mountain passes and narrow tracks, until they arrived near the bottom of a gorge, beneath a great cliff that overlooked the valley of the Baztan. There, on the ground, under the overhanging branches of some large fir

trees, lay the dead body of his father. The gypsy king, in a combat with a company of Spanish soldiers and custom-house guards, had been mortally wounded; and to save his body from falling into their hands, had thrown himself over the cliff, upon the rocks beneath. Over the dead body of the gypsy chief Don Juan swore to be avenged. He assumed at once the *gitano* crown; and a bolder, more defiant, or more revengeful outlaw had never been encountered by the government anywhere in the Pyrenees.

The royal gypsy headquarters were migratory, and the best informed could only locate them for a few days together. At last, after much marching and countermarching, I came up with them. His majesty, a dark, tall, and muscular man, with coal-black hair hanging carelessly down to his shoulders, received me with favor. During my visit among these strange people, I feasted at the royal board (that is, out of the royal caldron) on the green sward, or off the flat surface of the rocks.

In the Basque country the gypsies had no political or social classification. Although generally dispersed in groups, they joined together in moments of common danger. They formed bands of robbers and smugglers, and consolidated their strength on important expeditions. When there was no necessity for union, the bands separated and returned to their erratic and vagabond life. They appeared to be almost always moving about. "*Chukel sos piréla, cocal teréla*"—"A dog that runs finds the bone"—was a common maxim among them.

Like most mountain races, they were superstitious. While talking with Don Juan one night, just outside the camp, I heard the howling of a dog at some distant farmhouse. Suddenly the conversation ceased, and all listened with the greatest attention. "A bad omen," said Don Juan; and he explained to me that to hear the howling of dogs was a presage of death; "as it is also," he continued, "to hear the plaintive cry of a hooting cat, as I will show you," and he proceeded to produce from his limited effects the second volume of the *Roman de la Rose*,

édit. de Méon, t. II., p. 91, v. 6,000, where Jean de Meung calls hooting cats—

"*Prophetes de male aventure,
Hideus messagier de doler.*"

Don Juan told me of a tradition in the bands that the *gitanos* originally came from the mountains of Arabia; that in very early times companies of them migrated into the Pyrenees and Alps, where they multiplied rapidly, and thence spread over other mountainous and unfruitful counties. About the middle of the fifteenth century they were directed by decree to be chased out of Spain, and fifty years later, out of France. They were treated like dangerous wild beasts. In French Navarre, the inhabitants were prohibited giving them refuge, under the penalty of a thousand dollars; and three hundred dollars were given for each gypsy captured. It was related that within the present century the seneschal of Béarn went into Navarre with his archers to hunt them out, but was given battle, captured, and held for ransom.

The language of the *gitanos* appeared to be a distinct idiom. By the use of a few words I was enabled to communicate intelligibly, even with those who spoke no other dialect. I could not discover any distinct classification of words. Among those in most common use were: *Amadoubelle*, God; *egachi*, woman; *oladi*, young lady; *tino*, infant; *quebarobeng*, devil; *chukel*, dog; *grami*, horse; *sitaya*, cat; *lacho*, good; *pair*, drink; *olacho*, boy; *foucarra*, pretty; *basta*, hand; *raja*, mother; *lazi*, night; *bato*, father; *sun-glo*, tobacco. In making the sign of the cross, they say:

Leba tusket, In name of the Father;

Echa Bisquet, And the Son;

Le Apelinguet, And the Holy Ghost;

Taberamente, Amen.

I saw some Gitanos at San Jean de Luz, called Cascarots, (from the Basque word *Cascarotac*) who spoke precisely the same dialect as those of the mountains of Navarre. The Cascarots were mostly jugglers. The young people, both male and female, were chosen at festivals, in processions and escorts of honor, to go in front, and kept

constantly dancing. The male costume consisted of white pantaloons and red sash, the pantaloons being lined along the seams with little copper bells, much after the fashion of the public dancers of the Middle Ages. The females on such occasions wore short white dresses covered with roses. But the Cascarots formed the exception to the general rule of Gitanos. They went on fishing and shooting expeditions, like the other inhabitants; and little by little were becoming amalgamated with the population of the town, which did not gain in morality by the contact.

In cold winter weather the Basque gypsies inhabit the abandoned cabins of shepherds on the mountain-tops, isolated barns, or the hollow trunks of trees; and in the early spring return to the bare earth and open air.

On the highways and in the streets of the villages I frequently encountered the women of this dark-skinned race, dressed in many colored rags, and surrounded by half-naked children. They always begged to tell my fortune, for which I uniformly crossed the palms of their hands with a small silver coin. At night I sometimes met in isolated places a group of these beings, men, women, and children: some stretched out in the dirt, and others, squatting on their heels, followed the occupation of the mendicant of Murillo; while others still prepared, in some old stolen pot, a horrible mixture of vegetables and half-rotted meat.

The Basque gypsies sometimes poison cattle, thereby supplying themselves with ample booty for the caldron; at other times they collect animals that have died of disease, of whatever kind, and disinfect them by means of herbs, of which only they know, and feed upon them with impunity. In Basque villages, animals are seldom buried, but are carried into the mountains and precipitated into a ravine where the *gitanos* and birds of prey dispute for their flesh. The gypsies

seemed to be gifted with a scent as subtle as carnivorous animals.

The domestic relations of the *gitanos* are peculiar. Men and women live together by mutual consent; but on the least disagreement they separate, each taking another partner. "I do not want you any longer," says one; "I am going to look for another companion." "I am going to do likewise," says the other; and immediately, without formality, other unions are formed. If a *gitano* is in prison, whether he has children or not, his spouse takes another husband during the time of his detention; and when released, he returns to his last wife or takes another. Their fidelity consists in living in the same band or group, or under the same roof. A woman may have as many as seven or ten or more husbands, one after the other; the mother sometimes marrying the husband of her daughter, and *vice versa*; on the least difference of opinion, either one leaves the other, and there is no animosity. They have no defined religion. At childbirth the *gitano* goes into a neighboring town and fixes her choice upon one of the richest families, which from that time, following the usage of the country, provides nourishment for the mother and linen for the infant. Domiciled in the communes, the children of gypsies go to the common schools as indigents, free of charge, and learn to read and write quickly. They remain until the time of their first communion, when they go like the other children to the church; but as soon as the ceremony is finished they leave the place, never to return. The gypsy boys wait until they are sixteen years of age, when they marry according to their fancy; but the girls, more precocious than their brothers, enter at once on a life of licentiousness. The gypsy children are almost sure to return to the forest, without regard to the manner of their bringing up: "*Aitsean yaiac, aitzerat-naki*"—"He that is born in the forest will always return to it"—is a maxim of the Basque *gitanos*.

EDWARD KIRKPATRICK.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

JOHN BURROUGHS.

THOREAU thought there was no scent in society so "wholesome as that of the pines; nor any fragrance so penetrating and restorative as that of the life-everlasting in high pastures."

Now it happens that society itself is involved in a delicious confusion of mind about this matter. During the months with an R in them, it laughs to scorn all Thoreauish sentiments like the above. "The idea of that piece of icy stoicism daring the flout at dear society!" But about the middle of May—"O dear, this stupid, dreary city! Do, dear papa, hurry and get us away to the country. And please don't forget to buy us some of Thoreau's books, or that dear John Burroughs's 'Birds and Poets,' or his 'Locusts and Wild Honey,' or Mr. Gibson's 'Pastoral Days.'"

In a hyper-self-conscious age that flies to art and nature to escape thought about itself, such an author as John Burroughs was predestined to popularity. No, not predestined. Surely destiny has not done it all. We shrewdly suspect Mr. Burroughs of having at the outset felt the pulse of the age, and taken a diagnosis of its case, with the double and praiseworthy object of helping to effect the cure of said age, and also of feathering his own nest. That is to say, he has happily suppressed the sentimental and subjective side of his nature, and given us solely its objectivity. He is absolutely the healthiest and cheeriest author in the world—as fresh as a piece of dripping wild honey-comb, or an Adirondack stream; strong, hearty, full of a delicious humor, nutty, objective, medicinal—you can never read many pages in a book of his without experiencing a change of heart, and indulging in a good, quiet, stomachic laugh—an interior, chuckling laugh, that stirs up your "witals," as old Mr. Weller would say, and puts you into a state of mind that "hath in it

a participation of divineness." There are signs that he has cast a good many owl-glances into the be-cobwebbed corners of transcendentalism, and pondered not a little over the "wingy mysteries of divinity"; but hardly a trace of it all appears in his writings. To invert Bassanio's simile, his subjectivities and sentimentalities are like three pieces of chaff hid in two bushels of wheat: you shall search all day ere you find them, and when you have them you don't care for them.

Mr. Burroughs was fortunate in his birthplace and the scenes of his boyhood. In the Catskill region he was born, and in the same region he now lives (at *Æsopus-on-the-Hudson*). He could hardly help becoming a lover of poetry and nature under the circumstances. From his native stream (the *Pepacton*, or east branch of the Delaware) he has named one of his books. He says of this stream that, "all its tributaries are swift mountain brooks fed by springs the best in the world. It drains a high pastoral country lifted into long, round-backed hills and rugged wooded ranges by the subsid-ing impulse of the Catskill range of mountains, and famous for its superior dairy and other farm products." The writer of these lines once made a brief foot excursion through this region. It is as full of enchanting scenery as are the Litchfield hills. Indeed, it is an integral part of New England, geologically and topographically, if not humanly so. A land of springs, fruits, fine horses, wild "cloves" or gorges, blue vistas, and bracing airs. In our country of immigrants, geniuses pop up in the most unexpected quarters; but nearly all unite in drifting eastward at an early day. Mr. Burroughs happily found himself in pretty nearly the right longitude. But, minding the adage about home-keeping youths, he changed his latitude a little, and went to Washington, where he held a

government clerkship for a number of years. He here wrote his first book, "Wake Robin" (1871). It revealed an elegant and robust mind, and showed careful observation of nature; but it contained little keen observation of human life, and little of the fine humor of his later books. It was, on the whole, a rather diaphanous and frigid production. His next work, "Winter Sunshine," appeared in 1875. This book may be said to have established his reputation. He has taken a long stride. The essays are meaty and genial. The sunshine of them is far from being wintry. Here was an author, entirely fresh and individual, working a unique vein, with plenty of *aplomb* and stomach, and cheerily oblivious of dyspeptic criticism of the knights of the midnight lamp.

Plenty of genial humor now, as mellow as his mellow essay on "Mellow England." His essay on England, by the way, included in the volume, "Winter Sunshine," is, next to Emerson's "English Traits," the best bit of American talk about England since the days of Irving and Hawthorne. He tells you about those little common *differentia* that everybody else forgets to mention. Was there ever such a keen-scented fact-sniffer in England before? A Greek from this new morning-land, a gay and boyish and canny Yankee Chaucer, effervescing with fun, despising abject worship of things British, determined to see England with unsealed, aboriginal eyes, and reverent eyes too.

The next published volume of Mr. Burroughs, "Locusts and Wild Honey," is a most charming collection of nature-essays. The most capital sketch is that on "Our Rural Divinity," the cow. The reader little suspects how his sides are going to ache with laughing when he begins to read this piece.

The author's next volume, "Birds and Poets," appeared in 1877. Like all of his books, it is made up chiefly of essays which had previously appeared in various journals. It shows the influence of wider reading and deeper thinking. We have here the scholar and man of letters, as well as the naturalist.

We have felicitous quotations from ancient and modern classics. The study of Emerson is as elegant and keen a piece of criticism as has appeared in America. If we should criticise the sublimated diction of this essay, we should say of it what the author himself says of Emerson's style: "It is too condensed. We would fain have a little bread with our preserves." The essay on Walt Whitman, included in "Birds and Poets," is more the eulogy of a disciple than the work of a critic. There is too much of Whitman's peculiar diction in it also.

"Pepacton" is the title of the author's latest work. It is made up of short nature-studies, which fully sustain his reputation.

The style of Mr. Burroughs is simple and idiomatic in the extreme. It is this elegant classicism of his style which has hindered his writings from making a wide-spread and immediate sensation, such as more flashy writings make. His books are printed talks. He tells his story with the plainness and directness of a hunter or a wood-chopper, and as naively as a boy. Almost every sentence contains a fact. Indeed, so plain are some of his essays that they pass out of the pale of literature, and become little more than the notes of a student of natural history. But then this is all they were intended to be. We like this naked simplicity. Facts are poetry. We are pleased with the absence of affectation and sentimentalizing. But to become critical: we don't like *too much* of this bald realism.

The simplicity itself seems affected sometimes. The understatement and suppression of enthusiasm is decidedly too prominent. The style at times is too tame and subdued; seems to "flat out." And as we feel pretty certain that he could be enthusiastic enough if he chose, we are vexed with him for not allowing his convictions to flame out occasionally. We long for a few hearty downright blows, and volcanic explosions of wrath or fun. Two men have had a great influence in forming his mind—Whitman and Thoreau. He resembles Whitman more than he does Thoreau. Thoreau was a reformer, a moral enthusiast,

a preacher of righteousness. But Burroughs seems as innocently and jollily pagan as a faun or an ariel. However, as we have said, he is a man who limits himself, draws into his own proper circle, and leaves to others what they can best do. His business is with nature. Mr. Burroughs has not all of the rare delicacy of Thoreau. Thoreau studied birds with a spy-glass; Burroughs studies them with a gun. But let us not ask too much of one man. We would not have all our pet authors alike. We like not to point out the little faults in these universal favorites. Mr. Burroughs's exquisite humor and cheeriness outweigh abundantly his minor

faults. He ought to be the founder of a school of authors. He seems to us the forerunner of a healthier class of writers. It seems as if a nobler renaissance were dawning; one that shall have all the lusty energy and joy of the pagan renaissance, without its grossness; a revival of gay-heartedness and morningness; a higher *naïve*, which, accepting the universe as it is, shall feel in harmony with it and with its laws, and surrender itself gladly to simple and passive enjoyment of nature's sublimity and beauty. Of such a morning-time the author of whom we have been speaking is no unworthy herald.

W. SLOANE KENNEDY.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

CASSELL'S POPULAR LIBRARY. Cassel, Petter & Co., New York. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This is a series of neat 16mo books, clad in stiff brown paper, and well adapted for slipping into one's pocket for a day in the woods, or for a journey by rail or boat. Each volume is furnished with a well-arranged topical index, which adds to its value.

The first one of the seven last published deals with *The Wit and Wisdom of Parliament*, and is written by Henry Latchford. He manages to give many glimpses of important movements of English parliamentary history. Of course, no one could expect more than a summary in one hundred and ninety pages of brevity type; but there are graphic illustrations of notable events, from the impeachments of Buckingham and Stafford to Gladstone's suspension, last year, of Dillon, Parnell, and thirty-seven of their followers.

England's Colonial Empire is described by R. Acton. He gives a brief account of all the British dependencies except India, and throws incidentally much light upon colonial policy and administration. He believes in a closer union of the Australasian colonies; but has no faith in the need or practicability of an imperial confederation. His views on the subject of commercial liberty and the gradual growth of self-government among these rising English commonwealths of Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, are liberal and strongly stated. The portion of the book most open to criticism is that relating to the agricultural resources of Manitoba, and the new settlements on the shores of Lake Winnipeg and Nelson River. The

colonization pamphlets, which in these days are seen, we are informed, at every railway station in England, state, for instance, that "excellent grapes can be grown in Manitoba," regardless of isothermal lines and comparative nearness to the North Pole.

Gustave Mason contributes to the series a volume upon *The Huguenots*. Nothing seems to supersede D'Aubigne and Felice, for the periods of which they treat; but this brief treatise touches with judgment upon the important events from the Reformation, in the sixteenth century, to the growing strength of modern French protestantism in 1880.

The England of Shakspeare, written by E. Goadby, has attracted more attention than any other volume of this series. It tries to be a concise and fairly complete account of the England in which the great poet lived and wrought. It has no theories to set forth, but it gives in plain language the results of much study of acknowledged authorities, and of those minute details which help to make the picture seem real. There are things about a country which statistics cannot show, and which too often elude the writers of histories with battles to describe and court intrigues to unravel. We wish to know the spirit, social life, and daily occupation of the people; their churches, schools, theaters, wayside inns, rural sports, ballads, and superstitions are all of interest. In this volume there is a fund of well-digested information on these and similar points. There is no attempt at fine writing, and the style is simple, dignified, forcible, well adapted to its themes, and at times vividly eloquent.

The Wit and Wisdom of the Bench and Bar, by the Hon. F. C. Moncrieff, shows careful choice

from the abundant resources afforded by the English, Scotch, and Irish judiciary, and helps one's understanding of the way in which great rights were defined and guarded by upright judges, and at times imperiled by corrupt ones. Glimpses of the splendid eloquence of Erskine and Brougham are given. Solicitor-General Wedderburn's terrific invective of Benjamin Franklin, who had secured letters revealing the secret plans of the Royal Governor of Massachusetts, is spoken of as "fatal," because the author thinks that but for Franklin's "implacable resentment there would have been no American war"—a conclusion which shows little knowledge of the struggle in which Franklin was but one of many leaders in a movement which was neither hastened nor delayed by such personalities.

English Journalism, and the Men who have made it, should be of interest; and Charles Peabody undertakes to tell how the modern newspaper started and grew from a mere fashion record, and a vehicle for personal abuse and partisanship, into the giant combinations of capital and brains which are represented by the London "Times," "Standard," "News," and "Telegraph." Those who read the articles recently published in "Harper's Monthly" about English journals will find the present volume more comprehensive, and equally graphic. The author has full sympathy with his subject. He appreciates the difficulties of gathering and properly presenting news, with apt and honest comments and criticisms of men and affairs; while he honors the trained enthusiasm of correspondents on battle-fields, and midnight editors writing, against time, their leaders which decide that delicate subject, "the course of the paper." It would be well if every young man in newspaper work in city or country could lay well to heart the lessons of these pages—that it pays to do one's best; that the great journals were built up by adherence to conviction; and that the true journalist lives among men, a part of all that is, and is the proper person to report everything that happens, and to be ready with a prompt and clear opinion upon it. It may be added that the men who wrote their way to journalistic fame did so because, by hard work, they made themselves masters of a "taking" and natural style. That is the main point for young men to remember.

Rev. S. A. Swaine endeavors to condense into one hundred and ninety pages the *The History of the Religious Revolution of the Sixteenth Century*. The author attempts to trace the influences which led to the reformation in Germany, Switzerland, England, and elsewhere. Without attempting to conceal errors into which many earnest reformers were led, he points out the benefits, religious and civil, which came from their effort to return to the spirit and form of primitive Christianity. It is written in a calm, judicial way, free from prejudice or sectarian bias.

GUERNDALE: AN OLD STORY. By J. S. of Dale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Guerndale is said to be the novel of the season. As several other books are also said to be each the novel of the season, this may be taken for what it is worth; it remains true that Guerndale is one of the half-dozen most important novels that have been issued from American presses in this year 1882. To say that it is a clever book—even that it is an exceedingly clever book—would hardly give a correct idea of it: it would be more true to say that, with any amount of exceeding cleverness in it, it somehow miraculously escapes being more than pretty clever in its *tout ensemble*. Oddly enough, while its whole construction is planned with an excessive unity, while the narrative clings as tightly as a Jersey jacket to the eponymous Guerndale, there is, nevertheless, much lack of unity in the book. Guerndale's story and the study of his character are its avowed objects; but, by means of a convenient chorus in the shape of the cynical and elderly college friend, Norton Randolph, such a background of agnostic speculation on the objects of life is spread for Guyon Guerndale's complex yet harmonious life-story, that at several points the reader is convinced that this same speculation was, after all, reason for being; and even after it has ended with a "return to the key-note" of Guyon and his ancestral fates, while the speculations are left in *statu quo*, without leading to any conclusion whatever (not even to the negative one that no conclusion is possible)—even after this ending has probably settled the question that all this speculative cleverness is merely *mise en scene*, important, at best, only for its influence on Guerndale's character, the reader's memory of the book is still visited by occasional misgivings as to the soundness of this interpretation.

Probably the author would not in the least object to the reader's being confused on this point: his clever talk about the objects of life, and the aspects of American life, is evidently dear to him, and he could even bear to have it cloud the clearness of his novel. Nevertheless, it has probably spoiled a good story. No recent novel has started out with a better Hawthorne-like plot; indeed, it forcibly suggests the "House of Seven Gables," without any objectionable imitation. The hereditary bond of injury done and unexpiated, the reappearance of the old Sir Godfrey type in his descendant, the consciousness of ancestry, and the sense of one's forefathers still living in one's own person, the hinted crime of Simmons against Sir Guyon reappearing in the crime of "Symonds" against Guy—even the tragic hopelessness of the fate that pursues the Guerndales, the victory of evil over good: all this is material for a good story, and is not ill handled; indeed, is well, and one only stops short of saying finely, handled.

Yet, on the other hand, it *does* stop short of being finely handled; still farther short of powerfully.

One has to pause and think over the story after reading, and think what fine material there was for a greater writer to have used, before it affects his mood—and affect one's mood such a story certainly ought. After all, perhaps it is as well that "J. S. of Dale" blurred his tragedy out of all effectiveness with so much *mise en scene*. For of the "clever talk" that makes up so much of this *mise en scene*, a great deal is *very* clever. To be sure, it is in no wise original; but the author frankly admits that. And the extensive array of ideas from Greece, China, Europe ancient and modern, is both discriminate and sympathetic. In spite of the French, Spanish, Italian, German, Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Greek, that is quoted, the exhaustive list of philosophers from Lao-tse to Herbert Spencer with whom a good acquaintance is shown, there are only two or three touches of pedantry or of brandishing knowledge in the book. The author takes it as a matter of course that we should know these things, and is writing for people that will also take it as a matter of course. An assortment of remarkably "well-put" sayings could be culled here: the cynical remark that the Puritans came here for one thing, to worship God, and found another, a balance of trade in their favor; the agnostic lamenting the decline of Christianity, like "Billy Bixby, who admitted to me one day that he never went inside of a church himself, but that it would make him seriously unhappy if his mother and sisters ceased doing so"; "that bodily fear of books which seems to possess many a healthy boy, as of a drawer of dentists' tools"; "Hackett, who was secretly grinding for honors, but feared such ambitions, if known, might injure his political influence in the class." Some good description, too, which touches the point of high art once, where Guernedale and Randolph, with the Russian army, wait the Turkish attack on the breastworks before Plevna.

"Then there came a roar of cannon rending the silence, making the clear air tremulous. The foremost column of the attack was now half-way through the wheat; and the wind of the burning powder swept down through the yellow corn fields, bending the grain, and a great flash of scarlet came over the valley, where the red of the poppies came up through the yellow."

We have spoken of one thing that destroys the unity of intention in Guernedale. A more serious thing, and the thing that will probably be the death of the book, is a deplorable breach of unity in spirit. The incongruity of Guy's pure nature and life on pages almost perfumed with the odor of wine and whisky, and pervaded by the echoes of "damns," is across the line into the disgusting. No doubt our author knows his Harvard; that is evident in every shade of slang; so we, not being of Harvard, are not prepared to deny that the wine-drinking, swearing, gambling, betting life here described may be, at Harvard, entirely compatible with the high-minded natures ascribed to Randolph and Guernedale; and that at Harvard such men can hold as bosom

friends men beside whose lives the above-mentioned habits are Puritanism. As to our author's further assumption that to be more or less of a rake is one of the essentials of a gentleman, (and this he succeeds in assuming with quite a Thackeray-like air) we venture to doubt, even as to Harvard. At all events, if "J. S. of Dale" could not honestly describe his hero's college years as consisting of anything but alternately pouring down wine and talking ethics, it would have been far better for his book to have left the whole college episode ruthlessly out; and this, not as a concession to any squeamishness in his maiden or matron readers, but as a mere matter of artistic taste.

As it is, in every point—as a romance, as a treatise, as a picture of life, as a study of character, as consistently entertaining pages—Guernedale falls short of success, while coming near enough to it to provoke comparison with what it *might* have been.

AN ECHO OF PASSION. By George Parsons Lathrop. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

This is a story whose movement is both rapid and concentrated. Indeed, its action is so positively to the point, its course so direct and unhesitating, and its claims upon the reader's interest so definitely importunate, that the book cannot well be laid aside, until, with Benjamin and Ethel Fenn, one has hastened to the pathetic climax of an all but tragic summer's history. "The End" is reached; a keen dissatisfaction seizes upon the absorbed follower of these human fortunes. Half angrily the volume is flung aside, and with full faith in his own words, he cries: "O rank improbability! Nay, more: the story is grossly unnatural."

A fair enough first estimate this, of Mr. Lathrop's latest work; and reasonable, truly, if the story alone stood forth for judgment.

This of all others, figuring as a bare recital, grates and jars, and even wounds. A man and his wedded wife, away from home in summer time, meet a pure and good woman who, long ago, as a beautiful young girl, sang to the husband, then an undeveloped student. The unrecognized charm woven for him in the past, by her voice and personality, is renewed, and finally acknowledged. Faithless to his wife, faithless to himself, faithless to the honor of womanhood, Benjamin Fenn yields to his passion; and, but for strength sent from the very heavens to Anice Eulow, in the hour of sore temptation, with her would have trampled upon the past, upon his wife's heart, upon all right and law. Such a *dénouement* is mercifully averted, and life falls back into its old channels.

Skeletonized, the thing is, of a truth, "grossly unnatural." We assure ourselves that in polite, refined, and select society, it *could* not come to pass. But here lies the very point that startles one, upon

turning these pages a second time. The accents, the atmosphere, the palpable presence of polite society, are precisely what Mr. Lathrop has reproduced in *An Echo of Passion*. Nothing could be more skillful than his presentation of its phrase, its attitude and bearing. And in its midst, among its perfumes, courtesies, graceful toilets, and fine, light air of carelessness, this ignoble experience has had place and part. The charge of improbability, of unnaturalness, must, alas! be withdrawn.

The question immediately follows, What profit, what consolation is to be obtained from the contemplation of so sad and so ugly a fact? And if none, why further grieve the soul of humanity by even the most delicately worded and artful presentation of it?

An Echo of Passion is strongly written. It is dramatically contrived, and contains passages abounding in poetic beauty. What could be more exquisite than the fancy of "thrushes swaying their slow, ecstatic yet melancholy notes on the tree-tops." Or this: "The moonlight looked as if it had lain forever on the woods and passive earth, and as if it would never go away. Transient as it is, there is more of eternity in this calm illumination than in the swift and stimulating light of the sun."

And this again, of the note of the wood-thrush: "Its lonely, exquisite refrain made the listeners think of a shattered ray of sunlight, falling pensively into the recesses of greenery, whence the notes issued; and a blending of sorrow, or it may be of longing, streamed into the light mood of the previous moment."

But, in spite of touches like these, the feeling asserts itself that their charm had been better displayed elsewhere. Their connection with the pitifulness of human frailty darkens their luster, and inspires gentle regret where one would fain find only admiration for their talented author.

CALIFORNIA FOR HEALTH, PLEASURE, AND RESIDENCE. A book for travelers and settlers. New edition, thoroughly revised. By Charles Nordhoff. 1882. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Nine years have passed since the first edition of Mr. Nordhoff's work on California made its appearance in the literary arena; and nine years in California is a long time. The author has had to note so many new matters that, as he tells us in his preface, the book is almost entirely rewritten. He has added much useful information on the subjects of colonies, grapes and wine, raisin-making, canning and drying fruits, irrigation, small farms—all of which has been gathered from the experience of the last few years. For the benefit of the tourist, he has depicted in rosy tints the trip across the continent; the luxury of railroad travel at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour; the excellent fare; the attentive waiters; the beautiful scenery. He tells him where to go, how

long to stay if his time is limited, and how much it costs. The chapter on Southern California for Invalids deserves the careful attention of those who seek for some favored spot where to regain lost vigor and health. But the author says nothing about the Chinese question or the Chinese; nothing about mining, or that bone of contention, the *debris*—matters which, treated by so able a writer and so thorough an investigator as Mr. Nordhoff, would have been of much interest and value.

As it is, the book will maintain its reputation as the leading work on the subject of which it treats.

MONEY-MAKING FOR LADIES. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co. 1882.

This sensible and practical volume, by Ella Rodman Church, abounds in bright suggestions. Of the various undertakings recommended and enlarged upon in its thirteen chapters, all are feasible, the majority reasonably remunerative, and a few capable of being made eminently profitable.

This is saying much for the good judgment and self-restraint of the writer, in a time when books of this class are so frequently given over to chimerical nonsense. She has evidently made thorough investigation of the plans she advocates, and offers advice from the standpoint of authenticated knowledge only.

In addition to accuracy, the author possesses a graceful familiarity of style, which places the reader *en rapport* with a seeming sympathy and personal interest not to be despised. If "Ysolte of the white hands" is driven to the unpleasant necessity of making a little money, and is of a mind with the crumple-woman, "who, when crying her wares, hoped to goodness no one heard her," she resents a cold and high-flown discussion of this delicate matter. A confidential and feminine chat is far more to her liking; and if this weakness is unintentionally humored by the idiomatic phrase and gossip periods of the latest money-making manual, the fact is certainly none the less to the advantage of the latter. The Boarding-house Question, Housekeepers' Opportunities, the Needle, Teaching, Literature, Art, House-decoration, Gardening, and various other topics are touched upon within the limit of some two hundred pages. That so extended a list cannot have been exhaustively treated in that space goes without saying; but counsel, instruction, and anecdote are all wisely chosen, and the little work should rank as a success.

A TALLAHASSEE GIRL. (Round Robin Series.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

We have been extremely puzzled in reading this very clever novel to determine whether the author is a Northerner with Southern predilections, or a Southerner with advanced views. Certainly the balance

is evenly held, and more than justice done to the representatives of each section. To say that the story is faultless would be an exaggeration; for it must be admitted that the author's favorite characters sometimes seem to leave the walks of every-day life, and to soar into the empyrean, beyond the intellectual gaze of the ordinary reader. Again: incidents and descriptions which have no necessary connection with the story are lugged in here and there, as if to show what the author could do in the way of fine writing when he (or possibly she) tried. The *motif* of the story is very simple and well told. Lucie La Rue, a typical Southern girl, and that of the highest type, loves and is engaged to Colonel Arthur Vance, whom she had known from her childhood. Herman Willard, an amateur artist, and Lawrence Cawthorne, a newspaper correspondent, both Northerners, fall in love with the beautiful girl; and each, to his immense surprise, finds, in the last chapter, that Lucie is not the victim of a family matrimonial arrangement, but that her hand and heart are given together to Arthur Vance. Of course, in a book of this kind, the character studies form its principal part; and it may be truly said that the delineations of character here, from Judge La Rue, the ruined Southern gentleman of the old school, to Mister Jumas, the negro living in the great swamp, are vivid, truthful, and well sustained. The book, on the whole, is one of the best of the series, and is better than the average novel of the day.

THE FOUR MACNICOLS. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The Four MacNicol is an interesting little boys' book about four sturdy Scotch laddies, who are thrown entirely on their own resources by the death of MacNicol, the father of three of the boys and the uncle of the fourth.

Bob, the eldest, is a determined youth of about eighteen, who has the habit of taking things into his own hands, and ruling the other three MacNicol, as well as all the other lads in the little fishing village, with a rod of iron. His rule is on the whole a beneficent one, however, and his regulations just.

The story leaves the boys in comfortable circumstances, as they have by industry and economy got well out of their financial troubles, and own their own boat as well as other property.

In this little story the somber tints so common in Black's books are left out, or merely touched on, leaving a sunny, pleasant, and readable little romance. The death of the boys' father is of course a shock to them, but it is also a motive for hard work, and they apply themselves in a healthy boy fashion to provide for their present needs, with no plans except for the immediate future, and very few regrets for the past.

MADAME LUCAS. (Round Robin Series.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

This book is chiefly remarkable for its badness. There is no plot, no beauty of description, no analysis of motive or action, to redeem it from the worst fault of a novel, dullness. The characters are improbable, the incidents either commonplace or impossible, and the dialogue, by turns, puerile and stilted. The favorable opinion created by former issues of the Round Robin Series will not receive any material assistance from the work in question. However, as even Homer nods sometimes, we may hope for better things in future: not, perhaps, from the author of "Madame Lucas," but from other issues of the series.

PEABODY'S HAND-BOOK OF CONVERSATION. Mistakes of speaking and writing corrected. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1882. For sale by C. Beach.

This is one of the many little books of doubtful utility that try to teach by special precept those things that are the instinctive product of good breeding and good education. Nevertheless, it contains two good lectures on the general subject of conversation, one by Dr. Peabody of Harvard, and one by Francis Trench; and Dr. Peabody is the compiler. These names insure that the book is, at least, good of its kind. The lectures are followed by a long list of corrections of "current improprieties" of grammar, pronunciation, and even spelling. Some of these corrections are valuable, some merely fussy, some too obvious to be useful anywhere but in the school-room.

FRENCH HISTORY FOR ENGLISH CHILDREN. By Sarah Brook. Revised and edited by George Cary Eggleston. 1882. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Mrs. Brook has admirably succeeded in condensing the main facts of French history into a small space, and in expressing and arranging these facts in a manner so simple as to be within the comprehension of a child eight years old. But above all, she has succeeded in making the work interesting; and this alone sufficiently recommends it as a book for little ones.

FIELD BOTANY. By Walter P. Manton. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

The purpose of this book is to teach beginners how to preserve the botanical specimens they collect; also how to arrange them in a herbarium. Directions are also given how to photograph leaves,

with very simple apparatus that any one can procure, and to skeletonize leaves. The directions are clearly given.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We have also received George M. Baker's *Reading Club and Handy Speaker*, No. 10. For sale by C. Beach. Some sixty selections for school recitations and the like. It is rather below the average excellence of such collections. *Sacrifice, or the Living Dead*, by Will S. Green, editor of the "Colusa Sun," Colusa, is a prize story of the San Francisco "Call." Its scene is laid in Palestine, and its events deal with the supernatural. *The Villa Bohemia*, by Marie Le Baron, comes from Kochendoerfer & Urie, New York. A flippant story,

not without some elements of brightness. There is no seriousness of intention whatever in it, and the dashing, girlish conversations, its only good point, degenerate often into silly caricature. *Stevenson's Regiment in California*, compiled by their comrade, Francis D. Clark, New York, is a memorial volume, "prepared simply as a book of information for my old comrades." It contains the "names of the members of the regiment during its term of service in Upper and Lower California, 1847-48, with a record of all known survivors on the 15th day of April, 1882, and those known to be deceased," etc. It is for private circulation among the survivors of the regiment. *Notable Thoughts about Women*, by Maturin M. Ballou. Over 400 pages of quotations (3471 in all) from most of the authors under the sun on the subject of women. Thoroughly indexed.

OUTCROPPINGS.

A GAME OF CHESS.

Yes, I love her most madly, but she shall not guess
The state of my heart, while we calmly play chess.
That she is my angel, she knows not nor cares,
As she opens the game with king's pawn two squares.
And I answer the move in the usual way,
Not caring a straw to win in the play;
But thinking the rather how charming her look,
As she lays that deep scheme and captures my rook.
She bends her fair head so it catches the light,
And her hands are so pretty, so soft, and so white.
But what, she is blushing!—her play, too, has erred;
For I've taken her queen with queen's knight to his third.
It must be she feels my unmannerly stare,
Or knows from my play that my mind is not there.
But we move still more wildly—I hardly can say
Whether white men or red are mine in the fray;
And, indeed, I can't help it, but, silent no more,
I'll tell her at once that her I adore.

* * * * *
That was long, long ago; and now o'er our game
We bend, as of old, but with feelings more tame;
Yet, no matter what years to our lives may be fated,
We'll forget not the game when both players were mated.

CHARLES S. GREENE.

WASHINGTON IN 1806.

The original of the letter given below was written by Dr. Samuel Latham Mitchell, who was at its date a Senator of the United States from the State of New York.

Dr. Mitchell obtained his degree of M. D. at the University of Edinburgh, in the year 1786, and

afterward rose to a high position among the medical practitioners in the city of New York. Moreover, he took a prominent part in the political affairs of the day. He was, in succession, a member of the Assembly of the State of New York, one of its Representatives in Congress, and finally a Senator. Dr. Mitchell died in the year 1831.

This letter was written to the wife of his colleague in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, 6th April, 1806.

MY DEAR MADAM:

My friend and colleague, the General, has again put me in mind of a request from yourself and Miss — that I should write you something about the manners, fashions, and doings at Washington. In reality, madam, I scarcely know how to undertake a task of this kind, after the full accounts that the Senator must have given you from one session of Congress to another. When you make such modest inquiries from a man who is much occupied with the serious concerns of the nation, you must not be disappointed if the information should be scanty and imperfect.

The amusements in which ladies partake are, chiefly, evening parties, where tea is drank and cards are played; private balls given by the people of fashion to the gay persons of their acquaintance; and the public assemblies, where contra-dances and cotillions are performed, between the middle of December and the middle of March.

They also go to the Capitol, the large building in which Congress meets, and there listen to the debates. There is a theater for comedians, in which plays are sometimes performed.

In the latter part of autumn the annual horse-races are attended by the ladies, as well as the gentlemen, of the first quality in the country. In addition to all this, there is a good amount of visiting to be performed. Many of the ladies ride out for parade and exercise, for walking is very unfashionable; and they who are desirous of being well spoken of devote some time to the attendance at places of public worship.

The evening parties are generally conducted in this way: The lady intending to give a treat of this kind sends forth her notes of invitation to such persons as she wishes to attend. These notes are commonly written in the joint names of the gentleman and lady, and are from three days to a week before the night of exhibition; frequently they contain a request that an answer be sent whether the person invited intends to come or not. The intention of this is to invite another in the place of the one who declines, in order to have a full and complete collection of company. When assembled, they are treated with tea, coffee, toast, and cake, handed around the room on trays by servants. This being done, card-tables are spread, and sets of players at loo and whist gather around them. At least an equal number of ladies mingle in this sport, and sometimes a greater number of females than men are engaged in it. They always play for money, and sometimes considerable sums are won and lost. Some of the fair creatures are uncommonly expert at gambling; and now and then their sweet tempers have been known to be very much disturbed in consequence of disputes on certain points of the game.

It must, however, be confessed that there are many ladies, who move in circles of high position, who never engage in these rapacious pursuits. They detest the tricks of sharpers, and will never take a hand in these licentious exercises.

While thus a part of the company is employed in picking each other's pockets, some are poring over the chess-table, and striving to beat each other by dint of skill in that studious and scientific game. The rest of the company saunter about in talking parties around the room, look on while the others play, and amuse themselves with the wines, cordials, apples, oranges, raisins, almonds, nuts, lemonade, and various sorts of confectionery, which are carried around and offered to the visitors.

As it is not the fashion to give formal suppers, after all this, the guests, as they feel inclined, retire without ceremony, and commonly the house is clear of them by or before midnight.

In case of a private ball the entertainment is nearly the same, with the addition of some musicians, and the allotment of a convenient room for dancing. In this case, usually a larger number of young and unmarried persons are invited; and in proportion to the numbers employed in this exercise, is there a small body of gamblers laboring at their business in the neighboring apartments. Dancing, you know,

induces the company to protract the hour of departure, and sometimes this is done until one, or two o'clock in the morning.

The public assemblies of dancing are supported here, as in other places, by a voluntary subscription. To these, the families of the subscribers resort for polite show and amusement, and all polite strangers of both sexes are permitted to frequent them. There have been several brilliant exhibitions of this kind at Washington this winter. Many beautiful women are seen there. They generally dress with more grace and ornament than our girls at the North do. It seems to me that they have more foil, spangles, and showy millinery about them than is worn among the damsels of New York; and it is very usual for the daughters of fashionable parents to dance well and display to advantage.

The fashion of dressing with very few clothes is still in vogue; and the delicate belles show, even in the coldest weather, not only their faces, necks, and arms, but their upper bosoms.

The ladies had grown so unruly when they visited the Senate two or three winters ago, that they were, by order of the President of that house of Congress, banished from the firesides, and seated up stairs in the gallery. This order offended them so highly that they withdrew almost altogether from the Senate. But the rule has been relaxed by the new President of the Senate, who allows his fair countrywomen to resume their former seats, and cheer the debates of the Senate with their presence.

We now have frequent visits from the ladies into the Senate chamber, and when they are espied to be sitting there, a number of the Senators presently go to make their bows and express their gratulations.

In the House of Representatives, which, you know, is the more popular branch of the national legislature, there is a gallery fitted up for the ladies and their attendants. From this select gallery, which is different from the great public gallery where the sovereign people assemble to hear the debates, ladies can enjoy an excellent opportunity both of seeing and being seen. Accordingly, when it is expected that the orators will exert themselves on some interesting topic, there is often a numerous assemblage of dames and lasses in the green gallery, and it has frequently been objected that the company in that conspicuous place had a sensible influence over the speeches of the members. What think you of congressional beaux uttering, in the course of debate, gallant sentiments for their mistresses and sweethearts to amuse themselves with?

The play-house at Washington is only of recent establishment. The performers have mostly traveled hither from New York, Philadelphia, or Richmond; but the company which performed in it at the commencement of this session, in December, 1805, went away early in 1806, and the doors have been shut ever since. The reason of their departure was that

they might take the larger profits of acting in places where there are more persons who are willing to pay for theatrical entertainments. This building is as yet in an unfinished state, though it is so far completed as to serve tolerably well for the purpose.

The grand races are ordinarily in November. They were over before the first session of Congress began. Some of the finest and swiftest horses in the land are started. The fairness of the running, the gayety of the riders' liveries, the great number of elegant carriages containing gay and fashionable ladies, and the large concourse of all sorts of people, render the Washington races famous in this quarter; and it has been found, by experience, that when Congress is sitting during the racing term there is very little public business done until they are ended. So bewitching is this sport that the great officers of government, Congressmen, reverent preachers of the Word, and even our New English Puritans, crowd to behold them. At the close of the races the Jockey Club treat the ladies with a splendid ball; and at this there is a display of as much beauty and finery as can be brought together. In New York, horse-racing is prohibited by a law of the State; but it is very different in Maryland and Columbia. In both these places, the most respectable people may keep race-horses or frequent the turf, without suffering in public opinion.

In respect to making visits and going to church, there is very little difference from the modes which prevail among the genteel inhabitants to the northward and eastward.

When the wives of Senators and Representatives, or any other ladies of distinction, arrive in Washington, and are introduced to the President of the United States, it is usual for them to be invited to dine with his Excellency; and although Mr. Jefferson has lived twenty years or more a widower, he entertains his female visitors so well that they generally, like the Queen of Sheba when she left Solomon, the Jewish king, come away in a high good humor. Mrs. Mitchell is exceedingly pleased with him. After having conversed with the President before dinner, soon after her arrival here, having been conducted by him from the drawing-room to the dining-room, having been seated on his right hand and enjoying the pleasure of talking with him during the repast and afterward, she declared him to be one of the cleverest gentlemen in the world; and I suppose you will acknowledge there is some reason in this.

My wife, who is sitting by me while I write this, is engaged in making a drawing of Mount Vernon. This, you recollect, is the residence of the late General Washington. She returned yesterday from Virginia, whither I had accompanied her to visit Alexandria and Mount Vernon. With the latter place she is so much delighted that she is forming a picture of the mansion offices and improvements. She bids me offer her compliments to you and Miss —, and to

tell you she thinks I have written you such a long letter that you will never have patience to read it through. So, madam, I think that I had better take the hint, and conclude. But I cannot do that without offering to yourself and your amiable daughter the assurance of my great esteem and regard.

S. L. MITCHELL.

Postscript.—I find, on revising my letter, that I have written you nothing about the Turkish envoy who is here. He came from Tunis, in Barbary, to settle some differences which had arisen between that regency and our government. He is, to all appearance, upward of fifty years old; wears his beard and shaves his head, after the manner of his country, and wears a turban instead of a hat. His dress consists simply of a short jacket, large, loose drawers, stockings, and slippers. When he goes abroad he throws a large hooded cloak over these garments. It is of a peculiar cut, and called a "bernous." The colors of his drawers and bernous are commonly red. He seldom walks, but almost always appears on horse-back. He is a rigid Mohammedan; he fasts, prays, and observes the precepts of the Koran. His name is Sidi Mellanelli, and he speaks the *Lingua Franca* of the Mediterranean cities—a sort of an impure Italian. He talks much about the ladies; says he often thinks about his consort in Africa, and wonders how Congressmen can live a whole session without their wives. Our females here have been very curious to see this grand Plenipotentiary, and to find out what kind of man he was. I heard him tell some of them one day, who had surrounded him, that, excepting his heavy beard, he was very much like the gentlemen of their country and acquaintance.

Accept the assurance, &c.

S. L. M.

TO CAMILLA.

Ten years ago I think that I was busy

With pleasant schemes anent the years to be;
I dreamed of wit and wisdom I should garner,
And of the famous lands that I should see.
I thought my will would carve me out my places,
And life looked vastly, widely grand and free.
Somehow, I did not plan these quiet seasons,
With two brave boys that clamber on my knee.

Somehow, I've stopped short of the college classes;

I have not traversed distance dim and blue;
I am not famous, wealthy, gay, nor brilliant;
My dreams to-day are wondrous plain and few.
And whiles my work falls from my lagging fingers,
And thought strays distant, careless summers through;
Sweet, sweet beyond compare seem those far seasons—
Ah, friend! I marvel how it has been with you!

M. L. W. C.

THE NORTH WIND OF YOLO.

It was in the late spring, when every field was a green banner waving low and long and wide, and rose branches reached down from house-tops, like wreathed arms. Children ran bare-legged in the twilight, and with bleached, bared hair played abroad the whole day through. It had been like Paradise to stray along the wayside, and rest in a fence corner among grasshoppers and butterflies; to watch thus the sun go down one end of the road, and the boys come up the other with the full-uddered cows from pasture; to smell the bruised grass, and the unseen dust slowly settling again to its bed. It was pleasant to be the only soul dreaming in fence corners and looking on at industries. The children drove the cows and carried school-books; the women, with sleeves pinned to shoulders, hung clothes on a line, swept porches, came into view and brought water from the pump, soothed or scolded little ones the while, and sang through it all; the men were putting up houses, working in the spreading fields, digging the garden, or whistling cheerily among the horses; sheep grew wool eagerly; cows ate with the milk pail in view; pigs rooted and grunted for the sake of their own pork; the horses carted and plowed and dragged with a certain life and energy that was beautiful to the looker-on.

Then a hot day came: not a warm and wooing day, but a day when a strong heat descended and settled over all, like a brazen plate; and its mists quivered like golden serpents wherever the eye turned to the distance. "It will be hotter to-morrow," said a man, sitting down to supper, his face red with sun-burn and scrubbing. "Yes," said his wife, taking up the supper; "but one can stand heat, if there is no north wind."

And the second day it *was* hotter. The brazen plate came lower, and the golden serpents sprang in spirals; but the green banners still hung like a smile over the wheat fields, and the boys shouted as they passed by for the cows. Three days the heat came; and not a breath flagged, not a sinew weakened, not a heart failed. The houses were built, and the carts were drawn, and industry went unconquered on.

But on the evening of a third day, two children hurried home from a neighbor's, and the girl cast a timorous glance over her shoulder into the west. "Come, Jamie," she said, "let us get to mother. The sky is so burning red; I am afraid. Don't you remember how it says in the Bible once the world was drowned, and next time it shall not be drowned? What if it should be burned to-night, and that's it kindling in the west! That may be the sun setting the world on fire, for all we know. Come, let's run to mother."

The air was very still and brooding, and the green grass seemed to listen. By and by a white cloud came into the sky from the horizon of the

south, and parted slowly into feathery flakes, which mixed and moved among themselves, like masses of down, and so drifted into shape. Looking then toward the southern sky, one beheld it as a hand holding a white fan.

That night the ear was roused from sleep by the stealing, stealing of the wind. In the dead of night it seemed like the creeping of silent feet. The leaves were rustling and shaking, and such boughs as could leaned over and scraped upon the roof. The moon in its newness was yet but a finger nail; and the tree-tops, bending from side to side, looked as weird heads might with locks running over, and tossing to and fro. Then a great sweeping gust came, and with a shudder the branches held their hands towards the south. Even at that dead hour one could smell the dust blowing with the wind.

By morning the wind was at its height. As the chickens came from roost their feathers blew apart to the skin, and they ran to leeward of coops and houses. The dish-pan, hanging in the back porch, fell with a frightful bang and crash; and the cellar door, left open, tipped and came heavily to a level. The cream on the milk-pans was brown and heavy with its coating of dust; the pump creaked as its dry joints were set to work—everything was slightly warped and out of gear, even to the human disposition.

Within, little cracks showed in the joinings of the furniture; and wherever they could, two boards when put together strained a little way apart. The wind blew in under the doors and between the sashes of windows, and a thick coating of dust, borne in from the whirling clouds in the roads, lay over every article, till it was grained and gritted to the touch. The cat, restless and electric, crouched in a corner; and as the mother combed the children's hair, it crackled under her hand and flew on end, dry and wiry, and subtly charged with an electricity whose phenomena of sparks and darting drops of fire needed but a background of darkness to spring boldly to view. The nose and throat burned, dry and smarting, while the lips and cheeks parched and burned as in a fever, and an ache like the tightness of an iron ring one size too small encircled the head.

All that while, whenever the ear turned to it, there was the rustle, rustle without, and the silent echo of that majestic tread of feet in the wind. The mercury went up ten dry degrees before the wind was done—the wind that swept out of the north as from out a blazing furnace.

It was three days till the wind was done; and the third day it had calmed down to a little breeze, that was so slight it reminded one of the long, low fever that deceives the watcher into thinking it quite gone. Yet still there was the sting in lips and cheeks, and the iron ring yet a little tighter over the brows. And that strange disturbance in the air rustled in the ears.

But on the fourth morning it was gone. A dew

lay on the grass, a sweet balm filled the air, and a soft whisper breathed from the south. Yet the smile was gone from the wheat fields, a faint yellow had crept across them, and each little grain of wheat was shrunken and withered in its husk, by just so much as the moisture that the north wind had taken away. The grass by the wayside was dry and burnt at the tips, the willow leaves were yellow and turning, the roses blasted upon the branches that swept down like arms over the trellis. LUCIE R. FULLER.

THE LITTLE PRESBYTERIAN MAID.

"My little Presbyterian maid,
Tell me why thou 'rt so shy.
I hold thee fast. Be not afraid!
No harm shall come thee nigh.
Dost love me? Speak, and tell me so!
By thy silence I am pained."
"I love thee well, as thou dost know;
For it was *foreordained*."
"Ordained? Before? By whom, my sweet—
Thy father or my mother?"
"By Father of us all, 'twas meant
That we should love each other."
"Nay, tell me plainer, little maid.
I'm but a careless fellow;
And ne'er before my vows have paid,
Since cowslip blooms were yellow."
"I mean," she said, with reverent grace,
And crimson blushes burning,
"That from all time thou wert for me
That love that sure was coming."
"Thank God, I came, nor was delayed;
For should some happier brother
Have found thee first, my precious maid,
Thou mightst have loved another."
"Nay; suitors oft have sought my hand,
In lovers' arts perfected;
But then, they were not like to thee,
From out all time *elected*."
"Sweet heart, thy doctrine, strangely wise
Most gracious honor does me;
Yet how were we to know all this,
Is that which doth confuse me."
"No sparrow falleth to the ground
Without our Father knoweth;
No heart but hath somewhere its mate,
To which in time it goeth.
And so, by *inward consciousness*
My soul thy soul approving,
I felt a *special providence*
Had sent thee for my loving."
"I ask no more; I am content
With all thy sweet believing.
But *never lose thy faith*, sweet maid,
Or else I die a-grieving.
For I'll confess, I greatly prize
Thy mystery of *election*;
And none can see thy face and doubt
The doctrine of *perfection*." ST. LEON.

MY LADY'S FAN.

My lady's fan, pale satin blue
Half hid by lace of creamy hue,
Through which a Cupid slyly peeps,
With watchful care that never sleeps,
At you who bend in homage true,
And vow his dart has pierced you through,
And swear a long devotion to
(Unmindful of the guard he keeps)
My lady's fan!

My lady smiles perhaps at you,
As o'er her fan you humbly sue,
But when the cool night onwards creeps,
She turns upon her couch and weeps;
While in its case is lost to view
My lady's fan.

FLORENCE M. BYRNE.

SEND US ITEMS.

Our aim is to make "Outcroppings" a light and pleasing corner of the magazine, and we should be glad if our readers would send us from time to time, briefly and pithily told, such humorous incidents as may come under their observation.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The copartnership heretofore existing between Chas. H. Phelps and Warren Cheney is this day dissolved by the purchase by Mr. Cheney of the entire interest of Mr. Phelps in THE CALIFORNIAN, and in the business of the California Publishing Company.

CHAS. H. PHELPS.

WARREN CHENEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 10th, 1882.

No permanent editorial arrangements have been made as yet under the new management of THE CALIFORNIAN. Any changes that may be made will be arranged and announced later.

NOTA BENE.

All manuscripts submitted for publication in THE CALIFORNIAN should be addressed to the Editor of THE CALIFORNIAN, 408 California Street; all business communications to The California Publishing Company, at the same number.

Contributors will confer a favor, and secure much more prompt attention, by writing *in ink*, on one side of half-sheets, about commercial note size, and will please send these *without rolling*, and, so far as possible, without folding.

No communication will be answered, and no manuscript returned, unless stamps are inclosed for that purpose.